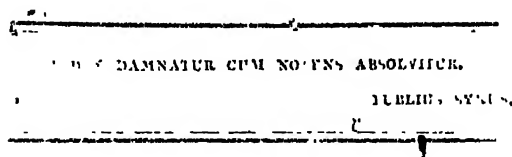


THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR
CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR
JULY, 1859. . . . OCTOBER, 1859.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.



VOL. CX.

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS, LONDON;
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK,
EDINBURGH.

1859.

LONDON.
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO
25, ABchurch-lane SQUARE.

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THE
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- ART. I.—1. *Our Naval Position and Policy.* By a Naval Peer. London: 1859.
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4. *The History of the Baltic Campaign of 1854.* From documents and other materials furnished by Vice-Admiral Sir CHARLES NAPIER, K.C.B. Edited by G. BUTLER EARP. London: 1857.

ON the 1st December, 1858, a Treasury Minute was drawn up by Lord Derby, appointing a confidential Committee, composed of four senior officers of the Civil Service, to inquire and report to the Cabinet on 'the very serious increase which has taken place of late years in the Navy Estimates, though, at the same time, it is represented that the naval force of the country is far inferior to what it ought to be with reference to that of other Powers, and especially of France.' The Committee were further directed to investigate, as far as possible, the recent expenditure of the French Empire, as compared with our own, on dockyard works, including the construction and armament of ships of war, and to report the result at which they arrived. This Report, which was at first confidential, was

presented to Parliament, by command, on the 12th of April; and although it contains much that cannot be read by Englishmen without regret for the past and anxiety for the future, we think the Government have acted rightly in laying the whole truth before the country. It is with the same object, and no other, that we propose to comment on these facts. They are unwelcome truths, but they are truths, on which the very safety and existence of this country depend. Hitherto the relative inefficiency of the British Navy, as compared with the navies of our great maritime rivals, has been a theme reserved for the grumbling of a few discontented naval officers, or a few opposition speeches in Committee on the Navy Estimates. The paper now before us places the matter on a totally different ground. It contains the positive and irrefragable evidence of four dispassionate and competent public servants; its conclusions are certain. And, as we shall presently see, the only inference to be drawn from them is that, if this state of things be not speedily corrected, the country is hastening onwards to a catastrophe, infinitely more grievous, humiliating, and indeed fatal, than the failure of our military administration in the Crimea, or the mutiny of the Sepoy army; for from the moment that the maritime superiority of Great Britain is disputed, or even disputable, everything we possess—honour, independence, freedom, property, and public safety—are in danger.

Yet the Naval administration of the governments, both of Lord Palmerston and of Lord Derby, cannot be accused of standing still.* In 1852 the navy estimates were 5,707,988*l.*; in 1853-4, war being already in contemplation, they rose to 6,132,543*l.*; in 1855-6, years of the Russian war, they rose to 11,857,506*l.*, and we found ourselves, after some delay, in possession of two considerable fleets, with nearly 70,000 men borne on the ships' books. In 1857-8 the estimates were reduced nearly four millions, and were voted at 8,010,526*l.* Last year they rose again to 8,440,871*l.*, and for the present year they amount to 9,813,181*l.*, exclusive of the supplementary estimate for the recent addition to the fleet, which will probably raise the whole naval expenditure of the current

* In 1835-36 the Naval Estimates (effective branch) were cut down to 2,726,523*l.*, and we rather think this was the year which Mr. Cobden selected a short time back as the proper standard of the military and naval establishments of the Empire. The number of men voted for the whole service in that year was only 26,500 seamen and marines.

year to more than *twelve millions*. The progress of the outlay in this department has therefore been extremely large and rapid. This increase of cost may be traced in almost every branch of expenditure. In addition to the actual increase in the number of men employed, the average of the pay of all ranks in the Navy was, per man, in 1852, 39*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*; in 1858 it had risen to 43*l.* 3*s.*, being an increase of 3*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* per man. The transformation of the fleet from a sailing fleet to a fleet propelled by steam power, has caused an enormous augmentation in every portion of the estimates. In the construction of ships, the whole cost of the machinery must be added, amounting in a ship of the first class, like the 'Duke of Wellington,' to 46,000*l.*, with a charge of nine or ten per cent. per annum for keeping the mechanism in perfect order. A whole establishment of engineers and stokers, skilled workmen, must be maintained in every ship, in addition to the ordinary complement of men for working the ship and her guns: this addition amounts to about ten per cent. on the number of the ship's company, and twenty per cent. on the seamen's wages. An immense sum is of course spent in fuel. So again the immense increase in the size of ships has led to a vast extension in the dockyards. Between 1852 and 1858 this vote alone has increased 120 per cent. There exist in Her Majesty's yards forty-two building slips, but only nine of them are large enough for modern first-rates; there are thirty-three docks, but only four which will hold the largest ships, and to these five others are now being added at a great but inevitable outlay.

Hence it arises that all comparisons between the naval strength of the country in former times, when for example we are told that England had 145 line-of-battle ships in commission, and the present strength of the navy, are extremely fallacious. The number of ships of the line is doubtless far less, but the tonnage is greater, the armament heavier, the crews more numerous, the propelling power independent of the winds, and the whole structure at once more perfect and more costly. A modern second class frigate, with her present armament and gunnery, would have no difficulty in disabling a three-decker such as Lord St. Vincent and Lord Nelson commanded. For example, the 'Ariadne,' a third class frigate or corvette, launched at Deptford on the 4th of June, is rated at 2869 tons, new admeasurement, or 3201 tons old admeasurement, being 300 tons larger than Lord Nelson's ship 'Victory.' This vessel mounts only 26 guns, but they are all 68 or 94-pounders; and though she is classed in the third or fourth rank of the fleet,

she is a more powerful ship of war than the three-deckers of the last century.* Everything in the fleet has grown bigger and more expensive. Hence the sums spent upon the Navy are larger than ever were spent before, though the result is a fleet numerically weaker; and the margin remaining for the construction of new ships and the improvement of the dockyards will be even less than it was when we had a much larger fleet in our harbours, consisting of less powerful and costly vessels.

But the augmentation does not stop within the limits of the estimates laid before Parliament in February last. Since then a bounty has been issued by royal proclamation for the purpose of adding 10,000 seamen to the fleet, and an increase in the number of seamen involves a corresponding increase in the number of ships and officers on full pay, and in the expense of almost every branch of the service.

‘Every additional ship brought into commission in consequence of the vote which increases the number of seamen in the Navy, may be taken as entailing an annual charge varying from eight and a quarter to nine and three quarters per cent. on its original cost, which is expended in the purchase of stores and wages of artificers for maintaining it, thereby rendering necessary both an increase in the quantity of stores and number of artificers.’

‘It is stated by the Surveyor of the Navy that, at the end of fifteen years, on an average, the hull of each ship requires a complete and expensive repair; that the duration of a ship cannot be estimated at more than thirty years; that during the last ten years thirty-five ships of the line and forty-six frigates have been removed from the effective list of the Navy; and that on an average three line-of-battle

* Thus it appears, from the Abstract of the Navy for 1792, that Great Britain had then but one ship of 120 guns (chiefly 24-pounders) and of 2774 tons. The tonnage of the ‘Emerald,’ a modern 50 gun frigate, is 2915 tons; that of the ‘Mersey,’ 40 guns, is 3733. The old seventy-fours, of which by far the greater part of the British line-of-battle consisted at the end of the last century, were not much superior in size and weight of metal to modern ships of twenty-one guns, and they were inferior to such a frigate as the ‘Diadem’ of 38 guns. The year 1809 is quoted as that in which the British Navy put forth its greatest strength. The number of men borne on the books was 40,000, and the Navy List contained 984 cruisers and 77 troop and harbour vessels. Yet the tonnage of the fleet in 1858 is greater by 50,000 tons than that of the fleet in 1809. Again, the number of guns of ships afloat in 1809 was (nominally) double what it is now. But the average weight of each shot was 16½ lb. then, it is 38 lb. now. See Mr. Peregals statement, ‘Manning Navy Evidence,’ p. 347.

ships ought to be produced every year merely to maintain the Navy on a proper footing as respects line-of-battle ships.

'The Surveyor of the Navy states that the present force in the dockyards*, which comprises 4000 shipwrights and apprentices, is not more than sufficient to build three line-of-battle ships, three frigates, and six sloops per annum, besides executing the necessary repairs to all the ships in the Navy.

'If, therefore, the naval supremacy of Great Britain is to be maintained, it is impossible to deny that a large force of artificers, and a large quantity of stores, materials, &c., must be kept up in our dockyards. It will be seen that this body consists, during the present year, of no less than 16,334 persons, including 1,279 convicts; and that the number of persons employed in the steam factories has increased from 1046 in 1852, to 2361 in the present year.' (*Report*, p. 10.)

By the same rule the expenditure for marine engines, which did not exceed 100,000*l.* in 1851, has amounted to 3,423,021*l.* in the last six years, or 570,503*l.* a year. *Twenty-four millions* sterling have been spent between 1852 and 1858 in labour, stores, and materials of building, altering, and repairing ships.

What then is the result? A result not inconsiderable in itself, if the improved character of the vessels be taken into account, and amply sufficient to supply the wants of the Empire in time of peace, or as long as no formidable maritime rival exists upon the seas; but a result far below what the safety of the country demands from the moment the peace of Europe is disturbed and we find ourselves in presence of at least two maritime Powers of the first order. Before we proceed to examine this, the political part of the question, let us complete the survey of our actual strength.

'In the year 1852, the Navy possessed horse-power to the extent of 44,482; in the last six years it has been more than doubled, amounting now to 99,512; the number of steam-ships and vessels has increased from 177 in 1852 to 464 in 1858; the tonnage from 182,562 to 457,881; the guns from 3045 to 8246.' (*Report*, p. 12.)

In 1858 England possessed, according to the Report of the Surveyor of the Navy, 29 line-of-battle ships (screw steamers) completed, 11 more in course of preparation, and 10 more building, block ships 9†, and frigates 34; with the addition of

* The force has since been augmented by nearly 1400 men.

† On these block-ships considerable reliance was at one time placed, and one or two of them were even employed in the Baltic; but Sir John Pakington declared in his speech last February, that they are good for nothing as sea-going men of war; useful perhaps as floating batteries, but several of them rotten, and all nearly worn out.

corvettes, gun-boats (162), troop-ships, &c., the whole Navy comprised 464 steam ships and vessels, carrying 8,246 guns, with a nominal horse-power of 105,962, and a tonnage of 457,881. To this it may be added that, according to the same Report, England possessed, in 1858, 35 sailing line-of-battle ships, 70 frigates, and about 190 sailing vessels of smaller dimensions. Of these line-of-battle ships, 6 are, forthwith to be converted into screw vessels, and some others to be cut down to frigates; but it is probable that not more than one third of them are really sea-going ships.

The mere enumeration of these material resources of the Navy is, however, fallacious rather than instructive, unless it be considered, first, in relation to the demands of the public service, both in peace and in war; secondly, in relation to the naval forces of other maritime Powers; and thirdly, to our own administrative means of sending fleets to sea with despatch and efficiency. To these three points we shall successively direct our attention.

I. The vast extent of the colonial empire of this country, the multiplicity of our commercial interests, which embrace every portion of the globe, and the necessity of maintaining an adequate naval force on different stations, where we may find ourselves in presence of distinct maritime Powers, make at all times very large demands on our peace establishment. The East India station includes the Chinese Seas and the Eastern Archipelago, where an imposing British force will long be required to cause our treaties with China and Japan to be respected, and to afford protection from piracy to British commerce in the furthest East and to the consignments of gold from Australia. The Russian naval establishments at the mouth of the Amour, in Mongolia, have now assumed considerable importance. In August, 1858, the Russian squadron in the Eastern seas was reinforced by ten newly constructed vessels, and in the event of hostilities with that Power, the Russian cruisers would have the advantage of a fortified arsenal as their base of operations against the whole trade of this country in the Chinese Seas and the South Pacific. The ability shown by the Russian commanders in the last war proves that they are infinitely better acquainted with these waters than the officers of the British Navy; yet our commercial interests there are enormous. The late war with China had, of course, augmented this branch of the service, and in 1858 no less than sixty-eight British vessels of war, manned by upwards of 10,000 men, were employed in the East. This squadron has since been reduced by about one half. The squadron on the

west coast of Africa, though chiefly composed of small vessels, demands nearly 2000 seamen. On the North American and West Indian stations we are face to face with a maritime people of the same race and temper as ourselves. Questions of considerable difficulty frequently arise between the British and American Governments, and experience has shown that it is unwise to reduce the British naval forces in the West below an average of twenty ships, manned by about 3500 men. In the Pacific similar wants are felt, and our fleet consisted in 1858 of twelve vessels, manned by nearly 3000 men, part of which were rendered necessary by the discovery of gold on the Frazer River. The Cape of Good Hope, including the East coast of Africa, requires a moderate squadron, and so do the Brazils; and in the Mediterranean, although the British fleet was reduced last year to only four ships of the line, it is impossible that we should allow it to remain on a footing of permanent inferiority to that of France. The Mediterranean fleet has been raised since April to 12 ships of the line, and in all to about 32 vessels.

These stations in 1858, and at a time of profound peace, absorbed no less than 139 of our ships in commission, and 21,948 of our seamen and marines, or very nearly half the available force of the Navy. It may at once be inferred how small the proportion of vessels and of men is, in comparison, who remain at the disposal of the Channel squadron and for home service. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities in Italy, the whole Channel squadron consisted of only eight line-of-battle ships (four of which were in the Mediterranean) and two frigates—a squadron, as the First Lord remarked, too weak to be of any real service to the country. If war were unhappily to break out between this country and any great maritime Power, this source of embarrassment from the foreign stations would be augmented. The Admiralty would be expected to afford protection to British commerce in all parts of the globe. Convoys must be escorted; a strict watch must be kept for privateers; treasure must be sent home in armed vessels; blockades must be established; and should the Mediterranean become the scene of hostilities, or our communications with the East be threatened, we must be prepared to meet any force that could be sent against us in that sea, for the utility and even the defence of our Mediterranean fortresses depend mainly on the assumption that we are at all times masters of the communication between them and the mother country. Measures have long been taken by the French Government, under various pretences, to prepare

Egypt for the chance of a *coup-de-main*, and the only effectual check on that design is the force we may have in Malta harbour.

Such are the duties which the British Navy is or may be called upon to perform, quite irrespective of that which is the most essential of all its functions, namely, the defence of the United Kingdom, and the maintenance of our supremacy in the narrow seas; and it will be observed that the charges thus imposed upon us are, in a manner, peculiar to ourselves. No other State has large naval stations to maintain at a vast distance from its own coasts and arsenals. France has two fleets, but both of them are within reach of her Atlantic or of her Mediterranean ports; and at the commencement of hostilities this concentration would be of extreme advantage to her. The normal condition of the British naval forces is, on the contrary, one of extraordinary dispersion, with no reference to any combined strategical object; and, in order to provide for these distant squadrons, the home station is frequently, we might almost say habitually, left in a defenceless and exposed condition, totally inconsistent with common prudence.

II. We now proceed to show what are the maritime forces of other States, for the most part within reach of our own coasts, which might in certain events be directed against us. We are pursuing this inquiry without the slightest appeal to the imagination of our readers, and without reference to the present state of politics abroad; and we shall content ourselves with relating the facts in the dry but accurate language of the official Committee:—

‘At the outbreak of the French revolutionary war, England possessed 145 sail of the line, France 77. These comparative numbers were reduced in 1850 to 86 England, and 45 France.

‘At this latter period, the effective strength of the two navies in line-of-battle ships exclusively, and almost exclusively in frigates, consisted of sailing-vessels; but the French, having subsequently decided on, and nearly carried out, the conversion of all their sailing-ships that were fit for it into steam-ships, as sailing-ships could not be opposed to steam-ships with any chance of success, the latter must now be considered as the only ships really effective for purposes of war; and the following is at present the relative strength of the two navies in steam line-of-battle ships and frigates, including ships building and converting*:

- * Since the date of this Report the number of British line-of-battle ships complete has been raised to 37, but the number of French line-of-battle ships has increased also.

| | English Line-of- battle Ships. | French Line-of- battle Ships. | English Frigates. | French Frigates. |
|--------------------------------------|---|--|---|--|
| Complete, Hull, and Machinery - - | 29 | 29 | { Screw ¹⁷ } 26 { Paddle ⁹ } | { Screw ¹⁵ } 34 { Paddle ¹⁹ } |
| Receiving Engines - - | 4 | 2 | - - - 2 | - - - 3 |
| Converting - - - | 7 | 4 | - - - 0 | - - - 1 |
| Building - - - | 10 | 5 | - - - 6 | - - - 8 |
| TOTAL - - - | 50 | 40 | - - - 34 | - - - 46 |

'It will be seen from the foregoing statement, that England and France have at present *precisely the same number of steam line-of-battle ships complete*; that France has *eight more steam frigates complete*; that, on the completion of the ships now in progress, England will have ten steam line-of-battle ships more than France, and France twelve steam-frigates more than England. It is, however, to be observed, that of the ten English ships building, three are three-deckers, of which class the French are not building any. France will also have four iron-sided ships, with engines of 800 or 900 horse-power.

'It is stated that these iron-sided ships, of which two are more than half completed, will be substituted for line-of-battle ships; their timbers are of the scantling of a three-decker; they are to have thirty-six heavy guns, most of them rifled 50-pounders, which will throw an 80 lb. hollow percussion shot; they will be cased with iron; and so convinced do naval men seem to be in France of the irresistible qualities of these ships, that they are of opinion that no more ships of the line will be laid down, and that in ten years that class of vessels will have become obsolete.

'In addition to the fifty steam line-of-battle ships (English) above enumerated as "built," "building," and "converting," there are six sailing line-of-battle ships proposed to be converted into steam-ships. These six would raise the number of English screw-ships of the line to fifty-six; and if the estimates for artificers, and the purchase of ship-building materials, as proposed by the Surveyor of the Navy, be assented to, the whole could be completed by the year 1861. At the present rate and mode of expenditure in the dockyards, it is estimated that forty-three only would be ready by 1861, and, according to the present scheme of work, the French would then possess forty screw line-of-battle ships, and four iron-sided ships. With the existing establishment of shipwrights and scheme of work, the number of our screw line-of-battle ships could not be raised to fifty-six, before the year 1863, and it may be inferred that, in the interval between 1861 and 1863, still further additions will have been made to the French steam navy.

'It was calculated last year, by the commission of naval officers appointed by the Emperor to revise the organisation of the navy, that the French would have, by the year 1860, a steam fleet which,

with a proportion of large transports, would enable them to carry an army of 60,000 men, with all its horses, provisions, and materials for one month; and that they may have ready by 1860, forty steam line-of-battle ships, six iron-plated frigates, thirty screw frigates, nineteen paddle-wheel frigates, and twenty-six steam transports.' (*Report*, p. 9.)

The Report then proceeds to compare in a tabular form the relative strength of the British and French navies in 1852 and in 1853, and this statement is condensed in the following paragraphs: —

'France, since 1852, has increased her steam line-of-battle ships from 2 to 40, of which there are 5 building and 4 converting, and this has been effected by the conversion of 26 sailing-ships, and the building of 14 screw-ships.*

'England, in the same time, has increased her line-of-battle screw-steamers from 17 to 50, of which there are 10 building and 7 converting. This has been effected by the conversion of 27 sailing-ships, and the building of 23 screw-ships.

'The addition, therefore, to the French navy in steam line-of-battle ships, complete, building, and converting, is 38, and of England, 33, since 1852.

'The steam frigates of France, screw and paddle, have been increased from 21 to 46; and England has increased her steam frigates, screw and paddle, from 22 to 34, and her block-ships of 60 guns each from 4 to 9.

'It is necessary that we should notice this superiority in steam frigates on the part of France over Great Britain, which, in the event of hostilities, might form a serious detriment to this country, especially in relation to the interruption of commerce.

'On the other hand, the French steam corvettes and sloops, which, in 1852, were 31, are now only 22; while those of Great Britain, which, in 1852, were 59, are now, including 7 vessels since reduced from frigates to sloops, 82; our screw floating batteries are 8, as against 5 French; our screw gun-vessels and other small vessels are 53, whereas the French have 93; our screw gun-boats are 162, and those of France 28; and the whole steam navy of Great Britain now amounts to 464 vessels, while that of France numbers 264.' (*Report*, p. 10.)

These figures establish beyond the possibility of doubt the fact of most momentous consequence to every Englishman:

* The French Naval Almanac having ceased to publish the names of vessels, it is not easy to identify these ships; but Lord Derby's Commission does not seem aware that several of them are old ships, with a small auxiliary steam power, rendering them not more effective than our block-ships, which we have ceased to count.

that, in December last, the resources of the French navy, in ships of the most important classes adapted to modern warfare, *were equal to those of England*, the disparity of numbers being chiefly in gun-boats. We shall presently show that in other respects, as to her means of manning these ships, and as to the administration of the fleet, there is every reason to suppose that the resources of France are, if not actually greater than our own, certainly more available in an emergency : but the comparison of the ships is not yet complete. It appears that, if the whole British navy were adequately manned and stationed in two grand divisions, the one occupying the strategical position of our Channel fleet between Gibraltar and Plymouth, the other in Malta harbour, we should then be able to oppose ship for ship the naval forces which the Emperor of the French has it in his power to concentrate at a very short notice at his two great naval positions of Cherbourg and Toulon—and no more. But we have already shown that a considerable deduction must be made on our side for the ships indispensably required on the American and Indian stations. In reality, therefore, our numerical position is one of absolute inferiority in the seas of Europe, and this inferiority is augmented by the fact that, whilst the French boast, and we believe with truth, that they have it in their power to man every vessel in their dockyards with seamen and marine infantry, who have already served an apprenticeship in vessels of war, weeks, and possibly months, must elapse before the complement of men could be obtained for our fleet; and, even if they were obtained, the ships must be sent to sea, and possibly into action, with raw and undisciplined crews.

The truth of this statement is placed beyond all doubt by the essay 'on the Naval Position and Policy of Great Britain,' which we have placed at the head of these pages, and by the evidence taken before the Commission on Manning the Navy, last autumn. We shall confine ourselves to a single example, but it is one of demonstrative authority. Sir Charles Napier has, we think, rendered an eminent service to the country by causing the 'History of the Baltic Campaign of 1854' to be published; and although we regret the personalities he has allowed to be mixed up with his narrative, the book is one which ought to be read by every man who would see the abuses of our naval administration reformed. Hostilities between this country and Russia had been impending for more than six months, before they broke out in the spring of 1854. The Admiralty had a whole winter to prepare for the Baltic campaign, which was obviously about to open when that sea was

clear of ice. Yet, when Sir Charles Napier sailed from Spithead on the 11th of March, his fleet consisted of only four screw line-of-battle ships, four block-ships, four frigates, and three paddle steamers. But small as this squadron was, which but for the state of the ice might have had to encounter the whole northern fleet of Russia, it had been got together with the utmost difficulty, and nothing remained but the three or four ordinary guard-ships for the defence of the whole coast and maritime arsenals of England.

‘Though few in point of numbers, never, perhaps, had finer ships left our shores; yet never before had a squadron sailed so deplorably manned. The subsequent testimony of one of the Lords of the Admiralty on this point was, unhappily, as true as significant: “If you find 300 able seamen on board each ship, I shall be agreeably surprised.” Nor was the following from the same source more satisfactory: “The Emperor of Russia should try his strength with you while he musters double your numbers, and your hands are so miserably raw.” This description of the squadron by those who manned it, as frankly recorded as it was true, was by Admiral Berkeley.’ (*Baltic Campaign*, p. 19.)

Sir John Pakington stated to the House of Commons last February that many of the finest ships in the Navy recently commissioned, had remained in harbour *four and even six months* before they completed their crews: thus the ‘*Renown*’ was detained 172 days for this purpose, and the ‘*Marlborough*’ 129 days, — this delay causing of course an enormous expense and the inefficiency of the ships. To meet this evil the Admiralty resorted in May last to the very questionable expedient of a bounty by Her Majesty’s Proclamation; but though the bounty was high, able seamen have come in but slowly; and the difficulty is not overcome. Upon the appearance of the Queen’s Proclamation, the French Government instantly, but silently, called out an additional levy of 10,000 seamen, who joined their ships in a fortnight.

Six years ago we took occasion to review with considerable detail in the pages of this journal (*Ed. Rev.*, vol. xcviii. p. 240.) the results of the commission of inquiry into the state of the French navy, which had been appointed by the National Assembly in 1849. We showed from that most remarkable volume what the condition of the French navy then was, and what it was intended to become. We stated that at that time the *matériel* of the British Navy was superior in the proportion of 2 or 3 to 1 to that of France, for France possessed only 27 line-of-battle-ships afloat, one-half of which had ceased to be available for the purposes of war; and in the whole French

navy only three line-of-battle ships and one frigate had screw or auxiliary propellers. In almost all other respects, with the exception of the superior organisation of the *personnel* in France, the comparison was equally unfavourable to that country. But we confess that we considerably underrated in 1853 the energy and resolution with which the French Government has since applied itself to remedy these deficiencies; and with the evidence then before us as to the actual condition of the fleet, and the resources of the French dockyards, it was impossible to conceive that six years (two of which were years of war) should have sufficed for the Minister of Marine to realise the astonishing results which we have just laid before our readers on official authority. No doubt the will of an absolute government, and an uncontrolled expenditure, have largely contributed to this result; yet if any reliance can be placed on the financial returns annexed to the Report just laid before our own Parliament, the augmentation in the French naval estimates is less than the augmentation in our own, and the amount for the present year, irrespective of the extraordinary expenses which have subsequently arisen from the war, is about five millions sterling to our ten millions. But as England is obliged to maintain a larger number of ships in commission, the balance applicable to the construction of new ships is smaller in this country than in France. Nor do the designs of the French Government stop at the point they have already reached: —

‘According to a report of the Minister of Marine, prefixed to the French Navy Estimates for 1859, it appears that it is intended to raise the French steam navy to 150 vessels of war of various classes, built after the best models, with engines of full power, in addition to 72 steam transports, and to complete the building, in the several military ports, of the dry docks and factories indispensable to meet the requirements of the new steam fleet. The expense of these works is to be spread over the period from 1859 to 1871.

● The money to be appropriated to these works is also stated in the Minister's report. He proposes that the annual grants for labour, materials, armament, new works and repairs, up to the year 1871, shall be raised to the sum of 2,600,000*l.*; he estimates that 1,920,000*l.* of this sum will be absorbed in the “annual consumption of the steam “navy, works of maintenance, and the renewal of existing materials,” leaving the annual average sum of 680,000*l.* for the increase of the fleet and the extension of the naval establishments. • The sum which France intends to devote to the latter purposes up to 1871, when the fleet will have reached the limit of its proposed extension, amounts therefore to 8,840,000*l.*

‘The proposed annual grant of 2,600,000*l.* would amount, in thirteen years, to 33,800,000*l.* Maintenance and renewal will absorb nearly three-fourths of this sum, leaving the above sum of 8,840,000*l.*,

or rather more than one-fourth, to be devoted to the increase of her strength in ships and naval establishments.' (*Report*, p. 13.)

These are facts on which it is hardly necessary for us to comment. They tell their own story, and it is a story of no light significance to England. Doubts may well be entertained whether the large sums annually voted by Parliament for the support of the Navy have always been judiciously applied; whether our dockyard administration does not demand great reforms; and whether the country has really got all it ought to have for its money.* These are matters of detail into which our limits forbid us to enter; but we hold it to be of the utmost importance that the whole extent of the deficiency be known. To quote the words of the 'Naval Peer':—

'What can concern Englishmen more than to know, and that upon the very highest official authority, that France can at any time occupy the British Channel with far greater force than England can oppose to it?

'It is worth mentioning here, that about the time when an English Minister was making his statement of our invulnerability, a French naval officer was upon a mission to this country which brought him into contact with an English officer peculiarly and officially conversant with our maritime population. The Frenchman, referring to the immense number of our merchant seamen, observed that in practice they were not, as in France, available for manning our ships of war. This was admitted by the British officer, who qualified the admission by saying, that although we could not get men at the beginning of a war, yet we should after a time; and that of course it would always be our policy to prevent any other power obtaining command of the Channel. "Obtaining command of the Channel!" said the French officer; "France could do so at any time, under her

* It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the gross abuses and extravagance which have come to light from time to time in the dockyards. Thus, in 1846 Lord Dundonald was allowed to build a vessel of peculiar construction, with peculiar engines. The vessel cost 34,355*l.*, and the engines and boilers (of 200 horse-power) 29,392*l.* A further sum of 5060*l.* was laid out upon her at Woolwich in 1854, but she was utterly useless, and was sold in 1856, hull, engines, and all, for 3300*l.*

The engines of the 'Retribution' were first class paddle engines by Maudslay and Field, they cost 41,170*l.*; being found to be too large and powerful for the vessel, they were taken out of her and eventually broken up, the old iron fetching about 2000*l.* These facts are published by the 'Commission on Marine Engines.' It is fair to add, that there is at present no appearance of such grave errors being repeated, and we are confident the present excellent Surveyor of the Navy has done all he can to prevent them.

“present arrangements, or, rather, *has* command of the Channel at this moment.”

‘1. In efficient ships, France nearly equals us, our force being (of the line) forty-two to their forty.

‘2. In the power of manning those ships for any sudden emergency, France greatly surpasses us.

‘3. And for *equipping* her ships, France possesses, in Sir C. Wood’s words, *infinitely greater facilities*.

‘But if the means be yet undiscovered (or at least unapplied) by which naval England can hope to meet a sudden naval emergency as well as France, we at all events know *that they exist*. There are the seamen, and there are the ships; to bring them together when wanted has not surpassed the administrative ability of France or Russia, and, unquestionably, if the problem be not solved in England *before* this country is aroused by some signal disaster, it will be solved after the evil day.’ (*Naval Position, &c.*, pp. ix. and 6.)

When it is considered that these vast naval preparations have been hurried on with this extraordinary activity by the remarkable man who wields the whole power of the French Empire, and directs it by the impulse of his own secret policy — when it is remembered that within the same period the defences and basins of Cherbourg have been terminated, and the naval arsenals of France on the Atlantic placed in easy communication with those of the Mediterranean by a complete system of railroads — when it is added to this that France combines the resources of one of the most powerful armies in Europe, with a fleet equal to our own in ships, and superior in facility of equipping them, by means of which she threw in less than a fortnight this spring 90,000 men on the shores of Italy, it is not too much to say that the position of this country, in presence of so formidable a neighbour, is altogether novel, and that we should soon cease to exist as a nation if we relied on his forbearance rather than on our own resources. On the 31st of December last who dreamed of war between France and Austria? On the following day the warning struck, and a war has begun for which history and posterity will seek in vain for any cause beyond the will of him who was the author of it. The same Power might with equal facility have directed the blow against this country. When this is the attitude and the character of our nearest neighbour, it would be madness to delay putting forth our powers of defence. It may well be doubted whether this country can ever enjoy that peace and security which our social and commercial interests require as long as there are, or may be, superior naval forces in sight of our coasts. The maritime ascendancy of England does not mean that this country claims to exercise any supremacy over

the seas, or any rights which are not fully shared by every other flag in the world. It means simply that the waters which encircle our islands shall be inviolably secure, and that the commerce of England shall bear with it the protection of her flag wherever it may go. If these two conditions were lost, or even interrupted, by the fortune of war, little else would be left to us to contend for. Other States may possess a navy for the purposes of foreign influence or ambition, but here the Navy is the mainstay of our national existence. When, therefore, we see such a fleet arrayed in the ports of France, without any intelligible cause, as the British Admiralty can barely meet on equal terms, we descry a peril to which this nation has long been unaccustomed. The great actions of Howe, Jervis, Duncan, and Nelson, from 1794 to 1805, did, in fact, sweep the maritime rivals of England from the ocean. The French navy was powerless; the Spanish navy, its confederate, was annihilated. Nor did the governments of France, from 1815 to 1848, think it expedient to rouse the maritime jealousy of this country. The condition and the exploits of the French navy, under Charles X. and Louis Philippe, were highly honourable to their flag; but they were not formidable to any other country. It is within the last ten years that the aspect of naval affairs in France has changed, and, whether it be to his own advantage or not, the Emperor has raised up the most powerful fleet which France has possessed since the American war, or rather the most powerful fleet she ever possessed at all. It is obvious that the sole object such an armament can have in view is the possibility of assailing or overawing the only other maritime Power which is in a condition to oppose it.

But the matter does not rest here, and the naval armaments of France, though larger than at any former period, are not the only forces to be taken into the account.

If we look to the great principle which has, for the last two centuries, mainly governed the policy of England towards the Continental States, and which has justly compelled us to engage in many sanguinary and costly wars, we think it may be reduced to this proposition — England cannot, consistently with her own safety and independence, endure the existence of a maritime coalition against her; or, in other words, the combination of the naval forces of two or more great maritime Powers constitute a danger to this country, which all English statesmen worthy of the name have sought to combat and prevent. In the seventeenth century, the Dutch were a great maritime Power, and our policy was directed to resist the combination of their fleet with that of France — an object which was attained by the Revolu-

tion of 1688, and the formation of the Great Alliance. - In the eighteenth century, Spain was a great maritime Power, the third in Europe, and the principal interest of this country, both in the War of Succession, and in the resistance of Lord Chatham to the Family Compact of 1761, was to prevent the union of her fleets to those of France. The naval power of Holland was extinguished off Camperdown, where Admiral Duncan defeated the Dutch fleet on its way to join the French at Brest; and the same year (1797) witnessed the defeat of the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, which was followed by its total destruction, in 1805, at Trafalgar. The stern necessity, which justified these actions — as it was afterwards held by the Government to justify the attack on Copenhagen after the Treaty of Tilsit — arose certainly out of no hostility between this country and the Dutch, the Spaniards or the Danes, as independent States and neighbours. It arose out of the certainty that their naval power was to be used against us in conjunction with that of France, and in subserviency to her hostile policy; for England was not more active in promoting coalitions against France by land than France was in promoting coalitions against England by sea; and to destroy these combinations as they arose was indispensable to the safety of these shores, unless we had been able and prepared to keep afloat a naval force equal to that of all the other maritime States, which is obviously impossible.

The times are changed. Holland and Spain have ceased to be our maritime rivals, and their naval power is barely sufficient for the protection of their own colonial and commercial interests. But the same considerations which formerly applied to the maritime relations of France with those States, now apply to the position she has assumed in Italy, and to her understanding with Russia. Should the Emperor of the French succeed in re-establishing that ascendancy of France over Italy which belonged to the first Empire, it is evident that he will obtain for France a very great increase of maritime power in the Mediterranean, and this, whether the Italian States are actually incorporated with France, or whether, as is more probable, they become united to her by close ties of dependency. For example, the regular seafaring population of the dominions of the King of Sardinia alone amounts to 32,000 men, who, under the French system, would be all liable to naval service; and as the coasts of Italy and the Italian islands bear a very large proportion to the internal area of the peninsula, the maritime classes are in proportion more numerous than the military classes. The Italians are in fact a maritime people, which the French are not. The most glorious days of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice were days

of maritime enterprise and naval warfare. The western coast of Italy possesses the finest harbours in the Mediterranean, especially those of Spezia and Naples; and it is impossible to doubt that the establishment of French ascendancy over the Italian States, and the development of their naval resources under her guidance and protection, would almost double the strength of France as a Mediterranean naval Power; that is to say, would enable her to equip and man a fleet of twenty sail of the line in that sea as easily as she now equips and mans ten sail of the line at Toulon. The effect on this country would be that, unless we resign ourselves to a position of inferiority (in which case we had better have no fleet in the Mediterranean at all), we should have to maintain there a force very much larger than we have hitherto done, whilst France would have the means of detaching a larger squadron to her Atlantic and Channel ports.

The force of this observation is increased by the fact that Russia, having lost her fleet in the Black Sea, has at once reappeared as a Mediterranean naval Power by the acquisition of the harbour of Villa Franca from Sardinia, and by her understanding with the present belligerents, who are ready, of course, to place their harbours at her disposal. The lesson of 1855 was a severe one, but it has not been lost upon Russia. Her navy, then almost entirely consisting of sailing ships, has undergone the same process of complete renewal in which England and France have respectively been engaged. We are not in possession of complete official evidence on the subject; but whereas, in 1857, Russia had but seven ships-of-the-line, three frigates and twelve corvettes with screw propellers, it is stated that her steam-line-of-battle ships now amount to three times that number, and that she, like France, is preparing to keep forty of these vessels afloat.

A maritime coalition of these two Powers might, therefore, array against Great Britain by far the most powerful and formidable armament she has ever had to encounter — the most powerful in itself, and the most powerful in relation to our means of resistance. For it must be observed that these steam-fleets would not only form an armada equal to nearly twice our own, but that the introduction of steam has given considerable advantages to military Powers. *Armies can now be moved far more swiftly and easily by sea than by land.* It was one of Napoleon's aphorisms that England overawed Europe by means of 30,000 trained seamen, and his difficulty was to get that number of French sailors to cope successfully with the vicissitudes of wind, tide, and weather, that affect a sailing-fleet.

‘But the change is great, from ships whose life and breath was the sailor, to yon great floating batteries moved by stokers, and which might be—nay, in Russia will often be—manned and fought by cavalry soldiers. For remember, that except for the work of the engine-room, it is for the *guns* the crews are required; and though we all know that sailors are preferable for all the varied incidents of the sea, they no longer supply the motive power, and their value in action with an enemy is now reduced to very small proportions. Now this opens up an entirely new view of naval affairs, and one which it would be most perilous to neglect; for although it is not to be supposed that any country will despatch a fleet to a distance without good crews of seamen, yet it is clear that the British Channel might be crossed, and a very good action fought by a fleet manned with artillerymen only,—ay, and not one sailor on board!

‘Ask the most competent of our gunnery officers which they would prefer commanding in action—“a ship manned by the best seamen” *not* trained to the guns, or a ship manned by good artillerymen, “such as our marine artillery, for instance?” Their answer will unquestionably be in favour of the artillerymen, supposing them either to have smooth water, or the brief practice necessary to subdue sea-sickness, and acquire a balance at sea.

‘It is an old remark, that events move in cycles: and here we have again a glimpse of days when, as of yore, soldiers will fight at sea as on land, and the sailors’ post of those days will be taken by the stokers of the present’ (*Naval Position*, p. 47.)

It is not our intention in this place to enter upon the political considerations which these facts may naturally suggest, especially in the face of the events now passing in Europe; but we do not hesitate to add that, if under the shelter of any secret arrangement or, for any undefined object, an attempt were made to overawe this country by a combination of naval forces superior to our own, the British Government would be compelled, not only by our traditional policy, but by our manifest danger, to employ the whole strength of the Empire to destroy a conjunction so menacing to the independence of England and the freedom of the world. Nor can it be denied that armaments of this nature, costing as they do the revenue of a kingdom, and imposing great burdens on the people of this and other countries, are an intolerable evil, and are wholly inconsistent with that system of peace under which it is our wish to live. They are essentially offensive armaments, and it is impossible to disguise the fact that they are maintained in a spirit of rivalry to this country, and that a mere accident, or the irritation of a single despotic ruler, might direct their whole power against us. To put the question on the lowest ground, the policy and conduct of the Emperor Napoleon in raising the Navy of France to its present enormous establishment, is to

impose on the people of Great Britain additional expenditure and additional taxation, to the amount of four or five millions a year. There can be no economy without peace, no peace without security, no security without mutual confidence; but what confidence can exist when an Armada might within a month attempt to sweep the seas and menace the coasts of England?

III. What then are the naval resources of this Empire? If we speak of the navy in commission, or preparing for commission, it is officially admitted that the forces of our maritime rivals may be considered equal or superior to our own. If we investigate the means they possess for equipping and manning their fleets at a short notice, their means are more perfect than our own; because these Powers have sought to turn every man they possess to the utmost advantage, whilst we, relying on the supposed immensity of our resources, have neglected to render them available. If we examine the administrative structure of the Admiralty, it must be acknowledged that no department in the State stands so much in need of administrative reform. These are evils, abuses, and drawbacks which it is useful to expose and necessary to correct. Nevertheless [some writers, and especially naval writers and naval members of Parliament, have exaggerated the tone of their complaints, because whilst they have very properly pointed out the difficulty and the danger adverted to in the preceding parts of this article, they have omitted to take prominently into account that which is the true basis of our naval power—the superior maritime resources of the nation. It is true that half a century of peace and entire maritime security have diverted a very large proportion of these resources to commercial rather than belligerent objects. It is true that to meet an emergency we must look to the actual force of the navy in commission; and that the safety of the dockyards depends on our power of protecting them at the outbreak of hostilities. But we do not entertain a doubt that if the hour of danger were come, the country would put forth an amount of strength incomparably beyond what it ever before exhibited, whether in wealth, in mechanical power, or in maritime force. Some figures appended to the official Report, from which we have already largely quoted, furnish the basis of this opinion. In the merchant service of England there are at this time, 24,406 registered sailing vessels, and 1813 merchant steamers; in France, 14,845 sailing vessels and 330 steamers; but of those in England 763 sailing ships and 119 steamers are above 800 tons burden; in France, *only* 30 *ships* (whether sailing or

steam), exist above that size. In England, about one-third of the whole amount (8641), are below 100 tons; in France, four-fifths of the whole amount (12,038), are below that size, so that the registered tonnage of England is more than four times that of France. The number of men employed in the French merchant service is considerably greater in proportion to the tonnage than it is in our ships (E. 1 man to 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ tons; F. 1 man to 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons); but while France has 90,217 registered seamen, England has 227,411; and we suspect the difference is even greater, because a numerous class not called seamen in England are included in France under that denomination.*

Bearing in mind these facts, we say with Captain Denman, in the admirable evidence he gave before the Commission for Manning the Navy, 'The only adequate reserve in times of real peril is *the whole population*.' It is, however, certain that under ordinary circumstances the Navy derives very little advantage from the merchant service. In the first year of the Russian war only 400 merchant seamen joined the Queen's ships; and in the second year 300. Nor when you have got these men are they of much benefit. The principal duty of a man-of-war's man is to work the great guns and fight the ship, and in war a vessel would be in greater danger from a want of competent gunners than from a want of competent navigators. The unrestricted competition of the merchant service (though in many respects we have no doubt that the Queen's service is far preferable to it) has the effect of drawing off this large body of men *in time of peace*; but in time of war the case would be altered; trade would be circumscribed; a large portion of it would pass under the neutral flags; an embargo might be put on vessels; and on the other hand, prize money and adventure are strong additional attractions to enter the Navy.

It is, however, quite impossible to rely upon precarious and uncertain resources, and accordingly one of the first acts of Sir John Pakington, when he came to the Admiralty, was to name a Commission, on which several men of great ability consented to serve, for the purpose of investigating this vital subject.

* These figures are taken from the Minute prepared for the Cabinet; but there are wide differences in other official statements before us. Thus, the return of the registrar-general of seamen to the Manning Commission gives the number of seamen employed in our ships in 1857, at 176,357. About 30,000 seafaring men are employed in our own coasting trade, and 63,000 in the Baltic and Mediterranean trades, within a month's voyage of England. The number of seamen and boys registered for the whole British Empire in 1857, was 254,135, and, including the Navy, 322,835. ;

The Report of this Commission, and the evidence taken by them, is now before us, and it contains suggestions and recommendations of the highest value; those which related to the amelioration of the condition of the seamen, and which were within the power of the Admiralty, have at once been adopted, and we trust that provision will be made by Parliament at the very earliest moment for the whole scheme.

The principal recommendations of the Commission are as follows. They advise that, in the first place, the number of boys for the Navy should be taken at 2000 annually, and that all of them be entered in training ships like the 'Britannia.' These boys make beyond question the ablest men we have in the fleet, and when entered at the proper age they may be taken with equal advantage from any part of the kingdom. The training of boys is in fact the most economical and efficient mode of raising the naval service to the highest perfection, and we should gladly see the number raised to 4000 annually. At present only 500 are so entered.

To avoid the inconvenience, expense, and reproach of keeping newly commissioned ships waiting, sometimes for weeks and months, for the complement of their crews, it is essential that a reserve of seamen should always be maintained at the home ports; and it is proposed that this reserve should not be less than 4000 men. We see no reason that these seamen should not be employed on garrison duty in the marine fortresses, which would relieve the army and diminish the expense; they should also be instructed in artillery practice.

On the same principle it is proposed to augment the marines by 5000 men. No branch of the service by land or by sea is so popular or so useful, and we are not surprised that Mr. Lindsay, in his separate observations, should have advocated a much larger increase. They are, in fact, excellent light infantry soldiers, while they are fit for almost every duty afloat except going aloft, and they are now well trained in gunnery. The changes introduced by steam navigation in maritime warfare evidently tend to increase the utility of this admirable body of troops. We have seen, in a passage quoted just now from the 'Naval Peer,' that the huge floating batteries of modern navies might eventually come to be fought by 'cavalry soldiers;' but whatever advantage may be derived from this circumstance by our adversaries, it is not without profit to ourselves. British marines are precisely the fittest troops in the world to serve at sea when the vessel is propelled by machinery, and the more difficult operations of handling the rigging of a large ship aloft may be avoided, and will perhaps ere long fall into disuse.

A force, consisting of 4000 reserved seamen, 11,000 marines on shore, 12,000 coastguardmen, and some volunteers, would provide a body of 30,000 additional men to meet the outbreak of a sudden contest. But the Commission goes further. Having ascertained that there are nearly 100,000 merchant seamen, who are never absent for any length of time from the ports of this country, they propose that 20,000 of these men should be selected to form a body of Naval Volunteers, liable to be called upon to serve in the fleet. The inducements held out to them to join would be a payment at short periods; a pension at 50 or 55; payment for time spent in practice; admission to the coastguard, and Greenwich Hospital. On their part they would engage to undergo a certain amount of training, and to join the Navy when required. A scheme has been contrived to give effect to this proposal by the establishment of school ships, and other means, and it now only awaits the approval of Parliament. The cost of the whole of these measures is estimated at about 600,000*l.*, a sum not very considerable, when it is considered that without constant means of manning and recruiting the Navy, all other expenditure on the fleet is useless.

One general observation suggests itself in connexion with these changes, to which we think our readers will give a ready assent. The tendency of the reforms and improvements loudly called for, and gradually obtained, in the administration of the military and naval departments is to break down those exclusive professional barriers which have so long been the bane of the service. The true strength of the army and navy of England is that they are identified by the closest ties with the national feelings, the enterprise, the industry, and the ingenuity of the country. When the gallant forces in the Crimea were at their dreariest hour, crushed by a foe more powerful than the Russians, sanitary science, civil administration, female devotedness, and national determination snatched them back from the verge of destruction. Civil engineering, which nowhere achieves greater triumphs than in this kingdom, has gradually enabled Mr. Fergusson to conquer the prejudices arrayed against his system of fortification, and Sir William Armstrong to mount his guns upon our batteries. Whatever may be the resources of the royal dockyards, they are equalled if not surpassed by the immense private establishments which form part of the ship-building power of the United Kingdom; and, in the fabrication of machinery, the workshops of the Clyde and the Thames are constantly lending their forges to the Government. There is too great a tendency in purely naval critics to argue the question as if our whole maritime strength were com-

prised in the Navy List and the dockyards.* The reverse is the case; and the true problem we have to solve is to render these vast resources promptly available for the defence of the country, which at present *they are not*.

This fact is as well known to the French as to ourselves—perhaps better known, and hence in all their discussions of this subject their fixed design is such a system and disposal of the French forces as should ensure the power of striking a decisive blow at the breaking out of hostilities. Thus Captain de Montaignac, an intelligent officer, stated before the Commission d'Enquête in 1851:—

‘The merchant navy of England, according to the opinion of their officers, is but a small resource for their military navy, even in time of war. This surprises us, to hear that a navy which disposes of above 200,000 auxiliaries, should find such small resources; it is nevertheless true, and all English officers who have occupied themselves with this question agree in saying that the system of recruiting (seamen) in England is very insufficient, and that a good organisation in France might render us superior to them in *personnel*. That is due solely to the *inscription maritime*. In England they have no *recrutement maritime*, and they cannot establish it in the state of liberty there enjoyed. As to pressing, which the English did last war, you know that in 1793–5 the dangerous mutinies which broke out were the results of it. English officers are convinced that in the present day such means could not be used, they would procure very bad crews; so that if the English wished to make war by sea, they would be nearly in the state of the Americans; it would be necessary to make separate bargains with each seaman. Though such agreements are not very important nor very moral in the means of making them, they are not the less a serious impediment; and this makes me think that if France had ships enough, at the first moment of war, to put to sea a strong fleet of twenty-seven or thirty sail of the line, for instance, she would have, with her good organisation of the *personnel*, a considerable advantage over England; because I do not believe, and it is the opinion of her own officers, that she could have, for the outbreak of war, thirty sail of the line. . . . In England, at the beginning of a ship's commission, the very heterogeneous elements of a ship's company do not form a very excellent crew; and from documents which I have had in my hands it seems that very few picked seamen are found, and of those the merchant seamen form a very insignificant portion.’ (*Naval Position*, p. 328.)

* For example, the fleet of the Peninsular and Oriental Company alone now consists of 66 steam-ships, rated at 84,326 tons, and propelled by 18,381 h. p. Vessels of this class, partially armed, might be made available for numerous purposes of war, and thus diminish the pressure on the regular navy.

To such accusations as these the Commission for Manning the Navy, after submitting its proposal to Her Majesty, thus replies:—

‘Your Majesty possesses in the merchant service elements of naval power, such as no other government in the world enjoys. It is true, that hitherto no sufficient organisation has existed for securing to your Majesty the immediate command of these resources. During a long peace, reliance has been placed, either on the improbability that danger would arise, or on the efficacy of impressment to furnish the means by which danger could be confronted and overcome. Changes in public sentiment, and in the circumstances of the case, have shaken that reliance. We rejoice to believe, that by improvements in the administration of your Majesty’s Navy, and in the regulation of the merchant service, other resources have in the meantime been placed within the reach of your Majesty’s government, and that it is now in their power to substitute for untrained compulsory service, a system of defence, voluntary, effective, and calculated to draw closer to your Majesty at the moment of danger, the loyal enthusiasm of those on whom your Majesty will rely. We therefore humbly and confidently submit to your Majesty the adoption of measures which, while their primary object is the protection of this country from the hazards of war, must at the same time improve the position and elevate the character of the British seamen in the two services, and unite them together in the firm bonds of reciprocal good feeling and of common interest.’

Several other suggestions of importance were made by the witnesses examined before this Commission. Our limits forbid us to refer to them at length, but the whole volume, and the Report which precedes it, are full of invaluable information on this subject. On one point only we must allow ourselves a short remark. Sir Charles Napier pointed out with great force and truth the absurd consequences of the costly and mischievous system of paying off vessels just when they have attained the highest proficiency—turning the crews adrift when they are drilled to act together—and stripping the ship of rigging, great part of which is in excellent condition.*

‘The enormous waste of this system is not its worst feature, though it implies an absolute loss of one-third of each ship’s efficient services, an arrangement which no private ship-owner would tolerate. It is

* Thus, after the Baltic campaign several ships were paid off. They have since been recommissioned, costing the country, to put them into the same state they were in before, the following sums: ‘Duke of Wellington,’ 17,650*l.*; ‘Arrogant,’ 19,913*l.*; ‘Cressy,’ 7,313*l.*; ‘Nil,’ 13,772*l.*; ‘Euryalus,’ 10,828*l.*; ‘Exmouth,’ 17,912*l.* These sums are from parliamentary papers.

the injury done to the *morale* of the Navy, or rather the fatal obstacle to creating a *morale*, or giving an efficient organisation to our seamen, while we make them mere birds of passage. What would our regiments be if disbanded every three years; the whole of the non-commissioned officers, on whom the discipline of the Army so much depends, losing their rank, and taking their chance of being sergeant, corporal, or private in another regiment requiring recruits? Yet, such is the system in the Navy, and the result as to the non-commissioned (petty) officers is just what might be expected. Considering their rank as only temporary and uncertain, they dare not report a scaman, and in fact contribute nothing to discipline; while the non-commissioned officers of Marines are eminently trustworthy. This supposed case of a regiment disbanded every three years does not sufficiently explain the mischief of our "paying off" system, for the personal machinery of a ship is most complicated. With the same military training, there are several kinds of skilled labour also; and though it is easy to break all this machinery to pieces, we trust to chance for putting it together again.' (*Naval Position*, p. 236.)

In Captain Denman's interesting evidence he states it as his opinion that all seamen and boys should be entered for five years, subject in case of war to be retained for a second period of five years with increased pay, and he adds:—

'With a view of introducing a system of discipline of a permanent and consistent character, I think the large ships of the peace establishment should never be paid off. The attachment of soldiers to regiments represented by such a title as the "7th Fusiliers," bears no comparison to the *esprit de corps* which might be evoked by giving seamen a connexion with their ship of the same permanent character, and passing it down in a continuous manner. Conceive a "Vanguard" whose crews were linked by a perpetual succession with the recollections of the battle of the Nile; or the crew of a "Victory" who could have by the same means a connexion with the glories of Trafalgar. Yet this most powerful hold upon men's minds has been always entirely thrown away in the Navy.' (*Captain Denman's Evidence*, p. 157.)

We have seen that the enormous augmentation of the Navy Estimates in the last few years, accompanied, as it has been, not by an increase, but by a positive reduction in the number of our effective line-of-battle ships and frigates, is attributable to the prodigious transformation of the British fleets from sailing vessels to steam power. Hence the forty surviving sailing ships and frigates of the old school, many of which were among the finest of their class, count for nothing at the present day, except to be cut down to steam ships of inferior rank, and it is thus that ships which were once the pride of our yards, 'Queen,' 'Trafalgar,' 'London,' and 'Rodney,' are now qualified to reappear with a diminished armament but an increased power of

locomotion. In fact it is this possibility of transforming sailing vessels into screw ships which will enable the Admiralty to add no less than seventeen effective line-of-battle ships to the fleet in the present financial year; and Sir John Pakington stated to the House of Commons in February last, that before the end of next year we shall have forty-eight line-of-battle ships, and that in the financial year 1860-1 we shall have fifty-six, besides a suitable addition of frigates.

It may therefore be assumed that an impulsé has been given to the construction of effective ships which will ere long relieve the country from the discreditable and dangerous position into which it had fallen, having regard to the enormous naval progress of other Powers. But when we have got the ships, and when we have provided the means of manning the ships we have got, which are the two first points urgently requiring the strenuous exertions of the Admiralty and the whole support of Parliament, a multitude of other considerations present themselves, which deserve far more attention than they have yet received from the naval profession. We shall advert to some of these problems, not with the hope of solving them, but of showing how little they are as yet understood.

Let us suppose a steam fleet to be well built, well found with machinery, well armed with guns of huge calibre, and well manned: who is to command such a squadron? Of 100 admirals, 39 are between the ages of 70 and 87, and only 14 are employed. Of 358 captains on the active list, 31 are above the age of 60, 90 are employed, and 180 have never served afloat in their present rank. The upper ranks of the service are overcrowded with officers, many of whom are past their work; in the lower ranks officers can hardly be obtained for the ships in commission — and no wonder if these are the hopes of promotion held out to them. It is absolutely necessary this state of things should cease, for it is perfectly certain that but a small proportion of the senior officers can have the adequate knowledge, experience, and ability to enter upon the command of a fleet differing in every respect from that in which they were trained. Every officer of sixty years of age, and every officer who has not served afloat in the last ten years, should at once be placed on the retired list. Naval warfare cannot be conducted with success by old men; steam warfare cannot be conducted by men bred under a totally different system. Sir John Pakington, who furnished the details we have quoted to the House of Commons, added:—

.. 'Naval officers, like all other human beings, must yield to the force of time; a regular flow of promotion should exist; and it is

essential to the well-being of the Navy that we should have the services of active and vigorous officers, capable of performing their duties. I believe, therefore, that the best system for the service will be to adopt the principle of retirement at a given age, and thus secure the advancement of younger men to posts which their age and physical strength qualify them to fill.' (*Sir J. Pakington's Speech*, p. 27.)

These are excellent sentiments, but we hope the Admiralty will give effect to them. The present state of the Navy List is as dangerous to the country as it is discouraging to the service, which is full of men eager and able to perform the duties that fall from the grasp of their seniors. The first act of the Minister ought to be to superannuate at least fifty of the senior admirals, and to give the command of the Channel and Mediterranean fleets to men in the prime of life. Necessary as it is at all times to have active and vigorous men in high command, that necessity is greatly increased by the novel character and peculiar position of the fleet itself. Our admirals are fine old veterans, but for the defence of the country you might as well collect in the Downs the fleet that fought the battle of the Nile.

It is nearly fifty-four years since a general naval action has been fought between two fleets at sea. The cannon of Trafalgar and the apotheosis of Nelson closed that era of sea-fights which raised the British flag to the pinnacle of glory. Of the men who saw and did those great deeds few survive; or they survive as veterans on the esplanade of Brighton or beneath the beneficent shelter of the halls of Greenwich. But if the most experienced admiral who ever led the English fleet to battle were now in command at Spithead, he would have to learn a new lesson. On the one hand, the peculiar objects which the manœuvres of a sailing fleet were destined to accomplish have lost much of their importance; on the other hand, other combinations will hereafter be discovered which will produce entirely new effects in ocean warfare. For example, the manœuvres of a sailing fleet were mainly designed to get the weather-gage of the enemy; the line of battle was always formed by ranging the ships in line ahead, at six points from the wind, and the fleet of the enemy also received or met the attack in line ahead, close-hauled. But a vessel propelled by steam-power must be regarded in naval tactics, as she is in maritime law, as a vessel *having the wind always free* — she is absolutely free to move in all directions. Hence the operations of *taking a hostile ship from stern to stem*, or of *placing such a ship between the cross-fire of two vessels*, which used to be the result

of great art and skilful manipulation of the sails, may now be effected with much greater facility by any screw-vessel. In fact, as the advance of a fleet no longer depends on the action of the wind, blowing in one direction, and rendering the movements of all ships more or less uncertain, but on the self-propelling force of each ship, naval tactics may hereafter be assimilated to military tactics much more than they have hitherto been, every portion of the fleet engaged having the utmost freedom of motion in all directions. Indeed, this freedom of motion and exposure to attack will be far greater on the open sea than in the case of an action fought by troops on land; for there the accidents of the ground are always used to cover or support a position, but in the open sea the movements of ships are as uncontrolled as those of balls on a billiard-table of unlimited extent; or to borrow an illustration from another game, whereas the course of a ship close-hauled under sail resembles the moves of a bishop on the chess-board, a screw-steamer has all the moves of a queen. The effect of this change on the science of naval tactics, and the art of forming the line of battle, is precisely analogous to the novel combinations which would result from giving all the moves to every piece upon the chess-board.

Sir Howard Douglas, in his treatise on 'Naval Warfare with Steam,' to which we cursorily adverted in our last Number, has pointed out the nature and effects of these changes with great sagacity and ingenuity, and his book ought to be in the hands of every one who may be called upon to influence or direct the evolutions of a squadron at sea. Above all, his suggestions, which are necessarily of an experimental character, ought to be *tried*; and we hope the summer will not be allowed to pass without a careful and practical study by the officers commanding ships in the Channel of the great manœuvres of a steam fleet. We cannot attempt to give our readers an idea of the technical details of these operations, though even to civilians they possess the interest of a game of profound skill, but the following passages may give a correct impression of the general principles of Sir Howard's most valuable and interesting production.

'Steam propulsion entirely annuls all the limitations and disabilities imposed by the wind on the evolutions of fleets, and opens the whole surface of the ocean as a battle-field for the contests of steam fleets. . . . In a tract published by Admiral Bowles in 1846, that gallant officer observed that we had then arrived at a new era, in which steam would enable naval commanders to conduct their operations and manœuvres on military and scientific principles; that fleets moving by a force beyond the influence of wind and weather,

would have it in their power to attack or repulse an enemy in a manner hitherto unknown in naval actions: that an Admiral, by keeping his ships together in a collected and manageable order, and skilfully manœuvred, could prevent the recurrence of the many indecisive and unsuccessful naval engagements of times past. The rude practice of forming a fleet for battle in one long line, has hitherto prevailed in naval warfare, on account chiefly of the difficulties and uncertainties imposed by the wind in executing compound evolutions with sailing ships. These difficulties will not exist for fleets consisting wholly of steam ships. Armies in the field move in as many columns as there may be practicable roads or opened routes leading to the point at which the intended deployment in order of battle is to take place; but at sea a steam fleet may always be moved in as many columns as there are divisions in its formation, and each ship of a fleet may be considered as corresponding to a battalion in a land army.' (*Sir H. Douglas*, pp. 89, 90.)

Hence by abandoning the old inartificial practice of forming a fleet for battle in one line of great extent, ships may now be formed in *échelon* so as to afford reciprocal support and defence by their lines of fire — maintaining their position with ease and certainty by the compass — and occasionally bringing the broad-side fires of all the ships to cross upon the enemy. But the whole of this science, which obviously gives rise to endless combinations, has yet to be created, at least in practice; and it is no reflection on any officer in the Queen's service to say that he cannot have learned all the resources of the novel and powerful weapon now for the first time placed in the hands of a naval commander. We venture to say on high naval authority, that there is not now a senior officer in the Navy qualified, both theoretically and practically, to conduct the evolutions of a large steam fleet in action. No time should be lost in causing the subject to be studied by a mixed commission of naval and military men, and in giving to every officer in the Navy some practical knowledge of those operations he may at any moment be called on to perform.

The present opinion of the best naval authorities is that steam-propelled ships should go into action with all their sails furled, top-gallant masts struck, and everything made as snug as possible; for it is evident that, from the moment that the rigging of a ship ceases to give it the power of motion, the lofty spars, the complicated ropes, the ponderous blocks, the vast spread of canvas become a huge incumbrance. The first effect of the fire of the upper deck pivot-guns of the enemy, carrying enormous hollow shot, would probably be, even from a considerable distance, to carry away the masts; the masts being shot through or overboard, the ship is caught in its own web, es-

pecially, as would often be the case, if the screw propeller fouled with the floating cordage or wreck. In fact, to cause the screw of one of these vessels to foul, would be to wound her in the most vital part, and condemn her to inactivity—a position in which she might speedily be sunk; and a suggestion of Sir Howard Douglas well deserves consideration, by which he would arm the screw with blades to act like the cutter of a turning-lathe on any rope or other object entangling the screw. Contrivances might also be applied for the purpose of fouling the screw of an enemy's ship.

We have so recently discussed the subject of modern artillery in these pages (*Edin. Review*, April, 1859), that we shall not revert to this part of the question; but it is scarcely secondary in importance to the propelling power of ships. It is extremely doubtful whether a naval action can be fought with the heavy guns now used in the English and French fleets, without causing the absolute destruction of the vessels engaged; in other words, the offensive power of these guns, and still more of the Armstrong gun, if applied to naval warfare, is such, that nothing of wood that floats can resist a sustained fire of such weapons for many minutes. Hence the idea has arisen that vessels are required to be cased in plate armour—huge floating batteries, propelled by steam, probably without rigging, but capable of supporting the fire of a whole fleet, and of crushing down everything before them. The French Government preceded us in the design of such vessels, and it is understood that four of them have been laid down on the lines of the 'Napoleon.' In England, two are projected, and one at least is in progress of construction in a private yard for the account of the Government. Such, however, is the immense power of this Titanic ship, and the weight of her scantlings, that it has been found necessary to give her a size of 6000 tons, which is one half as much again as the 'Marlborough,' 131 guns; her length will be 380 feet, she will carry 32 pieces of ordnance of the largest calibre; and her engines, nominally of 1250 horse-power, will, it is said, work up to four times that amount, and propel this armed Leviathan at the rate of 14 knots an hour.

* Hitherto a ship of war has commonly been rated according to the number of guns she carries, but this system is deceptive, and it is probable we shall soon see our largest vessels carrying a much smaller number of guns, each gun being of far greater calibre. The American navy has already adopted this principle by arming vessels like the 'Merrimac' with a small number of Dahlgren guns; and, as stated above, the new iron ship, which will be the most powerful vessel in our navy, will carry only thirty-two guns.

It may readily be conceived that such vessels may be of great utility for the navigation of the Channel and the defence of our coasts, inasmuch as they would easily annihilate everything they meet. But as long as marine engines require their present bulky and massive supply of fuel, we have great difficulty in believing that mixed vessels (that is, vessels which can both sail and steam) will be superseded. Scarcely any ship of war has yet been built which, in addition to her stores and armament complete, can carry more than eight days' coal for constant steaming, few, indeed, more than six days' provision. The 'Napoleon' carries ten days' coal consumption, steaming twelve knots and a half per hour. Hence a vessel dependent on coal only would be entirely disqualified for cruising off a hostile coast, maintaining blockades which may last for months, or even years, or for long, rapid, and unforeseen voyages like Nelson's cruise to the West Indies. In fact, such a vessel loses that which is the first condition of an effective ship of war, namely, the power of going at all times wherever there is water to float her. It is, therefore, of extreme importance to husband the coal bunkers, which may be done as long as our screw-steamers retain all their sailing qualities. Exhaustion of fuel, on the eve of a battle, or during a protracted action, is a contingency which must at all events be effectually guarded against. Hence the movements of steam fleets must be subject to strategical combinations for the purpose of enabling them to coal, just as the movements of armies are regulated by their facilities of obtaining supplies.

On the other hand, vessels without masts or top-rigging would be relieved from the enormous weight they now carry aloft, and likewise from the necessity of stowing the very large extra stores, duplicate spars, &c., which now necessarily take up a vast amount of space in every sailing ship. The space and tonnage available for machinery and coal would, therefore, be considerably increased. On these and other grounds we are inclined to think that, although all our distant cruisers must be mixed ships, yet for warfare in the Channel, or within 100 leagues of the coasts of Europe, iron steam batteries without sails will supersede ships of the line. It is also probable, that no decisive naval action will ever be fought except in the narrow seas of the Mediterranean. We are returning, in many respects, to the naval tactics of the ancients.

Thus, the introduction of machinery consuming an enormous weight and bulk of this peculiar fuel, gives rise to a novel state of things both to foreign countries and to ourselves. Great Britain has, for practical marine purposes, a monopoly of the best coal in Europe; that of Belgium and Southern France

is not to be compared to it; the northern coasts of France, Spain, Italy, and Russia have none. Indeed, it may be said that British coal, of which we export 6,500,000 tons per annum, gives heat, light, and motion to a great part of the manufacturing cities of Europe, and feeds the steam navigation of a great part of the world. The effect of a prohibition of the export of coal, to which, in the event of a great naval war, the British Government would probably be led to resort, would, therefore, have very extraordinary effects in pressing on the resources of foreign nations, whenever their own stocks of coal became exhausted. But the same inconvenience would not be unfelt by ourselves, on our foreign stations. For example, in the event of war, it would be an undertaking of considerable difficulty and expense to provide dépôts for the coaling of the British fleet in the Mediterranean; and if coal were treated by foreign nations as contraband of war, it could not be carried under neutral flags. The same difficulty would present itself with regard to the conveyance of coal to stations in remote parts of the globe; yet the system of modern communication and the prosecution of naval warfare depend to a great extent on an adequate supply of the indispensable combustible.

We must here close these observations, which necessarily embrace but a small portion of this important subject—the most important subject, we venture to affirm, to which the energy of the country and the wisdom of our statesmen can be directed. What is comparable to the safety of these islands from attack? What assurance can we have that these islands are safe from attack, in presence of the great naval forces which might be sent against them, if the British navy ceased for a moment to command the Channel? Whatever the cost of these defensive armaments may be, they are far less costly than one single day of invasion or defeat, which might leave a dockyard or a town at the mercy of an enemy. These burdens must be borne, and they will be borne cheerfully: but if there is an Englishman who grudges the necessary expenditure for the defence of the country, let him complain not of those who take these measures, but of those whose occult and menacing policy compels us to take them. The late Government did not hesitate to lay before the country the magnitude and the urgency of the case. With all possible despatch in the public dockyards it will be two years before we have 56 screw-ships of the line ready for commission; and the measures to be taken to ensure the future manning of the fleet must be slow in their operation, because they are to affect the habits of a large class of the seafaring population. The subject of marine armaments and the effects of

the new ordinance on ships, whether of wood or cased in iron, require constant experimental trials, and it is probable that this new element in the question will alter the principal conditions of marine architecture. The Board of Admiralty itself requires simplification, and we should gladly see its cumbrous forms of proceeding and its divided responsibility swept away, in order to place the whole establishment of the naval service in all its branches in the hand of one Minister, assisted by competent and permanent heads of departments, but charged with the entire responsibility of the administration. The measures which require to be taken, such as the scheme for manning the fleet, the revision of the Navy List, called by courtesy 'the active list,' the reform of the dockyards, and the correction of a multitude of minor abuses which are fatally injurious to the naval service, require the power and resolution of a dictator. The country has a right to ask how it comes to pass that, while the expense of the Navy has largely augmented, the efficiency of the Navy has not increased in the same proportion? The efforts which have been made within the last few months will, we hope, succeed in restoring that pre-eminence we ought never to have lost; and we trust that before she needs it, if she is to need it to repel aggression, Britain will again have a fleet worthy of herself in ships, in armament, in seamen, and in commanders.

In a Cabinet singularly devoid of administrative ability, Sir John Pakington formed an honourable exception by the zeal and intelligence which he devoted to the Admiralty: and upon the whole we applaud the measures taken upon his responsibility. But the task of estimating the financial consequences of these measures, and providing the means to defray them, now devolves on the successors of the late Administration and on Parliament; and the magnitude of the sacrifices thus required of the country renders the state and expenditure of the Navy a subject of the very deepest importance to the foreign and internal relations of the country.

- ART. II. — 1. *L'Acropole d'Athènes.* Par E. BEULÉ, Ancien Membre de l'École d'Athènes. 2 vols. Paris: 1853.
2. *Études sur le Péloponnèse.* Par E. BEULÉ. Paris: 1855.
3. *Athènes aux XV^e, XVI^e, et XVII^e Siècles.* Par le COMTE DE LABORDE. 2 vols. Paris: 1854.
4. *La Minerve de Phélias restituée par M. Simart d'après les textes et les monuments figurés.* Par ALPHONSE DE CALONNE. Paris: 1855.

THE authentic history of the Athenian Acropolis reaches back from the present time to a period of scarcely less than two thousand four hundred years. No other fortress has embraced so much beauty and splendour within its walls; none has witnessed a series of more startling and momentous changes in the fortunes of its possessors. Wave after wave of war and conquest has beaten against it. The city which lies at its feet has fallen beneath the assaults of the Persian, the Spartan, the Macedonian, and the Roman. It has opened its gates to the barbarous hordes of Alaric, and the not less savage robbers of Catalonia. It has passed from the representatives of the Crusaders into the hands of the Ottoman Sultans; and the shrine of Athena has seen the offerings of heathenism give place to the holier ritual of Greek and Latin Christianity, and these in their turn succeeded by the cold and lifeless ceremonial of Islam. Through all these and other vicissitudes it has passed, changing only in the character of its occupants, unchanged in its loveliness and splendour. With a few blemishes and losses, whether from the decaying taste of later times or the occasional robberies of a foreign conqueror, unaffected in its general aspect, it presented to the eyes of the victorious Ottoman the same front of unparalleled beauty which it had displayed in the days of Pericles. The professors of new creeds had worshipped within its beautiful temples; but, beneath the deep blue of the Athenian sky and the dazzling splendour of the Athenian sun, the shrine of the grey-eyed Goddess and the hall of Erechtheus had lost but little of their earlier glory, long after the one had become a mosque and the other a harem. To him who looks upon it now, the scene is changed indeed; changed not only in the loss of its treasures of decorative art (for of many of these it had been robbed before), but with its loveliest fabrics shattered, many reduced to hopeless ruin, and, not a few utterly obliterated. Less than two centuries have,

sufficed to bring about all this dilapidation: less than three months sufficed to accomplish it. If the Venetian by his abortive conquest inflicted not more injury on the fair heritage of Athenian art than it had undergone from all preceding spoliations, he left it, not merely from the havoc of war but by wanton subsequent mutilation, in that state which rendered the recovery of its ancient grace and majesty impossible.

Yet the Acropolis still rises above a city whose inhabitants cling with the pride of ancient lineage to the memories of Conon and Mnesicles, of Pericles and Phidias. In the darkest days of barbaric inroads, abandoned by the feeble Cæsars of Byzantium, cut off from the knowledge and lost to the sympathy of Western Christendom, the people of Athens have still cherished the Hellenic name, still exhibited some characteristics of those whom they termed their forefathers. But history has threatened to deal harshly with this proud inheritance; and while some rest their Philhellenic aspirations on the identity of the modern Greeks with those who fought at Salamis or fell at Syracuse, there are not wanting those who look back to the inundations of the Sclavonic hordes as to the grave of the pure Hellenic race. Athens, indeed, and its people during the Sclavonic ages are to us almost as obscure and unknown as Athens before the dawn of contemporary history. But the scanty notices which remain prove sufficiently that the influx of Goths and Slaves, of Bulgarians and Wallachians, must have diminished the numbers and changed the character of the old population, even if we do not adopt the extreme conclusion that the Hellenic element was annihilated.

There are the old places, and not a few of the old familiar names. There is the magic still of sun and sky; and the scanty stream of Kephissus still leads us in thought to the ivy groves where the nightingale sang in the dells of old Kolonos. But if it have this power in our colder and harsher regions, the spell must be stronger still in the enchanted land itself; and the error may be pardoned which leads the Athenian of our own day to claim kindred with those who achieved its greatness and created its glories.

It is, however, a grave question of fact which sentiment will help us but little to answer, and of which it is probably hopeless to expect a full solution. Athens in the Sclavonic age is to us almost as obscure as Athens before the dawn of contemporary history; and if an examination of the scanty notices which remain fail of convincing us that the modern Greeks are merely Byzantinised Sclavonians, it will still less lead us to consider them the kinsmen of Pericles and Phormion. The fifth century

of the Christian era finds Athens sunk in a darkness scarcely less deep than that from which it emerged five centuries before it; but the many causes then at work throughout Greece to diminish the old population, and in some parts to annihilate it, together with the new elements constantly poured in by Goths and Slaves, Bulgarians and Wallachians, are more than sufficient to set aside the claim of the modern Athenians to anything like purity of blood.

The causes which contributed to this change of population account also in great measure for the astonishing ignorance of modern Greek history which prevailed throughout Europe till towards the close of the 17th century. With its population steadily decreasing from fiscal oppression and consequent social demoralisation, Greece presented to the migratory hordes of the 7th and 8th centuries a tempting field which the Eastern Emperors scarcely cared to defend. Thus isolated from the interests of the Empire, it became practically an unknown land until the Crusades brought the warriors of the West to usurp the throne of the Cæsars. With the establishment of the Latin empire of Constantinople, Greece became a prize for some of the most powerful crusading chieftains, and under their rule the courts of Thessalonica, Athens, and the Peloponnesus, attained to no small reputation even throughout Western Europe. But their magnificence was entirely modern. It centred wholly round their own persons and interests; and although the condition of the people was in no respect worse, in some respects palpably better, still they did but minister to the glory of the houses of Neri or Acciajuoli, of De la Roche or Brienne. The beautiful structures of Athens and its Acropolis were prized, not as heirlooms of departed greatness, but as the ornaments of a feudal court and the rewards of successful valour. Yet the darkness was to be thicker and deeper still; and with its submission to the Ottoman Turks the city of Athena passed under a veil which was lifted up only to reveal the havoc wrought by the friendly arms of Morosini. The depth of this general ignorance it is almost impossible to exaggerate or even to realise; but its causes were sufficiently complex. M. de Laborde expresses surprise that the so-called Renaissance of the 15th century did not at once direct public attention to Greece. But that revival, so far as concerned art, was simply the abandonment of the real strength and glory of every form of national architecture, and the substitution of an adventitious and utterly unmeaning decoration. It would have been therefore a more legitimate cause for wonder, had so false and hollow a movement led to a genuine study of the spirit and laws of Greek art, of which it borrowed,

and borrowed only to mar and corrupt, its external forms. Beyond this lay other and more constraining causes. For many a weary century Greece had been a theatre of almost uninterrupted convulsion. Real lovers of Greek art there were none. Commercial enterprise and religious devotion chose naturally the shortest and the safest route; and the sleepless jealousy of the Turks prompted them to close up to the utmost all access to their conquered territories. Thus, from a Christian, Athens became a Moslem, city, unnoticed by any state of Western Europe with the single exception of Venice.

'She alone,' to adopt the words of M. de Laborde, 'from a merely material point of view could feel the force of the blow struck at the interests of Europe and her own commerce by the submission of almost the whole of Greece. But Venice, without the aid of religious fanaticism, was then powerless; and the Christians concerned themselves only with the Holy Places. While the route to Jerusalem lay open, and in some measure protected, that which lay beyond or beside it struck them but little amidst the general desolation of Eastern Christendom.' (*Athènes, &c.*, vol. i. p. 8.)

Thus, for more than two centuries, was Athens almost wholly withdrawn from the observation of the civilised world. The archæologist and the architect feared, the religious pilgrim cared not, to approach it; and the few who ventured to brave the jealousy or wrath of the Turks have left us specimens of ignorance and misconception which we might be pardoned for putting aside with impatience, but which M. de Laborde has set himself to examine with commendable perseverance. He is in truth the first writer, gifted with a fine appreciation of Greek art, who has applied his erudition and his taste to elucidate the most obscure and ungrateful period of the history of Athens, and he is fully entitled to the grateful acknowledgments of all whom his labours may, as he hopes, relieve from 'painful researches and great loss of time.' The 'dark ages' may almost be said to have lasted down to the commencement of the present century, as far as the critical exploration of the monuments of Greece is concerned. A hundred years ago Athens was not much better known than Nineveh.

The few travellers who in earlier times professed some acquaintance with Athenian archæology, did but share in that ludicrous inaptitude for all such criticism, which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was almost universal. When by the same corruption which formed the word 'Stamboul,' Athens was known in mariner's charts as 'Settines;' when an anonymous Greek writer could limit all its buildings to theatres and schools; when, even to the most important of them, names were assigned arbi-

trarily and at random; when the Propylæa became the palace of the dukes of Athens, and the temple of *νίκη ἀπτερος* the School of the Musicians; when Francesco Giamberti (San Gallo) could purchase from an itinerant Greek, and embody in his own Italian researches, pretended copies of ancient buildings, every one an impudent forgery, we can but repay with a smile the cautious prudence of the artist, who, not caring to prosecute his studies on the spot at the risk of imprisonment or torture, 'pleasantly' transformed Athens into a Gothic town of Flanders. This design is so far honest that, even in the disposition of its buildings there is not the slightest approximation to Athenian topography. Another, by Michael Wolffgemuth, in the same fifteenth century, has in one corner a castle on a hill to represent the Acropolis, and a cathedral, much like that of Mayence, to serve for any chance building at its base.

The reports of travellers, or professed travellers, of the sixteenth century deserve more serious strictures. We may pardon the man who paints plans of Athens in a studio of Ghent or Mayence, but the same indulgence cannot be extended to those who speak of it as a place almost uninhabited, and a mere scene of desolation. Such was the account of André Thevet, in 1550 (Laborde, i. 40.), who maintains that he saw at Athens nothing worth describing but a statue shown to him by a renegade Christian as having been recently dug up. This statue, after a minute description, he states was inscribed *Ἀχιλλῆ φίλτατος*. He admits that there are some columns and obelisks, but 'all in ruins, and also some vestiges of several colleges, (where, according to the common opinion of the inhabitants, Plato read,) shaped like the Colosseum at Rome.' Another, in 1564, tells us that of Athens there was nothing left but a small castle and a hamlet unprotected even against the attack of wild beasts, 'en quoi,' he piously adds, 'on peut bien voir le jugement de Dieu, d'avoir mis ceste désolation en lieu tant illustre pour le mépris de sa parole. Car si ouques ville fut bien assise et bien policiée, cest cy l'estoit, et néanmoins on n'y voit que ruyne et apparence de lieu désert.'

Shortly after the battle of Lepanto, Martin Kraus (or Kruisius) of Tübingen addressed to Symeon Kabasilas at Constantinople the following question. 'Our German historians tell us that Athens is completely destroyed, and that in its place stand some fishermen's huts. Is this true?' The answer of Kabasilas, while it refutes this fable, betrays also his general ignorance. With his contemporary Theodore Zygomalas the Parthenon was a Pantheon, with Kabasilas it becomes a temple of 'the unknown God.' The same dedication is given in 1621 by Louis

des Hayes, the ambassador of Louis XIII., or, as M. de Laborde thinks, by his secretary, who describes it as of *oval* form both internally and externally. Shortly before this, in 1613, the work of artistic spoliation was inaugurated under the auspices of the Earl of Arundel, and the English public began to acquire an acquaintance with at least some fragments of Hellenic art. But the merit of introducing anything like a real study of Athenian topography belongs unquestionably to the Capuchin Fathers, who succeeded the Jesuits in Athens in 1658. These missionaries, amongst other things, purchased and preserved the choragic monument of Lysicrates, and drew up a plan of Athens and its vicinity far exceeding in value any which had been hitherto designed.

But new troubles ensued. Rhodes and Cyprus had submitted to the Turks; and in 1669 followed the surrender of Crete by Morosini. The most rigorous measures were enforced by Mahometan hatred and jealousy against all Christians throughout the Archipelago: and so closed a period of nearly five and twenty years, during which scarcely any traveller had ventured to approach Athens. The spell was broken by the Marquis de Nointel, the magnificent but eccentric ambassador of Louis XIV. to the Ottoman Porte. Of his not injudiciously pompous embassy, of the self-conceit which made that splendour a source of constant delight, of his extended travels, of his lavish expenditure in collecting things valuable or curious, of his consequent pecuniary difficulties, of the neglect and ingratitude of the King which darkened his declining days, the pages of M. de Laborde contain a lengthy but interesting account. We must, however, confine ourselves to his visit to Athens, into which, in presence of the Turkish officers, and amidst the waving of banners and blowing of trumpets, he made his imposing entry in the year 1674. In an official position, which presented him some facilities and secured him from all molestation, M. de Nointel made an excellent use of his opportunities; and the few weeks of his sojourn may be considered as a new era for Athenian archaeology. To ensure accurate drawings, he had brought with him, on the recommendation of the celebrated Le Brun, his pupil Jacques Carrey of Troyes. On the 14th of November permission was obtained for making drawings: on the 17th of December M. de Nointel and his train were in preparation for immediate departure. During that time, under the risk of having that permission withdrawn at any moment, without scaffolding or the help of any contrivance to enable him to work in an unconstrained attitude, obliged to stand close to the building whose precincts were by no means open then as now, he made designs of the

two pediments of the Parthenon, of ninety-two metopes and of more than 300 feet of the frieze. 'Il faillit s'y crever les yeux,' says Spon, who visited Athens the year after. Yet he has produced drawings which, depreciated by Colonel Leake as rude and inaccurate, fully deserve in our judgment the praise bestowed on them by M. de Laborde. To the keen eye of the archæologist they may not be faultless: but M. de Laborde justly asks that they may be contrasted with the drawings of the Parthenon furnished by Spon, by Wheler, by Cornelio Magni and d'Ottières. So compared, they are as gold amongst the dross, while the remarkable vigour and ease of the outline go far towards guaranteeing their general truthfulness and accuracy. M. de Laborde may well pronounce them worthy of admiration, apart from the difficulties under which they were executed, and the service which he has rendered by them, 'a service great indeed when we remember that many of these bas-reliefs and statues have been either altogether lost, or so broken into fragments that without the help of his designs the task of repiccing them would be hopeless.' The intention of de Nointel, that these sketches should be accompanied by a memoir on the Parthenon, was unfortunately prevented by his pecuniary embarrassments and his sudden recall.

The account drawn up in 1672 for the Abbé Pecoil by the Jesuit J. P. Babin, sufficiently attests the worthlessness of the written reports of those days. Amidst the many passages which even M. de Laborde confesses himself unable to comprehend, coupled with edifying narratives of courageous martyrdoms and prodigious births, it is difficult to know what value to assign to one or two expressions which would otherwise be of great moment. The question whether the Parthenon was hypæthral might approach its solution, could we trust his assertion that 'he saw therein three ranges of vaults supported on very high marble columns, i. e., the nave with its two aisles.' This account of Babin was published by Spon before he visited Greece, with a view of Athens, which betrays the weak sense still prevalent on the subject of topographical veracity, but which M. de Laborde estimates at more than its right value. The Propylæa are in it two miserable castle turrets, the Parthenon a contemptible Basilica.

The name of Spon is associated with more than one controversy which has been allowed unjustly to detract from his fair fame. While he was occupied with the narrative of Babin, the Capuchin Fathers were forwarding similar documents with plans to Paris, all which came into the hands of M. Guillet de St. George. The history of this man and his work scarcely

deserves the space which M. de Laborde has devoted to it. It may suffice to say that, having examined these accounts, he must needs publish them in the form of a romance. A brother serving with the army is taken prisoner in Hungary and conveyed to Athens, and the narrative is the fruit of his captivity. His critical acumen and sense of veracity are on a par with this brilliant introduction. With the written statement of the Capuchins he mingled others gathered from hearsay, and the romancer, of la Guilletière averred that his own eyes had seen on the pediment of the Parthenon the inscription τῷ ἀγνώστῳ θεῷ. Spon, while he contradicted this, impugned the veracity of the whole work; and M. Guillet in reply procured or forged letters from two Capuchins, affirming that they had constantly read this inscription on the spot, although a part of it was certainly somewhat defaced.

Throughout his short career (he died in the greatest distress at Geneva at the age of thirty-eight) Spon showed himself the very reverse of M. Guillet de St. George. After careful study at home, he determined to test his knowledge by a journey to Athens. If he falls sometimes into palpable mistakes, and adopts conclusions on very insufficient premises, his work is still that of a man who records what he saw without fiction or exaggeration. Misled, like all before him, by the changes made on the introduction of the Christian ritual, Spon takes the Opisthodomos to be the original entrance to the Parthenon; but, as a remark of his own, he assigns its sculptures to the age of Hadrian, from a resemblance of one of the figures to his portraits, and because the whiteness of the marble was not in keeping with the tints of the architectural portions. Such mistakes are, however, redeemed by genuine confessions of uncertainty or ignorance and a spirit of scientific research which make his early death a cause for deep regret. The companion of his travels, Sir George Wheler, has obtained (in M. de Laborde's judgment, very undeservedly) a happier reputation. Spon's work is undoubtedly reproduced, or rather translated in that of Wheler; but the addition of some original matter has led M. Beulé and others to quote in preference from the latter, and to attribute to him greater critical skill and power of thought. Wheler's remarks are, however, confined to popular manners and botanical notes; and his scholarship M. de Laborde tries by the fact that but for the help of Spon's third volume he could not have decently given two inscriptions; in fact, 'the moment that Spon fails him, his inscriptions fail him also.'

With these names (the visit of some military engineers excepted) closes the series of travellers who visited Athens before

its siege by Morosini; and for none perhaps, with the exception of Carrey as a draftsman, and Spon as an archæologist, is there any reason to regret that their facilities for observation were not greater. Whatever be the value of his letter-press, the plans of Spon are miserable, those of Wheler worse, and most of their precursors appear destitute of the very faculty of archæological criticism.

The time was now at hand when the magnificence of the Acropolis was to suffer its first irreparable catastrophe. Hitherto the alterations for military and other purposes had not marred the general effect of the buildings, although the injuries inflicted at various times had been neither few nor slight. With the walls of the city, those also of the Acropolis had been more or less injured by Lysander and Sylla. The Cæsars of Rome and Byzantium had raised their defensive works against Gothic and Slavonic invaders. By the dukes of Athens, the Propylæa had been converted into a palace, and a high tower rose on the ruins of the southern portico. The work of Mnecicles was destined to be yet more roughly dealt with by the Turks. A huge bastion was raised in front of the Propylæa, which, from a palace, were now turned into a powder magazine. In 1656, this was struck by lightning, and the Turkish aga and all his family destroyed; but the splendid construction of the building left it in great part uninjured. Finally, the year before the attack of the Venetians, the beautiful temple of *νίκη ἀπτερος* was demolished to make room for a battery of six guns. Some injuries also the Acropolis had sustained both from friends and foes, inflicted directly on its works of art. The sacrilegious hands of Macedonian and Roman robbers had plundered it of its treasures: the Hippodrome of Constantinople could boast of some of the works of Phidias. The rising sun greeted no more the image of Athena, for the requirements of the Christian ritual had reversed the internal arrangements of the Parthenon, and six statues of the Eastern pediment had been knocked down to make room for a window. The victorious Turk, scarcely perhaps consistent with his creed, was more merciful than the Christian. That glorious temple was not withdrawn from the Christian worship until the infatuation of the deposed Acciajuoli drew down the wrath of Mahomet II. A veil of whitewash was then thrown over the seductive pictures of the Christians, while the muezzin's minaret rose up at the south-west angle of the building. No attempt, however, was made to deface the sculptures, and even the high altar remained in its place in the days of Carrey and de Nointel.

The second volume of M. de Laborde's work is mainly occupied

with a very animated and interesting narrative of the campaign of Morosini. But the fortunes of 'the Peloponnesian' concern us here only in so far as they affected those of the Athenian Acropolis. To this rock-shrine of Athens his exploits in war and his depredations in peace were more fatal than any injuries from Goths or Slavonians, from the early converts to Christianity or the wild Latin crusaders. The victory of Sobieski, which turned the culminating fortunes of the Ottoman, inspired Venice, in 1684, with an unwonted bravery, and the insults of the Turk were repaid and anticipated by a voluntary declaration of war. While her trembling representative was summoning courage to make the announcement at Constantinople, the proud republic was gathering a motley army of mercenaries, amongst whom the Italian element was very sparsely mingled. A magnificent fleet under Morosini transported the troops commanded by Otto of Königsmark, and the victory of Patras, in 1687, laid the Peloponnesus in the power of Venice. At Corinth, a council of war was held to determine the course for the campaign of the ensuing year, and justice to Morosini requires the statement that he was earnest in deprecating the attack on Athens, and eloquent in pointing out the difficulties in which its success would involve them. His warnings were overborne; his design to winter at Tripolitza abandoned. An immediate departure for Athens was determined on, and towards the close of September the Venetian fleet rode at anchor within the harbour of Piræus.

The land forces marched by the Long Walls to invest the Acropolis, whither the Turkish garrison had retired. A battery from the Musæum opened its fire on the Propylæa, a second from the Pnyx on the batteries raised midway by the Turks, and four mortars, each of 500 lbs., hurled their fatal burdens on the doomed Acropolis. Other batteries were raised, as these were found defective, and an attempt at undermining was carried on for some time in vain. A well-directed shell accomplished more than all their laborious efforts. The Turkish garrison had habitually used the most splendid buildings for their powder stores, and in an evil hour for the annals of art a deserter announced that the cella of the Parthenon was full of gunpowder. The skill of a Lüneburg engineer soon hurled a shell into the midst of it, and the work of Ictinus and Callicrates was shattered by the explosion.

The walls of the sanctuary, including that which separated it from the Opisthodomos, were overthrown, and with them three-fourths of the frieze of Phidias, together with all the columns of the Pronaos except one, and eight columns of the Peristyle on the

north and six on the south. But when we speak of a wall of 350 feet in length and more than 40 in height, formed of marble blocks 3 feet in thickness and 6 in length, of 21 columns more than 30 feet high, we give but a faint idea of this terrific catastrophe. We must also figure to ourselves the wonderful and enormous architrave which surmounted these columns, those marble blocks sculptured in compartments, those slabs which covered, the one the peristyle, the other the interior of the temple, and which, as by a thunderstroke, were hurled upon the ground and lay there a mass of ruins. The explosion was so violent that it hurled the débris from the temple into the camp of the besiegers, i. e. as far as the foot of the fortress where the miners were assailing the Acropolis. As the Parthenon fell enveloped in flames, there rose from the camp of the besiegers a cry of joy and victory, a savage hurrah, in which the Venetian historians heard the words "*Viva la nostra republica*;" but which the surrounding echoes returned in German phrase, "*Siege, lebe hoch Graf Königsmark*." It matters little in what language a European army expressed such feelings of triumph and exultation at sight of this wretched spectacle; we only remark that the Turks were not cast down by their disaster. They awaited their deliverance from without, and they adhered to their resolution of maintaining their position until the Seraskier came to drive out the infidel. Early on the 28th, on the news of his approach, they doubled the strength of their fire, hoping thus to engage the exclusive attention of the besiegers; but Königsmark was not a general to be surprised. Warned on his side by his advanced posts, he set forth to encounter the coming troops. The Seraskier declined the combat thus boldly offered to him, and retired without engaging his forces. The Turks of the Acropolis were encouraged in their resistance by the hope of his aid; in a few moments, and in their very sight, this hope melted away. Awakened to their real case, they saw themselves surrounded by the flames caused by the explosion of the Parthenon, which were gaining on all the houses; they felt the impossibility of holding out long, from their want of ammunition and their loss in men, amongst whom were their chiefs, the pacha and his son. Some white flags announced the wish of the garrison to surrender; and at the same instant that they were lunged out from the battlements, five hostages came down to propose the terms of capitulation and guarantee their execution. . . . The arrangements were concluded on the morning of the 28th. The advanced posts were immediately occupied by the besiegers, and the banner of St. Mark floated on the Propylæa.

'The captain-general announced his new conquest to the Venetian senate, and offered this trophy, this new title to glory, with the proud modesty which marked all his dispatches. "*I do not seek*," he wrote, "*any amplifications to give value to my weak services. Whatever they are, it is enough that the world should know and my country accept them. Athens is in your hands. Athens, so illustrious and renowned, with its famous city of vast circumference, and its magnificent monuments, to which are attached memorable associations of history and science.*"' (Vol. ii. p. 152.)

A scene of havoc opened to the view of the captain-general as he ascended the Acropolis. The effect was sad and sobering :—

‘The very soldiers, black with powder and heated by the contest, were softened and calmed by the sight of beauties so sublime. To their praise it must be said that they were shocked at the desolation which they had caused amongst these wonderful works of art. . . . The remorse which filled the hearts of the victors betrays itself as much in their enthusiastic expressions of admiration as in the many shifts and evasions in the accounts given of the event. Morosini was the first to evade the responsibility, by recurring to the counsel which he had vainly pressed at Corinth. Königsmark had been most anxious to spare the temple, but the shells would have their way; while a Venetian officer insinuates that the awkwardness of a Turkish engineer in pointing one of his own cannon, must have been the cause of the catastrophe.’ (Vol. ii. p. 174.)

The arms of the Republic had triumphed; but the hour of its victory was the prelude to disaster and ruin. The keen eye of Morosini saw the imperious necessity of instant action; and the old man of fourscore years who had so earnestly deprecated the attack on Athens now urged on with the vehemence of youth an immediate attack upon Eubœa. Königsmark resisted and finally refused to obey orders; and the golden opportunity was lost. It had been resolved to winter at Athens; but the approach of the plague from the Peloponnesus rendered this impossible; and the question to abandon the town or destroy it, was debated anxiously in the council. All their energy and valour had been crowned with a success which few would envy. It had won for them the power of deliberating whether they should demolish all that their arms had been unable to mutilate, and banish from their ancient homes a population which they had found moderately happy if not politically free. The compunction with which they had looked on the havoc of the Parthenon, could not deter them from a more cold-blooded devastation. The prayers of the inhabitants, their offers to maintain the Venetian garrison, to do anything, to sacrifice anything, could not avert the boon of deportation which their fatal friends were forcing on them. The strange drama drew to a close.* Athens was to be abandoned, not destroyed; her inhabitants to be removed to a safer dwelling-place. It only remained to secure some token to attest their brief and unprofitable success. The Basilica of St. Mark should acquire from the city of Pericles a relic not less costly and precious than the golden horses of Byzantium; the halls of Morosini should not lack some trophy of the most conspicuous, if not the

happiest of his exploits. His choice fell on the western pediment of the Parthenon, and his dispatch to the Venetian senate dated March 19. 1688, coolly relates the result:—

‘Before abandoning Athens I conceived the project of taking away some of the most beautiful ornaments to add to the glory of the Republic. With this intention I ordered that efforts should be made to detach from the façade of the temple of Minerva, which has the best sculptures, the statue of a Jupiter and the relievos of two magnificent horses. But scarcely had they begun to remove the upper part of the great cornice, than the whole came crashing down from this extraordinary height, and it is wonderful that no harm should have befallen any of the workmen.’

Still Morosini could not depart without taking something; and his decision reveals the taste and knowledge possessed by the old warrior,—

‘I decided nevertheless to carry away a lioness, beautifully formed, although it had lost its head. But it can be replaced perfectly well with a piece of marble of the same kind, which shall be forwarded along with it.’

Since the time of Morosini’s ill-starred conquest, the history of the Acropolis tells of little but the dilapidations of time and the more active spoliations of man. Later inroads and sieges have contributed to the general decay; travellers, who, as Colonel Leake admits, ‘often destroy more than they carry away, have, perhaps contributed more.’ It would be unjust, however, in those who condemn such proceedings as those of Lord Elgin, to forget that no little harm has been done by the gross apathy or wanton violence of the Greeks themselves. M. de Laborde claims for the Athenians of the days of Morosini, ‘if not the same intelligence, at all events, a reverence for all that had excited the enthusiasm of their ancestors in the days of Pericles.’ But while the fact is indisputable, it is not easy to estimate the amount of mischief caused by the habitual use of old materials, whether carved or plain, for new buildings. Colonel Leake affirms that there is scarcely a village which does not attest the practice. The more costly marbles furnished plaster and cement; and where too large, statues or relievos were broken into pieces for facilities of use or transport. A better spirit has now we hope arisen, and the Greeks have once more become jealous of the inheritance of their race. It is probable, however, that the removal of the Elgin Marbles at the time it was accomplished saved the greater portion of those immortal works from total destruction, in the war of Greek independence. Morosini was neither the best nor

the worst of the commanders who ravaged Attica and assailed the Acropolis.

But the Acropolis in its humiliation must carry our thoughts to the Acropolis in the days of its glory. The mind must strive to realise, however faintly, the splendours of that gorgeous assemblage of structures,—to restore in idea, however feebly, these most beautiful creations of human genius. We cannot but form some picture of those superb portals, and that majestic flight of steps by which the Panathenaic pomp ascended to the shrine of the virgin goddess; of the glorious sculptures which almost lived and breathed on pediment and frieze and metope; of the long lines of sculptured forms which graced every avenue, while far above all the brazen statue of Athena kept watch over her beloved city. Something also we must realise of the accessories of this marvellous scene, — the brilliancy of sky and sun, the lustrous purity of the marble, the tints of gold and crimson and azure which imparted depth of light and shade to the mouldings and sculptures of its magnificent temples. And with the pictures of these exquisite structures must be associated the men who planned and reared them; and an array of questions comes crowding upon us, some of which we may perhaps seek in vain to answer. What is it which invests the works of these men with their mysterious and touching beauty? Whence came the grace and loveliness which they imparted to all on which they laid their hands? Were the forms and the spirit of their art their own, or had both come to them from some other land? What were the laws which influenced their works even to their pettiest details, and infused boundless vigour and freedom into the arts, the literature, and the social life of Greece?

These are questions which no superficial or hasty thought can ever solve; they are the promptings of no artificial curiosity, no mere antiquarian or archæological problems. The answer to them will not merely lay open a most important phase in the history of the human mind, but involves results directly practical. The city which Pericles proclaimed as the school of Greece has become also the school of the world, and its influence is still seen in every form of our art and architecture. To trace this influence and assign its cause, to analyse the principles of that art which attained to a degree of beauty never perhaps equalled, certainly never surpassed, are questions of no slight moment and difficulty, and the more so because indubitably the aim of that art was pre-eminently simple and definite. Emotions of grandeur and sublimity, still more of solemnity and awe, may be awakened in a higher degree by the works of

other times and countries. The Athenian cared not to oppress the spectator with the cumbrous grandeur of Thebes or Babylon; he sought not to delight and awe him with the soaring height and intricate magnificence of the Gothic minster, or impress him with the sense of indomitable strength and power manifest in the genuine works of ancient Rome: and yet, with a scale just sufficing to save it from meanness, Attic art revealed to the world an exquisite grace and dignified beauty as little marred by defect or blemish as can be any works of merely human hands. Unrivalled in elegance and purity of form, it disdained no aids of metals or of colours, which some might look upon as adventitious and unworthy. It raised its statues in stone or marble, in gold and ivory, or in bronze. It decked its superb pediments and architraves in sombre or in brilliant hues; and the colours which modern use would reserve for internal decoration, gleamed on the eye of the spectator beneath the lustrous atmosphere of Attica.

We have spoken throughout, almost unconsciously, of Athens and Athenian art. But were the countrymen of *Æschylus* and *Phidias* alone the gifted possessors of this wonderful creative genius? or were they but the representatives of the aggregate Hellenic races? Has the funeral oration of *Pericles* unjustly depreciated the art of *Lacedæmon*? or had *Corinth*, *Sicyon*, and *Sparta* the same title to our homage and admiration?

These questions occupy necessarily a large space in the volumes of *M. Beulé* on the Athenian Acropolis. On some of them we confess ourselves entirely at variance with his conclusions. But even where we differ from him most, we admit the ingenuity and skill which he has brought to bear on his researches: and the happy light which he has thrown on several obscure topics calls for no slight praise and gratitude. Without the imagination and rhetoric of *M. de Laborde*, he possesses the patient and minute research which is the first quality of the archaeologist. He is disposed, however, to be too dogmatic in his statements; a habit which has provoked strong animadversions from *M. de Calonne*, who impugns his theory respecting the chryselephantine statues of *Phidias*. And if we ourselves offer some remarks on points whereon we conceive him to be seriously mistaken, it is that we may with the more freedom commend those portions of his work in which he has done no slight service to the cause of art.*

* It is to be regretted that the usefulness of *M. Beulé's* plans and drawings should be diminished by one or two omissions. In vol. i.

To discuss here the canons of historical credibility, or propound a theory of myths, would be impertinent, and happily is superfluous. But it is no unfairness to demand of any writer that if he relates a myth, half-suspecting it to be such, he should record that belief or suspicion, and that the same assertions should not be treated as partly or wholly mythical in one page, and employed insidiously as an historical argument in another. We think that M. Beulé's own words will on this point convict him of a very grave inconsistency. The question of the originality of Greek art, or of its affiliation on Egypt, is obviously one which can only be answered, if it be ever answered at all, on the strictest historical or archæological grounds. Fancy or prejudice, rhetoric and sentimentality, cannot be permitted to affect the decision. M. Beulé's method is very different. To the statement in his first chapter that Cecrops, by the attraction of a new civilisation, drew round himself the vagrant and miserable population of Attica, he appends a note which we will give in his own words:—

‘ Dans tout ce chapitre je ne fais que recueillir les légendes qui se rattachent à l'Acropole sans en discuter l'origine ni la valeur. Quel est le peuple dont le berceau n'est pas entouré de fables d'autant plus charmantes souvent qu'elles sont plus absurdes? ’ (*L'Acropole*, &c., vol. i. p. 16.)

It would, perhaps, be hard on M. Beulé to confine his remarks to this chapter alone, for very many similar narratives are interspersed throughout his work on the Acropolis, and his ‘Studies on the Peloponnesus’ absolutely bristle with them. In spite of his declaration, we more than suspect that M. Beulé's faith discovers a large amount of historical truth which may be culled from these ancient tales. He may, however, claim illustrious companions amongst his countrymen and our own. Under the countenance of Mr. Fynes Clinton and Dr. Thirlwall, Colonel Leake sees ‘some reason to believe that ‘Cecrops was contemporary with Moses, and that he introduced ‘the worship of Neith among the Pelasgians.’ M. Beulé draws apparently a similar conclusion; but, regarding solely his own

p. 134., a reference is made to plate III. E; but on looking at the plate no such letter is to be found, nor is it set down in the index to the plates. A more serious defect is the want of scales to the plans of the second volume. In addition to an excellent plan of the Acropolis, there are restored plans of the Parthenon and Erechtheium, drawn on very different scales; but these scales are not given, and their absence might, to a superficial observer, occasion many errors.

admission, we cannot conceive why he should have been at the pains to introduce such narratives at all. With great expenditure of time and trouble he has raked up a mass of stories which occupy no small portion of his work on the Acropolis, and which are the staple commodity of his Peloponnesian studies. If we are not to examine their origin and their value, what useful purpose can they serve? At best they are but unnecessary excrescences. We cannot, however, do more than cite a few examples and then leave it to impartial readers to decide whether his method of employing these myths is or is not at variance with his own admission.

After giving the dimensions of the Acropolis, he commences by saying that 'Cecrops was the first to choose it for his residence; he there planted himself with the Egyptian colony which followed him. He gave to the rising town not only his own name, but that of *ἄστυ*, a word adopted by the Attic Greeks alone, and which seemed to consecrate their relation to Egypt. Cecrops came originally from Sais, the capital of the Delta, and from thence brought with him the worship of Neith or Athena.' This last statement is repeated at page 185., where he is speaking of the account given by Herodotus of the Propylæa, which Amasis had built at that place. 'The coincidence,' he remarks, 'is curious; nor is it less singular that Herodotus admires in the Saitic Propylæa precisely that which Pausanias admired in the Athenian' (i. e., the size and beauty of the stone-blocks). Of the Erechtheium, M. Beulé says that 'Erechtheus had given his name to it, either because he had raised the first altar or the first temple, or because it had been his residence or his tomb.' Again, 'Cecrops had been buried in the precinct consecrated to Minerva; his tomb occupied a distinct and considerable space,' &c. Cecrops also 'had presented the statue of Minerva to the adoration of the Pelasgians, and raised to her a simple altar. Erechtheus had surrounded the statue with a covered building attached to his residence.' His assertions throughout the volume of 'Studies on the Peloponnesus' are still more remarkable, because they are introduced with no such qualifications, and because he constantly makes them the ground of distinct historical conclusions. We do M. Beulé no injustice in saying that Lycurgus is with him a personage quite as historical as Brasidas. 'From Crete,' he tells us, 'Lycurgus sailed to Asia. He there found the poems of Homer preserved by the descendants of Kreophylus. Struck by the beauties of Epic poetry he hastened to write down the poem, in order to present

'it to his countrymen.' Amongst the many temples at Sparta, 'Lycurgus himself consecrated one to Laughter, as though to declare that his laws did not banish from his city all that could soften and humanise life.' In the Isthmian games it was the object of Theseus 'to establish a political connexion between the Attic Ionians with the Ionians and Æolians of the Peloponnesus.' To the Arcadian games on Mount Lycæus he traces the origin of the Roman Lupercalia, and adds, 'Livy in fact affirms that this custom had been introduced by Evander;' and when speaking of the fondness of the Arcadians for human sacrifices, he notices that 'the Romans, *their descendants*, inherited this ferocity.' The Arcadian traditions are, in his judgment, 'so singular, and their simplicity gives them, at the same time, such an air of probability, that one knows not what kind of doubt or criticism to apply to them. As at bottom they possess but little importance, the best way is to believe them blindly.' We should be glad to know what sort of belief this is; but assuredly, when used for M. Beulé's purposes, these legendary statements are anything but unimportant. On the contrary, they do better service than a whole mass of historical authorities which may be arrayed against them. Their uses are indeed multiform; they are sometimes fables, sometimes facts, sometimes the subjects of a little fanciful criticism. The dedication by Telemus of three altars to Hera, as child, wife, and widow, suggests the reflection that in the marriage we may discern an attempt to introduce the Argive divinity into Arcadia, and in the widowhood the ill success of this attempt (*ib.* p. 192.).

But, whether regarded as fact or fable, these statements furnish important arguments for his conclusions respecting Spartan and Athenian art. The latter is affiliated on Egypt, mainly on the strength of the Cecropian myth; and the legends of Lycurgus and his legislature are cited to prove that Pericles was mistaken in his view of the character and tendencies of the Spartan constitution. The unfair and illogical nature of the inference, on M. Beulé's own admission, is obvious. The utter worthlessness for historical purposes of the tales of Cecrops, Erechtheus, and other mythical heroes, has been abundantly proved by other writers as well as by Mr. Grote, and seems faintly to suggest itself to M. Beulé. On this question we need not enter, and our reasons for declining to trace Greek art to an Egyptian source have been given in a previous Number of this Review.* But M. Beulé fairly

* Éd. Review, No. ccciii., p. 126., Art. 'Fergusson's Architecture.'

assumes the point at issue, when he concludes, from the occurrence of a single word in Herodotus, that the idea of the Athenian Propylæa was borrowed from those of Amasis, and still more when he comes to discuss Mr. Penrose's masterly treatise on the Principles of Athenian Architecture. The entasis or swell of the Doric column was a fact well known previously; but Mr. Penrose, by the most careful admeasurements, discovered that, in addition to this, every vertical line of the Parthenon converged to a fixed point (necessarily at an immense height) above the building, and not only this, but that all the horizontal lines, whether above or below the columns, and including the steps of the platform, possess a curvature corresponding to that of the columns. Whether Mr. Penrose was right in the reasons assigned by him for this curvature is a question fairly open to doubt. But M. Beulé arms himself with the Cecropian legend, and proceeds 'to distinguish between the vertical and horizontal curves — the first being of a foreign origin, on a principle common to the ancient temples; the other, the creation of Greek art in the course of its development. The entasis of the columns and the aiming at a pyramidal form are the secret of all deviations from the perpendicular, and it is from Egypt that these traditions arrived with the Doric order, just as Greece received from Asia the elements of the Ionic order and its elegant richness.' But the legends of Egyptian influence * are either false or inadmissible as arguments. No such influence can be proved, while we have a reason which adequately explains any resemblance which may be traced between them. The architecture of Greece and Egypt, as of India and Assyria, sprang from an original type in wood. *A priori*, therefore, we might, in all of them, expect to find sloping walls, and it seems impossible to trace any further connexion. M. Beulé himself remarks that, 'in approaching towards its perfection, the Doric architecture gradually diminished the entasis of its columns — a proof that, far from having invented it, the age of Pericles reduced it to its happiest

* M. Beulé lays a stress on the name *ἄστν* as connected with the tale of Egyptian migration. The word however is not peculiar to Greek and Egyptian; and it is strange that he should not see how inconclusive it is as a philological argument. We would refer him to some very forcible remarks on the growth of this idea of Egyptian influence in the first volume of Colonel Mure's 'Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.' They appear to us to set the question finally at rest.

'measure,' — a proof, as it seems to us, still more of a fact which might equally have been looked for, that lapse of time brought about a corresponding departure from the primitive type.

But if the old legends furnish M. Beulé with materials for settling the origin of Athenian architecture, they do far greater service for that of the Peloponnesus and of Laconia in particular. Of old Sparta no building has come down to us, scarcely indeed the traces of any; and amongst the writers of ancient times she has none to plead on her behalf against the anticipations of Thucydides and the contemptuous comments of Pericles. The former characterises her structures as generally insignificant; the latter more than insinuates the poverty if not the vulgarity of her art. It is true that Sparta might have fought her own battles; and if M. Beulé's suppositions are correct, her silence is still more wonderful. But, in default of all testimony from her own children, there was something inviting in the attempt to prove that poetry, music, architecture, and sculpture were there appreciated and honoured — that the people, whose voluntary ignorance even of reading and writing is more than a suspicion, were 'given to intellectual pleasures' — and that the much maligned character of her citizens was a compound of all manly and amiable virtues. To this end the legends of Lyncurgus are diligently ransacked, and the names of Thaletas, of Alkman, Terpander, and many others, are brought to swell the tale. It is, indeed, true that her poets, her sculptors, and her painters were all, with one or two insignificant exceptions, foreigners, and that at best she could only admire what she was utterly unable to produce. It is true, as M. Beulé remarks, that the lion has not painted his own portrait; but he has a strong witness on the lion's behalf, the geographer Pausanias. M. Beulé has scrutinised his tedious and wearisome pages with praiseworthy diligence and zeal, and from him he learns that Sparta was singularly rich in the number of her temples and public buildings, that the city was full of grand works of art, and that the general effect was majestic. This is pressing his testimony somewhat too far. Pausanias may be a very good authority for the number of buildings, their position, size, or date, but he is a very bad authority for epithets. His catalogues are faultless, but his criticism is contemptible. Happily he does not often indulge us with any. He has, in the opinion of M. Beulé himself, related nakedly and meagrely all that he saw, and taken down with an indiscriminate credulity the merciless harangues of the *ἄγγελοι*, the worthy representatives of guides

in all ages. But the man who had no other epithet for the loveliest creations of human genius than that they are 'worth looking at,' and who seems to have eyes for nothing but number and magnitude, is not one by whose aid we may hope to reconstruct an obliterated city. His description of Athens is valuable, simply because Athens has not thus perished. But if such had been her fate, it is no injustice to say that his description would have conveyed no idea of her magnificence or her beauty. So long as any local evidence remains, his topography is of the utmost service; but at Sparta all evidence is wanting, and M. Beulé can but indulge in suppositions, and frame pictures on the dry catalogues of Pausanias. From these we can assure ourselves of the number of public buildings, their names and situation; but when M. Beulé says that the tombs of the house of Agis presented an effect full at once of majesty and variety, he says what may be true, but is not warranted by any authority. The whole volume is, indeed, an elaborate piece of constructive reasoning on grounds which are either fallacious or inconclusive. With the exception of a ruined temple at Corinth, and a few fragments in Arcadia, he describes no buildings from his own personal knowledge; and a probable restoration of extinguished splendours by the help of myths and topographies can scarcely arrogate to itself any high amount of credibility.

We have spoken candidly on these points, because we believe that M. Beulé's method is both illogical and unjust, and may be productive of serious mischief. We turn readily to others, in which we gladly acknowledge our obligations for his critical sagacity as well as his laborious researches.

In the popular notion of the Panathenaic procession, along with the train of sacrificial victims, priests, virgins, magistrates, &c., figures a long array of chariots and horsemen winding through the Propylæa and carcering round the Parthenon. M. Beulé has ably shown that the approach to the Propylæa, being at an angle of at least twenty degrees, was such as to preclude the ascent, much more the descent, of any vehicles; and, moreover, the main entrance through the Propylæa was so narrow that the slightest accident or deviation from the path must have inflicted irreparable injury on costly works of art which were closely ranged on either side. Yet more, he remarks that the notion is unsupported by any written authorities, nor is there any sign of a track such as must have been caused by the passage of vehicles. These with the horsemen, he affirms, followed the ship which bore the

sacred *peplus*, and which, we are distinctly told, was not carried up the Acropolis. How, again, could it have been possible to convey through the Propylæa the materials (marble blocks, many fifteen feet long) for such buildings as the Erechtheium? M. Beulé's hypothesis is that they were craned up, a quicker and much less costly process; and he holds it superfluous to ask whether the men who raised the architraves and pediments of the Parthenon possessed means, simple enough after all, for lifting the heaviest masses.

With equal ability and, we think, success he has combated the idea (entertained by Colonel Leake and others, and systematically worked out by M. Bournouf) that the Propylæa were erected for purposes of defence. His arguments clearly prove their inefficiency for this, had they ever been tested; nor is it easy to meet his objection that, if such were their object, their character was singularly inappropriate. Porticos, columns rising in tiers, friezes and pediments exquisitely sculptured, equestrian statues, a temple and a chamber for paintings placed in front of the fortifications, seem strange barriers against a hostile force. The Greeks derided the Persians for going into battle with the flowing robes of women. M. Beulé asks whether it would have been less strange that the Athenians should raise a fortress on the model of a *Pœcile* and a Parthenon.

That a system of decoration by polychrome was adopted in Greek buildings, both externally and internally, is now an unquestioned fact: but the exact character and limits of that system it is much less easy to define. In this, as in many cases, the incredulity with which, not very long since, the idea of such decoration was received, has been followed by a tendency to conclude that no single portion of a Greek temple was left uncoloured. M. Beulé considers the evidence at present forthcoming as insufficient to warrant any positive assertions; but there is enough to show that the Greek was entirely free from modern prejudices, whether for or against decoration by colour. The mingling of stone or marble, or of marbles of different colours, the introduction of metallic ornaments on statuary or works in relief, all subserved this purpose, not less than the employment of polychrome; and even without the use of a single pigment, the sculptor was enabled to produce works not less gorgeous than the painter. Formed of materials altogether more facile and malleable, the chryso-elephantine statue gave (what modern sculpture has not so much as aimed at), the living hues of the human form, and the varying tints of embroidered garments. With the most sumptuous of these statues

is associated the immortal name of Phidias; but the works themselves have perished. The colossal statue of Athena was plundered of its golden raiment by Lachares, and finally transported by order of Justinian to adorn the Hippodrome of Byzantium, whither that of the Olympian Zeus had been conveyed before. The restoration, therefore, of these statues must depend on the statements of writers like Pausanias, together with any designs on stone or metal which may chance to throw light upon it. M. Beulé's attempt to restore it by confining himself altogether to the description of Pausanias has called forth the vehement animadversion of M. Alphonse de Calonne. At the great Parisian Exposition of 1855 was exhibited a restoration of the Athena of Phidias (on a smaller scale) by M. Simart, who had chiefly followed the *Vienna* stone with the name of Aspasius subscribed. This remarkable work was executed at the cost of the Duc de Luynes, whose liberal patronage and exquisite taste suggested this revival of one of the most famous works of antiquity. It now adorns the Château de Dampierre, the Duke's residence. In spite, however, of the vast expenditure lavished on this chryso-elephantine statue, the effect it produces is scarcely equal to the idea we conceive of the Athenian Goddess; and a controversy has arisen as to the accuracy of the representation which has been followed. On this point we think that too rigid an adherence to the expressions of Pausanias has led M. Beulé into some mistakes. From those expressions he infers a complete absence of all ornamentation, except on those parts of the statue which were nearest to the spectator; and thus confirms his own theory of the uniform simplicity and extreme severity of the art of Phidias. The contrary ideal furnished by the sculptured stone of Aspasius he rejects on the ground that the lunated sigma, which occurs in the inscription, was not employed in Greece till the second century of the Christian era, and that this work was therefore not produced in the golden age of Greek art. On this point M. Beulé's case seems to us altogether weaker than that of M. de Calonne, who, first asserting that the name may possibly be the forgery of a later age, brings several inscriptions to prove that the lunated sigma occurs as early as a century and a half before the Christian era, and that it was not, as M. Beulé supposes, a Roman introduction. If then this stone represents the Athena of the Parthenon, it must, M. de Calonne forcibly urges, belong to the best epoch of art, because it must have been executed before the statue of Phidias was robbed of its ornaments; and if it be of that epoch, can it possi-

bly represent any other type than that which Phidias evoked, and which was everywhere regarded as a miracle of beauty? But the ideal set forth in this stone is that of extreme richness over the whole figure; and, after all, the expressions of Pausanias scarcely justify M. Beulé in using them as negative arguments. Pausanias says nothing of the crest of her helmet, of a collar or earrings. He denies therefore that they were found on the statue of Phidias. 'This system,' says M. de Calonne, 'will carry us a long way; and by the help of Pausanias we shall soon succeed in robbing the chaste Minerva of her dearest attribute, for Pausanias says nothing of her girdle; let us therefore remove the cincture from the virgin of the Hecatompedon; but M. Beulé does not go quite so far, and in spite of his silence he allows her a girdle.' Nor has M. Beulé less exposed his weakness in maintaining that the Medusa of the shield was represented as a monster only in the decay of art, while that of Phidias was 'une admirable jeune fille, avec ses yeux mourants, ses lèvres immobiles, sa chevelure, dont les boucles voltigent librement et rayonnent autour de sa tête, comme la chevelure d'Apollon.' If this be so, Attic art in the days of Pericles grievously violated all the traditions of earlier ages. The glaring eyes of a maiden lovely even in death can never be the sight which could appal the warrior amid the din of battle, or freeze a living man into stone. The γοργὼν βλοσυρῶπιος δεινὸν δερκομένη of the Iliad, the snake-haired beldames of Æschylus, ἀσ θνητὸς οὐδεὶς εἰσιδὼν ἔξει πνοῆς, no more resembled the Medusa of M. Beulé than Athena is identical with Aphrodité. But on the main point, the extreme beauty, namely, of this form of art, and the many advantages of working with these materials, M. Beulé and his opponent are in agreement. The whole subject may well suggest the possibility that our theories of sculpture may yet require very grave modifications.

Many points of deep interest still remain; but our limits preclude us from bestowing upon them even a passing notice. We would gladly have followed M. Beulé in his researches into the earlier fortifications of the Acropolis, and the various changes which the ascent of the Propylæa has undergone,—through the several temples of the Wingless Victory, of Artemis Brauronia, of Athena Erganê, and Athena Polias,—through the Pinacotheca and the Erechtheum. We could have wished to devote more space to the Parthenon itself, on the question of its internal arrangement, its furniture, and its roofing, and to do some justice to the great critical skill with which M. Beulé has analysed

its sculptures, for the purpose of determining what portion of the work each sculptor contributed.

We linger round the glorious works of the Athenian Acropolis, and the illustrious names which are associated with them. Of most of them our knowledge is scanty indeed. Mnesicles, Ictinus, Callicrates, and Alcamenes are but a few with whom time has dealt more gently than with others once not less illustrious; yet even these are to us but little more than a name. Phidias alone stands forth, solitary alike in his greatness and his misfortunes; and in his history, so glorious in its course, so disastrous in its close, we see the full working of that mysterious spell which lured the countrymen of Pericles to reject and dishonour the most eminent of their race in philosophy and art as in civil government. The workman was gone; but his work remained to win for Athens an undisputed supremacy. The choice of the Sage Goddess was fully justified: the statesman and the sculptor had both made her city a pride and a wonder for all ages. They left to their children a glorious heritage; but a scanty surface on a craggy rock, scarcely more than nine hundred feet in length or four hundred in breadth, sufficed to contain it. On what other spot of equal size has so much of faultless beauty and grace and majesty been ever brought together? .

ART. III. — *Memoirs of the Court of George IV., 1820—1830.*

From original family documents. By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CHANDOS, K. G. London : 1859. 2 vols. 8vo.

SINCE the appearance of our article on the first period of Lord Liverpool's administration (Jan. 1859), two more volumes have been published from the family papers in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, which comprise the ten years of the reign of George IV. In continuing our review of events from the death of Lord Castlereagh in 1822, to the accession of the Reform Ministry in 1830, we shall avail ourselves of the materials contained in these volumes. At the same time we must express our opinion that the editor has shown a culpable disregard of the feelings of living persons in publishing at length the private and confidential letters addressed to the late Duke of Buckingham, by his near relations and intimate friends ; many of those letters contain passages relating to events in private life, of a comparatively recent date, which it was improper and unbecoming to give to the public, and which are utterly valueless for any question of political and historical interest.

Adopting an American metaphor, we may say that the administration of Lord Liverpool, after the second and final downfall of Napoleon, began the peace with a large balance of popularity at their banker's in their favour, formed out of their accumulations during the last years of the war ; while the account of the Opposition had been overdrawn, and exhibited a balance against them. Owing to their policy respecting the war with Napoleon, the latter party had an arrear of unpopularity to cancel, before they could set themselves straight with the country ; but this object was gradually effected, and before long they converted their deficiency into a surplus. The Whigs were not only more liberal and tolerant than the Tories ; less desirous of maintaining a monopoly of power and of permanently excluding the unprivileged and the heterodox ; but their opinions on financial, economical, and commercial subjects, on questions of law reform, and on colonial and international policy, were more enlightened and philosophical. As the succession of debates and motions in Parliament, and the changes in public affairs, developed this antithesis, and disclosed the true character of each political party, the Ministry lost its hold upon the country, while the Opposition steadily advanced in public estimation.

It should be observed that the progress of legislative reform had been unnaturally retarded in this country during the interval between 1792 and 1815 by the circumstances of the time, and that a vigorous and somewhat enterprising spirit was required of a ministry at the commencement of the peace, in order to bring our legislation into harmony with the growing wants of the country, and the advanced state of intelligence. This state of things had been owing partly to the war, which engrossed the attention of the Government and the public, and diverted men's thoughts from internal improvement; but principally to the French Revolution, which had engendered a morbid horror of all innovation, and had produced a vindictive mistrustful feeling in the upper classes towards their inferiors in social rank. 'If any person' (said Sir Sam. Romilly, writing in 1808) 'be desirous of having an adequate idea of the mischievous effects which have been produced in this country by the French Revolution and all its attendant horrors, he should attempt some legislative reform on humane and liberal principles. He will then find, not only what a stupid dread of innovation, but what a savage spirit it has infused into the minds of many of his countrymen.*' The storm which, on the Continent, had swept away all ancient institutions, even those which were beneficial, had in England riveted even our ancient abuses to the soil. While Jacobinism had, in France, borne down its opponents, and had therefore been eminently destructive, it had in England only served to rouse a spirit of reactionary alarm, and had therefore been eminently conservative.

The almost unbroken tenure of power which the Tories had enjoyed for so long a period likewise produced its usual corrupting influence, in creating a sense of irresponsibility, and in separating their interests and sympathies from those of the people at large. This state of things is disclosed in the letters contained in the Duke of Buckingham's new publication. In admitting us behind the scenes of the Liverpool Cabinet, they show how much its movements were determined by petty per-

* Mem. of Rom. vol. ii. p. 247. Prof. Smyth, in addressing his class in 1826, made the following remark:—'You, who have not exactly lived during the times of the French Revolution, cannot at all imagine how long and how deeply it affected the thoughts, the feelings, and the interests of every human being, without any exception, that then existed in the civilised world.' (*Lectures on the French Revolution*, vol. i. p. 144.) The publication of the Anti-Jacobin, and its success, is a striking proof how the public attention of England was engrossed with French politics, and what were then called French principles.

sonal motives; how many arrangements were in progress in which the public interest was a secondary consideration: how much certain families and sections and interests had learned to consider the Government as a machine to be worked for their benefit, or at least under their direction. Although the feelings and opinions expressed in familiar letters, written without the idea of publicity, cannot always be taken as the deliberate views of the writer, yet it must be admitted by the most prejudiced Tory that the picture of the administration of public affairs, during the first years of the reign of George IV., presented by these letters, is anything but creditable or respectable.

Besides the stationary and unprogressive character which the Liverpool Ministry maintained at a moment when the inaction of twenty-five years demanded of a government a spirit of active improvement; and which therefore tended to lower the esteem in which it had been held; there was another circumstance which operated against the Ministry at this time, as compared with the previous reign. George III. always exercised a considerable influence, independent of his Ministers. His shrewdness and insight into men's motives, his moral and respectable life, his sympathies with the prejudices of the country, and his genuine wish to be a good king, according to the measure of his understanding, gave him this position. If he wished to undermine or weaken his Ministers, he used this influence against them; if he wished to support and strengthen them, he used it in their favour. But it was a substantive influence, which made itself felt throughout the greater part of his reign. Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, in their private letters, equally bear testimony to its reality. George IV., on the other hand, was always unpopular; even before he became Regent, his debts, his profligacy, his quarrel with his wife, and his general character, had alienated the people from him. During his regency and reign, the eloquence of statesmen, the wit of poets, and the scurrility of newspapers and pamphlets, were equally employed in rendering him contemptible and odious. Lord Byron and Moore vied with one another in lampooning him in verses which the present generation learn by heart. When at length he secluded himself from the public view, the popular imagination regarded him almost as a Tiberius, who had found a Caprea in the Cottage in Windsor Park. It may therefore be said that, from the beginning of his Regency in 1811 to the close of his reign in 1830, the regal influence was limited to the strict exercise of the prerogative: George IV. had no personal influence; instead of his popularity supporting the Ministry, the difficulty was for the Ministry to support his

unpopularity, and to uphold the respect for the Crown when it encircled the head of such a sovereign.

The only popular triumphs which George IV. achieved, were his state visits to Ireland and Scotland; which were the more remarkable as they followed close upon the Queen's Trial. The following remarks of Lord Dudley upon the former visit, in a letter of Nov. 1821, are, however, worthy of notice:—

‘I cannot help suspecting that His Majesty's late journeys to see his kingdoms of Ireland and Hanover will not on the whole redound much to his honour or advantage. His manners no doubt are, when he pleases, very graceful and captivating. No man knows better how to add to an obligation by the way of conferring it. But, on the whole, he wants dignity, not only in the seclusion and familiarity of his more private life, but on public occasions. The secret of popularity in very high stations seems to consist in a somewhat reserved and lofty, but courteous and uniform, behaviour. Drinking toasts, shaking people by the hand, and calling them Jack and Tom, gets more applause at the moment, but fails entirely in the long run. He seems to have behaved not like a sovereign coming in pomp and state to visit a part of his dominions, but like a popular candidate come down upon an electioneering trip. If the day before he left Ireland he had stood for Dublin, he would, I dare say, have turned out Shaw or Grattan. Henry IV. is a dangerous example for sovereigns that are not, like him, splendid chevaliers and consummate captains. Louis XIV., who was never seen but in a full-bottomed wig, even by his *valet-de-chambre*, is a much safer model.’ (*Lord Dudley's Letters*, p. 295.)

The letters recently published by the Duke of Buckingham state that the King diverted himself and his companions during his passage to Ireland with revelry and singing, and that he arrived at the Phoenix Park in a state of intoxication. They likewise contain many details respecting his private life at Windsor, which show that the popular feeling against him was anything but unfounded.

While the Liverpool Administration from 1815 to 1822, and in a less degree from 1822 to 1827, maintained on the whole a stationary course, and at seasons of disturbance resorted to measures of repression and coercion, the Whig Opposition steadily enforced measures of a liberal character. Though the practical success of the Opposition was not great, they prepared the mind of the public for political changes by discussion and debate; and by defending popular rights and popular interests, they acquired a popularity which speedily deserted their Conservative antagonists. On the questions of retrenchment of the public expenditure, of Criminal Law Reform, of West Indian Slavery, of Popular Education, and of Parliamentary Reform,

the Ministers were ranged on the unpopular, the Opposition on the popular side. The commercial policy of the Liverpool Ministry was its brightest point; on the Catholic Question the Cabinet was divided.

The administration of Lord Liverpool consists of two well marked periods; the first of which may be designated as the nebulous, the second as the semiluminous, period. The first, which extends over the ten years from 1812 to 1822, is distinguished by the leadership of Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons. The second, lasting for the five years from 1822 to 1827, is distinguished by the leadership of Mr. Canning in the same assembly.

The post of ministerial leader of the House of Commons, to which Mr. Canning was promoted in September 1822, at the age of fifty-two, was one to which he had, some years before, aspired. When the Portland Administration was approaching its end, Mr. Canning had two rivals in the Cabinet, Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval. To Lord Castlereagh he objected as unfit for the War department, and the unfortunate issue of the Walcheren expedition rendered his competition innocuous. But Mr. Perceval was a more formidable rival; and when he was preferred by the King for the situation of Prime Minister, to which Mr. Canning advanced his claims, the latter retired from the Cabinet. If Mr. Canning had, at the Duke of Portland's resignation in 1809, retained the seals of Foreign Secretary, he would doubtless have become the political heir of Mr. Perceval, after his assassination in the spring of 1812. As it was, the office of Foreign Secretary, with the lead of the House of Commons, passed to Lord Castlereagh at the formation of the Liverpool Ministry: and although Lord Liverpool shortly afterwards proposed to Mr. Canning an arrangement by which he should resume the Foreign department, he refused the offer, because it was intended that Lord Castlereagh should retain the lead of the House of Commons. Those who now preferred Lord Castlereagh to his rival Mr. Canning as leader were influenced partly by the recollection of their quarrel in 1809, as to which the general sympathy was with Lord Castlereagh. Mr. Canning had been Foreign Secretary when the Spanish insurrection broke out; it was he who initiated the Peninsular war, and sent Sir Arthur Wellesley to Portugal; and if he had been Foreign Secretary at the time of Napoleon's fall, his political position in 1814 would have been one of great eminence and splendour, although he might not have been ministerial leader of the House of Commons. The Peninsular war, which originated in his policy, would, under his official guidance,

have been brought to a successful issue, and he might have concluded the peace. As it was, Lord Castlereagh obtained the credit which accrued to the Ministry from the great events of 1814 and 1815; and he was raised to a pinnacle of fame and influence from which he looked down upon the comparatively obscure and powerless condition of his unsuccessful rival. Having, through a fortunate combination of circumstances, reached this elevation, his intrepidity, his directness, his firmness of purpose, his immovable calmness, the dignity of his personal demeanour, and his other moral qualifications for the post of leader, enabled him to retain in the House of Commons an ascendancy which his abilities, knowledge, and eloquence would never have given him.* Lord Dudley considers the career of Lord Castlereagh, compared with that of Mr. Canning, to afford an illustration of Voltaire's saying, 'that a man's success in life depends less on his talents than on the force of his character.' Voltaire's examples are Mazarin and De Retz; to which Lord Dudley adds Bolingbroke and Walpole. Lord Castlereagh did not indeed possess those advantages which aristocratic birth and education have conferred on many of our statesmen. His knowledge, whether constitutional, historical, or classical, was of the most limited sort; he belonged to the illiterate school of politicians, and would doubtless have sympathised heartily with the modern dictum that more instruction is to be derived from one number of the 'Times' than from the history of Thucydides. His political life had however begun at an early age; he had been the Irish ministerial leader at the time of the Rebellion and the Union; his parliamentary and official experience had been extensive; and his mode of transacting the business of the English House of Commons was such as to satisfy that somewhat fastidious assembly, even at a time when its intellectual standard was high. He navigated the ship of the State through the syrtes of the distress and disaffection of 1817 and 1819; he withstood the shock of the Queen's trial, and when the short attack of insanity supervened which brought his life to a premature close at the age of fifty-three, he seemed to have taken a new lease of power.

* A favourable, but not unjust estimate of Lord Castlereagh's qualifications for the post of ministerial leader is given by Mr. Twiss, in his 'Life of Eldon,' vol. ii. p. 462. See also Lord Brodgham's sketch, 'Statesmen,' vol. ii. pp. 109-117, which he concludes with this remark:—'Lord Castlereagh is certainly the most striking example of the effects produced by our parliamentary system of government, in most unjustly lowering the reputation of public men who happen not to succeed in debate.'

Yet Lord Castlereagh's death, however firm his tenure of power may have seemed to be when it occurred, must be considered to have contributed materially to the duration of the Liverpool Administration. Like Mr. Canning, he was a supporter of the Catholic claims ; and both belonged to the school of Pitt, rather than of Perceval. But Lord Castlereagh had, from his experience of the Irish rebellion, contracted a fondness for a strong coercive Government, at a period of disturbance ; and his views of domestic policy, though sufficiently definite, were founded upon this narrow basis. His views of foreign politics, on the other hand, were not clear or independent. During the eventful period from 1812 to 1815, he had administered the Foreign Office, principally as a War Minister. When peace returned, and the settlement of Europe was to be made, his judgment was chiefly guided by a view of the evils from which the country had just escaped ; his main object, therefore, was to obliterate the traces of the French influence over Europe, and to build up dykes against the perils of another French inundation. Hence he adopted too implicitly the views of Metternich, and the other ministers of the great despotic courts, with which he had recently acted, in the final struggle against Napoleon ; and he saw no danger to Europe, provided the alliance of Russia, Austria, and Prussia maintained the combined action and military resources of those Governments. One of the most prominent feelings of the English statesmen who lived during the war with Napoleon, was a conviction of the advantages of peace, and a desire to preserve it unbroken. In this laudable feeling, Lord Castlereagh strongly participated ; but, in seeking to multiply the securities for peace, he overlooked the incidental evils which these securities engendered. The Congress of the three despotic Powers, which had been instituted for the purpose of keeping France within bounds, and of maintaining the peace of Europe, began to be used for the purpose of suppressing popular movements in other States, on the plea that revolutionary excesses might tend to war, and that Jacobinism might light up a conflagration in Europe. Hence the Holy Alliance (the principles of which Lord Castlereagh had tacitly favoured) became a military league, not so much for the preservation of European peace, as for the suppression of European freedom, and the confirmation of European despotism. In this armed conspiracy of despots against the liberties of Europe, Lord Castlereagh was believed to be an accomplice ; and it is certain, that if he did not actively promote its operations, he did not actively remonstrate against its policy, or throw the influence of England openly into the opposite scale.

It may be added, that at the Congress of Vienna, he disregarded the assurances which had been given by the German Governments, in appealing to the spirit of national independence against Napoleon. When the despotic Governments were weak, and wished to rouse the popular feeling against the common enemy, they encouraged hopes of the establishment of free institutions at the restoration of peace: but when peace was restored, these promises were forgotten. Lord Castlereagh, though the representative of the principal free Government in Europe, did nothing to recall the memory of these promises. He even allowed the pledges of English officers in Italy to be violated by the annexation of Genoa to Piedmont. Justice to the weaker States was overlooked, in deference to his avowed paramount object, the re-establishment and re-organisation of the two great monarchies of Austria and Prussia, which (as he truly said) had been nearly destroyed by the war. The military position of these two States was the canon which determined the re-adjustment of boundaries, under his auspices, in 1815. Owing to this policy and these opinions, Lord Castlereagh became in the last years of his life a highly unpopular Minister: he continued, however, to enjoy the favour of George the Fourth, and to receive the support of the large and still unbroken Tory party, as well as of the unreformed House of Commons, in which the direct popular element was weak.

Mr. Canning had been from his first introduction into Parliament, a follower of Pitt, and had no political connexion with the Whigs. He was a determined opponent of Parliamentary Reform, and had defended the existing constitution of the House of Commons, in some of his most elaborate and effective speeches. But he was a man of far more knowledge and capacity than Lord Castlereagh; of a more elastic understanding, and of a more independent judgment. He could appreciate more quickly and truly the changes in the circumstances of the time, and adapt himself to them with greater readiness. His views of foreign politics were more national, and less identified with those of the great despotic courts—with that system which, in the phraseology of the day, was called the Holy Alliance. His political connexions, moreover, lay among persons of more liberal views in commercial and financial affairs. At the beginning of 1823, soon after his assumption of the lead, Mr. Vansittart was created Lord Bexley, and succeeded Mr. B. Bathurst as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. His office of Finance, Minister, devolved on Mr. Fred. Robinson, who resigned the Presidency of the Board of Trade to Mr. Huskisson. The latter entered the Cabinet in the autumn of

the same year. In 1814, the Liverpool Cabinet had been represented in the House of Commons by Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Bragge Bathurst, and Mr. Wellesley Pole; in 1823, it was represented there by Mr. Canning, Mr. Peel, Mr. Fred. Robinson, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Charles Wynn. This alteration in the cast of parts betokened a great advance towards a more liberal composition of the Ministry. Mr. F. Robinson and Mr. Huskisson held sound economical opinions, and were disposed to move as far and as fast in the direction of free-trade as the protected interests would permit. Mr. C. Wynn had been a member of the Grenville party; he had once acted with the Whigs, and was a friend of Catholic Emancipation. Mr. Peel, though the leader of the anti-Catholics in the House of Commons, and addicted to a narrow creed on all religious questions, was enlightened and liberal in his economical views. When out of office, he had been Chairman of the Bank Committee, and had introduced and carried, in 1819, the Bill by which the convertibility of the bank-note was re-established, although he had entered on the inquiry with opposite opinions to those he was led by the evidence to adopt. On questions of criminal jurisprudence, likewise, his opinions were far in advance, not only of Lord Eldon and the Crown lawyers, but also of Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh; and, as Home Secretary, he gave practical effect to the doctrines which Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Mackintosh had in vain attempted to enforce.*

The policy pursued by Mr. Canning as Foreign Minister likewise served to give a more liberal character to the Ministry, and to bring it more into accordance with the general feeling of the country. The first principle which Mr. Canning laid down on receiving the seals of the Foreign Department, and upon which he consistently acted, was to destroy the power of the Holy Alliance, to separate England from the union of continental sovereigns, and to make the maintenance of British interests the main consideration of his policy. The remonstrances of England were disregarded at the congresses of Laybach and Verona; but by the open exercise of the influence of England, Mr. Canning succeeded in dissolving the alliance of the

* Mr. Peel said in the House of Commons, May 1827, in his explanations of his grounds for refusing to join Mr. Canning's Ministry: — 'Tory as I am, it is gratifying to me to reflect, that no law stands on the Statute Book in connexion with my name, which has not for its object the mitigation of the severity of the Criminal Law, and the prevention of any abuse in the administration of justice.'

great despotic courts. Though he was not able to avert the French invasion of Spain, for the sake of suppressing the Spanish constitution, he succeeded in making it an exclusively French operation, and in preventing it from being a joint act of European police. The Portuguese expedition prevented the invasion of that kingdom. He resisted the attempts of France and Russia to assist Spain in recovering her American possessions; and he recognised the independence of the Spanish colonies on the mainland of America, as well as of Brazil. The latter was the principal positive result of his administration of the Foreign Office; he carried it against the general opposition of Europe, without causing a war; and Mr. Stapleton informs us that he met with so much resistance either from the King, or in the Cabinet, that he was twice on the point of resigning the seals of his office before the final decision to recognise the independence of the new states was taken. The Treaty of London, which secured the final liberation of Greece, and united this country to France and Russia for the emancipation of the Hellenic people, was also the work of his bold and farsighted diplomacy; and no English statesman of modern times has left on the continent of Europe a name so identified with a great and generous policy.

The Tory Government, having successfully encountered the discontents and disturbances engendered by the distress in the first years of the Peace, and having outlived the terrible earthquake of the Queen's trial, had at this time arrived at a period of prosperity, and (with the exception of Ireland) of internal tranquillity. It rested on the united strength of its party, now consolidated by a nearly continuous tenure of office for forty-three years. It was moreover represented in the House of Commons by leaders of undoubted ability, whose opinions were as enlightened as their party connexions permitted. In this state of things, Lord Liverpool was on the 17th of February 1827, soon after the opening of the session, seized with an attack of paralysis, from which he never recovered, and which terminated his political life.* Although Lord Liverpool was not an important man, he filled an important position, and his death was immediately attended by important consequences. Without being the capital of the column, he was the keystone of the arch. Lord Castlereagh, and after him Mr. Canning, may, each in his turn, have been the leading man in the Ministry; but Lord Liverpool's death showed that he

* He died on the 4th of Dec. 1828, aged fifty-eight years.

was necessary for reconciling the personal rivalries and political differences of a Cabinet which was divided on the principal question of the day — Catholic Emancipation; and that he performed the most important function of a Prime Minister, that of keeping his cabinet together.*

In order to explain the state of parties at this crisis, it is necessary that we should trace the recent history of the Catholic Question, upon which the ministerial negotiations mainly turned.

The partial successes in favour of the Catholic claims which had been obtained under the pressure of the war in 1812 and 1813, had not been followed up in the two anxious and agitated years of 1814 and 1815; but in 1816 resolutions in favour of the Catholics were negatived in both Houses. The return of peace had given fresh confidence to the anti-Catholic party, by diminishing the dangers of internal discord, and removing the fear of an invasion. 'As the fear of Bonaparte subsided' (says Mr. Stapleton), 'the dread of the Pope arose; and when Mr. Canning accepted office in 1816, the opinions of the great mass of the population of England had become, more than they had been, hostile to emancipation.' It was not, however, so much an increased fear of the Pope, as a diminished fear of the consequences of Irish misgovernment, which produced this change of opinion in Great Britain. Mr. Canning, conscious of the strength of the anti-Catholic feeling in England, declared that the Catholic Question must 'win, not force, its way.' Unluckily, however, it was destined not to win its way by reason, but to force its way by threats. The prospects of the measure somewhat improved in the following years; as in 1821 a Bill for the relief of the Catholics passed the Commons, and was sent up to the Lords. In 1825, after both Houses had agreed to a Bill for suppressing the Catholic Association, which had commenced its agitation in 1823, three Bills were introduced into the House of Commons; the first, removing the disabilities of the Catholics; the second, including a provision for the Catholic clergy of Ireland; the third, disfranchising the Irish 40s. freeholders. The first of these Bills passed the House of Commons; but was rejected in the Lords. The other two measures had made progress in the Commons, but were abandoned in consequence of the loss of the main Bill in the Lords. Sanguine

* See the character of Lord Liverpool in Twiss's *Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. ii. p. 587. There are likewise estimates of him in *Ann. Reg.* 1827, p. 90.; and in *Rush's First Residence at the Court of London*, p. 46., the latter of whom remarks of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, that 'if he was not the ablest man of the body, he was essentially its head.'

hopes had been entertained in this year, that the increased knowledge of the state of Ireland, and the progress of reason, would have led to the peaceable adjustment of the entire question. Mr. Peel, the anti-Catholic leader in the House of Commons, tendered to Lord Liverpool the resignation of his office in consequence of the decision to which that House had come, in order to facilitate the settlement of the question.* The assent of Parliament to the measure for suppressing the Catholic Association, and the refusal of the House of Lords to pass the Bill for the relief of Catholic disabilities, indicated a determined spirit of intolerance, injustice, and coercion, which could not fail to extinguish all hopes of conciliation, and to exasperate the Irish leaders. The animosity, the virulence, the menaces of the Catholic agitators were redoubled by this decision of the House of Lords. But though statesmen might see that this exacerbation of symptoms was only an additional reason for a gentle and soothing treatment, the spirit of the English people rose against threats; and when the Catholic Question was brought forward in March, 1827, by Sir Francis Burdett, his motion, contrary to Mr. Canning's expectation, was lost; it was negatived by a majority of 276 to 272. This retrograde movement was doubtless the effect of the reaction of English opinion against the increased violence of the Irish agitators. At this moment, therefore, the breach between Great Britain and Ireland was wider than it had been at any time since the Union; and the prospect of a tranquil settlement seemed more remote than ever. Ireland was becoming more stubborn, insulting, and disaffected; Great Britain, more intolerant, angry, and oppressive.

It was in this state of things that the negotiations for the reconstruction of the Cabinet were to be commenced. Partly from a temporary uncertainty as to the effects of Lord Liverpool's seizure, and partly from the indecision of the King and the po-

* This fact was stated by Mr. Peel in the House of Commons, March 5. 1829, and was the subject of further explanation, on June 19. 1846, in consequence of the charges made by Lord G. Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli. Sir Robert Peel then showed that, in consequence of his political position after the third reading of the Catholic Relief Bill by the House of Commons, he signified to Lord Liverpool his wish to resign, soon after May 10. 1825; and that he was induced to abandon this resolution, in consequence of the rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords. Lord Grenville, in letters of April and May 1825, expresses a confident opinion that the settlement of the Catholic question is at hand, and cannot be long delayed. (*Mem. of Court of George IV.*, vol. ii. p. 245-63.)

litical difficulties of the moment, there ensued a long ministerial interregnum, during which the business of Parliament was to a great extent suspended. The main obstacles to an arrangement arose from the threatening state of Ireland, the repugnance of the King to the removal of the Catholic disabilities, and the division of opinion on that question among the leading members of the Tory party. As soon as Lord Liverpool's state was ascertained, negotiations were commenced between the chief members of his Cabinet respecting the choice of a person to supply his place. Mr. Canning aspired to the post of Prime Minister; and his political standing, his unrivalled eloquence, his ability in counsel, and his political experience, pointed him out as the natural successor of Lord Liverpool. But his opinions on the Catholic Question were distasteful to the King, and to the bulk of the party by which the late Cabinet had been supported. It may be added that, except in Ireland, they were unpopular; they were not shared by any large class either in England or Scotland; and they were adverse to the religious sentiments of the people. The two most important persons in the anti-Catholic party were Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington: the former as being their ablest speaker and their leader in the House of Commons; the latter on account of his high rank, his splendid military reputation, his force of character, and his honesty of purpose. Since the death of Lord Londonderry, the Duke of Wellington had been the leader of the high Tory section of the Cabinet, which was hostile to Mr. Canning, and which represented the traditions of the foreign policy of his predecessor. The personal relations of Mr. Peel with Mr. Canning, were more friendly; but the inconsistency of their positions as leaders of the pro-Catholic and anti-Catholic parties in the House of Commons, respectively, produced an active feeling of political rivalry and jealousy between them.*

* Mr. Fremantle, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, of Sept. 29. 1823, says: 'I conceive that nothing can be more unfriendly than the footing on which the Duke of Wellington and Canning stand; for, independent of the measure of Lord Maryborough, the whole foreign diplomacy and policy is carried on without the Duke's intervention, whereas in Lord Londonderry's time not a step even of the smallest import, was taken without his participation and concurrence.' (*Mem. of Court of George IV.*, vol. ii. p. 7.) In another letter of June 19. 1824, he says: 'The language of the Tory party, both of the old and present Court, is universal and undisguised abuse of Canning.' (*Id.* p. 91.) Mr. Plumer Ward, in a letter of Sept. 28. 1824, says, in speaking of the superiority of the Duke of Wellington's party in the Cabinet: 'Neither he (Mr. Canning), nor Lord Liverpool

In an interview with the King on the 27th of March, Mr. Canning, being asked for his advice, had counselled His Majesty to form a government composed exclusively of persons hostile to the Catholics, and signified his own willingness to resign in order to facilitate such an arrangement. This offer the King rejected, declaring his wish to retain Mr. Canning in the service of the Crown; but he proposed that a peer of anti-Catholic opinions should be made Prime Minister. Mr. Canning then declared that he could not consent to be excluded from that post on account of his opinions, and that he could only retain office on condition of having the substantive power of First Minister. He objected to what he styled 'the superinduction of an anti-Catholic First Minister over his head.' With this mutual explanation, they parted; and nothing was then decided. It appears that some days afterwards a plan was discussed between Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington of raising Mr. Fred. Robinson to the Peerage, and of placing him at the head of the Treasury. Mr. Canning's object in making this suggestion seems to have been to keep the office of Foreign Secretary, which he preferred to any other; his intention, however, as he subsequently explained it, was, that he, and not the First Lord of the Treasury, should be the 'First Minister.' As Mr. Robinson's opinions respecting the Catholic Question agreed with Mr. Canning's, the end which the King and the Duke of Wellington had in view would not have been attained by this arrangement. Mr. Peel did not put himself forward as a candidate for the office of Prime Minister, and apparently did not wish to become Lord Liverpool's successor; he deferred to the prior claims which seniority at least gave to Mr. Canning; but he informed Mr. Canning of his intention to resign, if a person favourable to the Catholics should be placed at the head of the Government. One reason which he alleged for this decision was the necessity of an agreement between the opinions of the Home Secretary, who was responsible for the government of Ireland*, and the Prime Minister, on the Catholic Ques-

'conceal their feeling as to the preponderance; a feeling that breaks out into downright complaints of personal impropriety and unfairness. From this, however, Canning always excepts Peel, who, he says, though he has opposed him, has always done it in a fair, open, manly manner. On the other hand, the Duke says, he (Canning) is not to be trusted, and the great *corpus delicti* is not only his disposition to run counter to Lord Londonderry's policy and system, but his seeming personal run at his individual acts, schemes, and friends.' (*Mem. of Court of George IV.*, vol. ii. p. 126.)

* The reason was stated by Mr. Peel in the House of Commons, in his speech of May 1. 1827.

tion; but Mr. Canning obviated this difficulty by an offer of the Foreign Department. On the 9th of April Mr. Peel, having had an interview with the King, came to Mr. Canning, and by His Majesty's command proposed the selection of the Duke of Wellington for the post of Prime Minister as a solution of all difficulties. To this proposal Mr. Canning refused to accede; so that the negotiations of nearly two months had only brought matters between the two persons, who were the real party leaders, to this point: namely, that Mr. Peel would not serve under Mr. Canning as Prime Minister, and that Mr. Canning would not agree to the Prime Minister proposed by Mr. Peel.*

The time was now come when the knot which could not be untied must be cut; and the King solved the problem by giving to Mr. Canning, on the 10th of April, a commission to propose a plan for the reconstruction of the Ministry. Upon receiving this commission, Mr. Canning lost no time in communicating to each of his late colleagues the commands which he had received from the King: at the same time, he announced to them his wish of adhering to the principles on which Lord Liverpool's Government had so long acted together. In a short time, Mr. Canning received from the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, Lord Westmoreland, Lord Bathurst, Lord Melville, and Mr. Peel, refusals to join a Ministry of which he should be the head. The Duke of Wellington likewise resigned the office of Commander-in-Chief, which he had held in connexion with the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance. The only members of the late Cabinet who consented to form part of a Canning Administration were Lord Harrowby, Lord Bexley, Mr. Fred.

* Sir Walter Scott, in a letter dated Abbotsford, May 10. 1827, says:—"I understand Peel had from the King *carte blanche* for an 'anti-Catholic Administration, and that he could not accept it because there was not strength enough to form such.' (*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*) Sir Walter Scott had good political information from his Tory connexions in London; but there is no reason to suppose that the King gave to Mr. Peel any such authority, or that His Majesty ever seriously entertained the idea of a Ministry formed on this principle. In *Raikes' Journal*, July 7. 1836, the following statement occurs:—"In the year 1827 Lord Grey had nearly joined the Tory 'ranks; he used to meet the Duke of Wellington frequently at Lord Lauderdale's, and, after the death of Lord Liverpool, was absolutely 'proposed to the King as Premier, the Duke remaining Secretary for 'Foreign Affairs; but George IV. would not forget his personal antipathy to him, and sent for Canning.' It is certain that there was no question of Lord Grey as Minister after Lord Liverpool's seizure, and that no overture of any kind was then made to him.

Robinson, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. C. Wynn. In consequence of the refusal of junction from nearly all the anti-Catholic members of the late Government, Mr. Canning opened a negotiation with Lord Lansdowne and the Whigs, which, however, for the present led to no result. His Cabinet was then formed in the following manner: Mr. Canning himself (after the example of Pitt, Addington, and Perceval), held the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, in conjunction. Sir John Copley, created Lord Lyndhurst, became Lord Chancellor; Lord Harrowby, Lord Bexley, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Wynn retained the offices which they had held under Lord Liverpool. The Duke of Portland became Privy Seal. Mr. Sturges Bourne received the Seals of the Home, and Lord Dudley those of the Foreign Department. Mr. Fred. Robinson, created Lord Goderich, became Colonial Secretary; and Lord Palmerston, as Secretary-at-War, which office he had held in Lord Liverpool's Government, obtained, for the first time, a seat in the Cabinet. The office of Lord High Admiral was not put in commission, but was conferred on the Duke of Clarence, without a seat in the Cabinet. As a proof of the resistance which Mr. Canning experienced from the Tory party, we may mention that a paper signed by eight dukes was presented to the King by the Duke of Rutland, remonstrating against Mr. Canning's appointment as Prime Minister and notifying their organised opposition to any government of which he should be the head.

Upon the resumption of business after the recess, the explanations of the outgoing and incoming Ministers were given; the most important part of which related to an unfriendly correspondence between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Canning, originating, as we feel satisfied from an attentive consideration of the circumstances, in a sincere misunderstanding on both sides.* Before the end of the session, Lord Lansdowne became a member of the Cabinet; Lord Carlisle and Mr. Tierney likewise were appointed First Commissioner of Woods, and Master of the Mint, and entered the Cabinet. After the session, Lord Lansdowne became Home Secretary; Lord Carlisle succeeded the Duke of Portland, as Privy Seal, the latter retaining a seat in the Cabinet; and Mr. Sturges Bourne succeeded to the office of Woods. In

* The Duke of Wellington, in his Private Explanatory Letter to Mr. Canning (published by Mr. Stapleton, *Life of Canning*, vol. iii. p. 384.), says—'I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily or in anger; and the proof of this is, that I never had a quarrel with any man in my life.'

this manner, a junction was effected between Mr. Canning and a section of the Whig party: the Home Office, which was confided to Lord Lansdowne, had a peculiar importance at this moment, on account of its connexion with the Government of Ireland. The principal events of the fragment of the session which succeeded the formation of Mr. Canning's Ministry were the personal alienation of Mr. Peel from the Government, who, as Mr. Canning declared, 'openly raised the standard of opposition;' and the insertion of a hostile amendment in the Corn-law Bill, upon the motion of the Duke of Wellington, which led to the abandonment of the Bill by the Government. Lord Grey, likewise, to whom the King had conceived a personal objection, and with whom there had been no communication on the negotiation which had taken place with the Whigs, made a speech containing a severe censure of Mr. Canning's foreign and domestic policy. Parliament was prorogued on the 2nd of July, at which time Mr. Canning, though his constitution was impaired, enjoyed his usual health; but on the 3rd of August he was seized with a severe inflammatory attack, and on the 8th he died. We shall have occasion, in following the course of events till the end of 1830, to estimate the effects produced by Mr. Canning's sudden and premature death, at the moment when his ministerial arrangements had been completed, and his Cabinet had assumed a definitive form. We will only remark, that as an orator, he has never, in our opinion, been surpassed, if he has ever been equalled, among the statesmen of this country. * Burke's diction may have been more copious and vehement; but we know that his speeches were marred in the delivery. Mr. Canning's voice was clear, flexible, and harmonious, though not powerful; his manner was animated and impressive in the highest degree.

The contest for the post of Prime Minister which took place upon Lord Liverpool's resignation was substantially a struggle for personal ascendancy.* Mr. Canning advised the King to form an exclusively anti-Catholic administration, believing such a government to be impossible, and also convinced that if possible it would be ruinous to the state. When he received from the King the answer which he expected, and was told that there was no wish to dispense with his services, he made conditions which were inconsistent with any other person being appointed Prime Minister. Mr. Canning would not consent to

* Sir Walter Scott was told by Lord Melville, in July 1827, that Mr. Canning had said that 'the office of Premier was his by inheritance; he could not, from constitution, hold it above two years, and then it would descend to Peel.' (*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*)

an anti-Catholic Prime Minister because it was a proscription of his opinions in his person; Mr. Peel would not consent to a pro-Catholic Prime Minister, because it was inconsistent with the part which he had taken in the Catholic Question and with his position as Home Secretary. Neither of these two arguments could properly be reconciled with the doctrine of making the Catholic Question an open question, to which nevertheless each of the leaders adhered, though Mr. Canning could urge, with truth, that if the Cabinet were to be strictly neutral on the Catholic Question, it was a violation of the principle of neutrality to insist upon an anti-Catholic Prime Minister. It appears to us that if Mr. Peel believed in his own arguments on the Catholic Question; if he really thought that the removal of the Catholic disabilities would be productive of the evils which he described; and that the existing system of exclusion ought to be permanently maintained as an integral part of the British Constitution; then he ought to have urged upon the King the formation of an administration upon the principle of resistance to the Catholic claims, and to have himself offered to take a leading part in it. If, however, he had a lurking consciousness that his arguments were unsound, and his policy mischievous; and that a case of necessity for conceding the Catholic claims might speedily arise, then he ought, notwithstanding the eminence which he had achieved as anti-Catholic leader, to have openly renounced his advocacy of a cause which he felt to be untenable. If Mr. Peel and the anti-Catholic members of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet were sincerely persuaded of the goodness of their cause, they ought to have set Mr. Canning at defiance, and to have formed an anti-Catholic government; if they had not that sincere conviction, they ought not to have refused to join his Ministry.* In

* Sir Walter Scott, in his letter of May 1827, already cited, thus comments on the members of the Liverpool Cabinet who refused to join Mr. Canning:—‘They ought either to have made a stand without Canning, or a stand with him; for to abdicate as they have done was the way to subject the country to all the future experiments which this Catholic Emancipation may lead those that now carry it to attempt, and which may prove worse, far worse, than anything connected with the question itself. Thus says the old Scotch Tory. But I for one do not believe that it was the Question of Emancipation, or any public question, which carried them out. I believe the predominant motive in the bosom of every one of them was personal hostility to Canning, and that with more prudence, less arbitrary manners, and more attention to the feelings of his colleagues, he would have stepped *nem. con.* into the situation of Prime Minister, to which his eloquence and talent naturally point him out.’ See Sir

a conversation which Lord Eldon had with the King in March 1829, while the Catholic Relief Bill was before Parliament, His Majesty stated that when Mr. Canning was made Minister, he engaged that the Catholic Question should never be brought forward, and he blamed the Ministers who retired upon Mr. Canning's appointment for having thrown the power into his hands.* Sir Robert Peel, however, in the memoir left by him for posthumous publication, states that the King must clearly have been mistaken in supposing Mr. Canning to have given any such engagement; and it may be added that, if the King wished to exclude Mr. Canning from power, he ought to have attempted the formation of an anti-Catholic government.

• Upon Mr. Canning's death, Lord Goderich, who had been the ministerial leader of the House of Lords in the late administration, was promoted by the King to the post of Prime Minister. The following additional changes were now made; the Duke of Portland was appointed President of the Council instead of Lord Harrowby, who retired on account of ill health; Mr. Huskisson succeeded Lord Goderich as Colonial Secretary, and was intended to be leader of the House of Commons; Mr. C. Grant was his successor at the Board of Trade; Mr. Herries became Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Lord Anglesey entered the Cabinet as Master-General of the Ordnance.† During the recess, a difference of opinion arose between Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Herries respecting the selection of a chairman of the Finance Committee, which was to be moved for in the following session; neither would yield his opinion, and Lord Goderich, declining to become the arbiter of this dispute between his two colleagues, tendered his resignation, which was accepted. The King, apparently reluctant to fall back at once upon the ultra-Tory leaders, attempted to induce Lord Harrowby to form an administration, who declined on account of the state of his health ‡: it seems likewise that His Majesty would have been

Walter Scott's further remarks on Mr. Canning's alliance with the Whigs, and its probable effects in promoting an Anti-Tory policy, in his letter to M. Morritt, June 10. 1827. (*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*)

* Twiss, *Life of Eldon*, vol. iii. p. 82.

† Lord Lansdowne's reasons for retaining office in the Government of Lord Goderich, after Mr. Canning's death, are stated in *Mem. of Moore*, vol. v. p. 198. He tendered his resignation to the King in September, but consented to remain, on condition that he might have the royal authority for stating that it was solely in submission to the express desire of His Majesty that he did so.

‡ Lord Harrowby was now sixty-six years old. The interview of Lord Harrowby with the King took place at Windsor Lodge, on the

willing to entrust the same commission to Mr. Huskisson, if he could have ventured to accept it; however, Lord Goderich having tendered his final resignation on the 8th of January, the King, on the following day, sent for the Duke of Wellington, and authorised him to form an administration. The account of his interview with the King which the Duke wrote to Mr. Peel on the same day was as follows: 'He (the King) said that he thought the government must be composed of persons of both opinions with respect to the Roman Catholic Question; that he approved of all his late and former servants; and that he had no objection to anybody excepting to Lord Grey. He afterwards expressed a wish to retain the Duke of Devonshire* and Lord Carlisle in his service, and he spoke highly of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Dudley; but upon the whole he left me *carte blanche*, with the single exception above mentioned; and he repeatedly desired that I would form for him a strong government. . . . The King said that it was understood the Roman Catholic Question was not to be made a cabinet question; that there was to be a Protestant Lord Chancellor, a Protestant Lord Lieutenant, and a Protestant Chancellor of Ireland.†

18th of December, 1827. The King tried to tempt Lord Harrowby by an offer of the Garter: a circumstance alluded to in one of the squibs of the day, which, describing the endeavours vainly made to find a coachman for the state coach, mentioned 'an experienced *rider* ' as one of the persons applied to, but added that he declined to 'handle the ribbons.'

* The Duke of Devonshire had held the office of Lord Chamberlain since May 1827.

† Letter to Mr. Peel, of Jan. 9. 1828; Mem. of Peel, vol. i. p. 11. The objection made by George IV. to Lord Grey, like that made by his father to Mr. Fox, is likewise mentioned in Biogr. Mem. of Huskisson, p. 156. Mr. Raikes, in his Journal for Sept. 24. 1843, reports the following passage from the conversation of the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle:—'When he sent for me to form a new Administration, in 1828, he was then seriously ill, though he would never allow it. I found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket and a turban nightcap, one as greasy as the other; for, notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private. The first words he said to me were, "Arthur, the Cabinet is defunct;" and then he began to describe the manner in which the late Ministers had taken leave of him on giving in their resignations. This was accompanied by the most ludicrous mimicry of the voice and manner of each individual, so strikingly like, that it was quite impossible to refrain from fits of laughter.' There must be some confusion in Mr. Raikes' notes or in

The effect of Mr. Canning's premature death began now to show itself in a reactionary tendency, at a moment when a progressive movement in the Liberal direction was peculiarly desirable. The Coalition Administration, which he had formed, and which had not time to acquire cohesion and firmness during his life, naturally fell to pieces soon after his death; and the King, resolved before all things to avoid a Whig Government, had recourse to the Duke of Wellington, whose main reliance must necessarily be upon Mr. Peel. His Majesty, however, announced from the beginning that there was to be no attempt at unanimity in opposition to the Catholic Question. The new Cabinet was thus formed. The Duke of Wellington became First Lord of the Treasury. The Whig members of the two late administrations, viz. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle, and Mr. Tierney, withdrew. They were accompanied by Mr. Wynn. Mr. Peel returned to the Home Office, and his friend Mr. Goulburn was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Herries being transferred to the Mastership of the Mint. Lord Bathurst replaced the Duke of Portland as President of the Council. Lord Ellenborough was appointed Privy Seal, Lord Melville, President of the Board of Control, and Lord Aberdeen, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; the latter in the room of Lord Bexley. The Lord Chancellor and the four Canningites remained.

Parliament was opened on the 29th of January, and explanations were afforded respecting the dissolution of the Ministry of Lord Goderich, and the formation of that of the Duke of Wellington. The only important measure of the session was the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, which cast a stigma upon Dissenters, though without practically excluding them from offices, as their omission to take the sacramental test was healed by an annual Indemnity Act. The question was brought forward by Lord John Russell; his motion was opposed by the Government, but was carried by a majority of 44. The Bill was read a second time without a division; a declaration was inserted by Mr. Peel in the Bill in Committee — and in this shape it passed the House of Commons without any further opposition. The House of Lords agreed to it with some unimportant verbal amendments, and the measure became law. Later in the session (May 8th), Sir Francis Burdett moved a resolution for considering the laws relative to the Roman Catholics; which motion was carried by a majority of six, the num-

the Duke's recollection, for the outgoing Ministers could not have had their audiences of leave before the Duke of Wellington's first interview with the King. •

bers being 272 to 266. This resolution was communicated to the House of Lords, and the question was fully debated in that assembly. The Duke of Wellington, as Prime Minister, expressed himself as decidedly hostile to the removal of the Catholic disabilities, though his tone was conciliatory; and the motion was negatived by 181 to 137. The votes of this session therefore showed that the House of Commons was favourable to the principle of religious liberty; and that though nearly divided on the Catholic Question, there was a bare majority in its favour; whereas a large majority of the House of Lords still held firmly to the anti-Catholic code. It is clear that at this moment the House of Lords, and not the House of Commons, was the main obstacle to the settlement of the Catholic Question. The Corn-law Bill, establishing a sliding scale of high protective duties, was revived by the Government, and passed in a form substantially identical with the dropped Bill of the previous session, though less favourable to the consumer.

While a Bill for extending the franchise of East Retford to the hundreds, proposed in this session by Mr. Peel, was in Committee, Mr. Huskisson voted for a clause transferring the franchise to Birmingham. This vote was given on May the 19th. On his return home, at a late hour, after the debate, Mr. Huskisson, before going to bed, wrote a letter to the Duke of Wellington, stating what he had done, and tendering his resignation. The Duke, upon receiving this letter at ten o'clock on the following morning, wrote back an answer, expressing his surprise and concern at the contents of it, and stating that he had laid it before the King. Mr. Huskisson, not prepared for so sudden and absolute an acceptance of his offer, sent Lord Dudley, and afterwards Lord Palmerston, to explain to the Duke that he had mistaken the meaning of the letter. The Duke, however, replied, that 'It is no mistake, it can be no mistake, and shall be no mistake;' and refused to make any overture towards an amicable settlement of the question. A correspondence ensued between Mr. Huskisson and the Duke, but it led to no result. Mr. Huskisson would not request permission to withdraw the letter; the Duke would not ask him to withdraw it; and the resignation consequently remained unrevoked. Judged upon moral grounds, the conduct of the Duke of Wellington on this occasion is unobjectionable; Mr. Huskisson's letter certainly conveyed the meaning which he attributed to it, and he was justified in acting upon a letter which Mr. Huskisson expressed no wish to recall. But as a politician, he showed (as we think) a remarkable narrowness of mind and want of foresight, in permitting so trifling a ground of difference, and one which could

have been removed without any real loss of dignity or honour, to be the means of expelling the more liberal section of his Cabinet, in the existing state of affairs. With Mr. Huskisson, the other Canningites of the Cabinet, namely, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. C. Grant, likewise resigned. Mr. W. Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne) also resigned his office of Irish Secretary on the same ground. In consequence of these resignations, Lord Aberdeen was advanced to the Foreign Department; Sir George Murray became Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, President of the Board of Trade. The offices of Secretary-at-War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster were filled by Sir Henry Hardinge and Mr. Arbuthnot, but without seats in the Cabinet.

The resignation of Mr. Huskisson and the Canningite section of the Cabinet, was important not only in its necessary and contemplated result, of giving to the Ministry a deeper and more un-mixed Tory hue, but also in an accidental and unforeseen effect, which illustrated the saying of Aristotle, that revolutions, though they are made for great objects, often spring out of trifling circumstances. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, by accepting the office of President of the Board of Trade, upon the resignation of Mr. C. Grant, vacated his seat in the House of Commons, as member for the county of Clare. When he presented himself for re-election, he was opposed by Mr. O'Connell, who, though as a Roman Catholic unable to take the oaths at the table of the House of Commons, was not disqualified by law for election as a member. The poll took place at the beginning of July; the excitement and violence of language were great; the small freeholders, almost universally Catholics, were led to the hustings by their priests, in order to vote for Mr. O'Connell; and Mr. Fitzgerald, though backed by all the gentry of the country, was defeated by a large majority. Mr. Fitzgerald had always been a friend to Emancipation; but this availed him nothing. 'The time is come (said Mr. O'Connell, to the Clare electors) when the system which has been pursued towards this country must be put a stop to. It will not do for the future to say, "Sweet friend, I wish you well;" but it must be shown by acts that they do wish us well. It is time that this system should be put an end to; and I am come here to put an end to it.' After the long parliamentary agitation of the Catholic Question, and after the obstinate resistance of the dominant party in England to the claims of the Catholics, Mr. O'Connell had now arrived at the conviction that nothing was to be hoped from the justice of England, and that the relief which he sought could only be extorted from her fears. He, therefore, resorted to a

method of remonstrance, which, without a resort to violence, or a breach of the law, was practically a defiance to England. He approached the portals of the Constitution with a demand, not a petition, for admittance. We think that he was right: the patience of the Irish Catholics had been long tried, and had borne much; but the intolerant spirit of Great Britain seemed equally proof against time and reason.

‘*Quam neque longa dies, pietas nec mitigat ulla.*’

Something more effective than annual motions in the two Houses of Parliament was required, in order to remove the civil disabilities of six millions of British subjects. As the Catholics, though they could not sit and vote in Parliament, could exercise the elective franchise, the experiment which Mr. O’Connell had tried in Clare, could manifestly be repeated with success in a large number of the other counties in Ireland.

Parliament was prorogued on the 28th of July. The lesson taught by the Clare election was so decisive, that before the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel parted at the end of the session, they agreed that the Duke should send Mr. Peel a full statement of his views on the state of Ireland and the Catholic Question. On the 9th of August, the Duke of Wellington communicated to Mr. Peel (who was at Brighton), a memorandum on the state of Ireland, which he had sent to the King, with an accompanying letter; the King’s answer; a memorandum on the Catholic Question, containing a plan for its settlement, which he had since drawn, and a letter to the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Peel returned these papers on the 11th, with a letter and memorandum, containing a full and unreserved exposition of his views. The conclusion at which he arrives, after a statement of his reasons, is that there would be less evil in making a decided effort to settle the Catholic Question, than in leaving it an open question; but that its satisfactory adjustment would not be promoted by committing the charge of it in the House of Commons to his hands. He promises to resign at whatever time may be found most convenient, and to co-operate cordially with the Duke’s Government in supporting the measure to be introduced into Parliament.* In his memorandum he discusses the nature of the legislative measure to be proposed. The Duke communicated Mr. Peel’s papers to Lord Lyndhurst, but not to the King; and the matter rested here for the present.*

* *Mem. of Peel*, vol. i. pp. 177–202. His views on the impossibility of the Catholic Question remaining an open question are repeated in his memorandum of Jan. 12. 1829. (*Ibid.* p. 291.)

The problem which the Cabinet were now called upon to solve, is correctly stated by Mr. Peel in the papers which he drew up at this time. It was properly a national and not a religious question; not merely the removal of disabilities from a body of religionists, but the pacification of Ireland was at issue. The Catholic Association had brought matters to a pass which rendered it necessary for England to choose between the concession of the Catholic claims and the reconquest of Ireland.* A Cabinet neutral upon the Catholic Question was no longer a possibility. 'Such is the extraordinary power of 'the Association' (said Lord Anglesey, the Lord Lieutenant, in a letter of July 2nd, 1828), 'or rather of the agitators, 'of whom there are many of high ability, of ardent mind, of 'great daring—that I am quite certain they could lead on 'the people to open rebellion at a moment's notice; and their 'organisation is such that in the hands of desperate and intelligent leaders, they would be extremely formidable.' 'I have 'little doubt' (said Lord Francis Leveson, the Chief Secretary, in a letter to Mr. Peel, of Dec. 2nd, 1828), 'that the peasantry 'of the South at present look forward to the period of O'Connell's expulsion from the House of Commons as the time of 'rising, but any occurrence in the interval which should appear 'to be adverse to the interests of the Roman Catholic body 'might precipitate this result.'

The menaces were not, however, confined to the Irish Catholics. The Irish Protestants, a high-spirited body, accustomed to command, and ignorant of fear, had been roused by the violence of their opponents; they had converted their Orange Lodges into Brunswick Clubs, and were ready, at a moment's notice, to take the field against their Catholic countrymen. 'The Orangemen' (Lord Anglesey writes to Mr. Peel, in September), 'or, 'I suppose I am now to call them the Brunswickers, are rivalling 'the Association both in violence and rent. Two Associations 'and two Rents are rather formidable.' 'It is clear' (said Mr. Shiel in a speech delivered at this time to the Catholic Association) 'that the division between Catholic and Protestant is 'widening. They were before parted, but they are now rent 'asunder; and while the Catholic Association rises up from the 'indignant passions of one great body of the community, the 'Brunswick Club is springing out of the irritated pride and the 'sectarian rancour of the Protestants of Ireland.' The Protestant movement was not likely to be long confined to Ireland. The Protestants of England soon began to express their sympathies with their Irish brethren, and a great county meeting for Kent was held on Penenden Heath, in October, for the purpose of

supporting the Irish Brunswickers. In this state of things, Lord Anglesey (who had hitherto been an opponent of the Catholic claims), pressed upon the Cabinet the necessity of immediate legislation. He predicted a quiet winter, and told Mr. Peel that the English Government would have time to legislate before the Irish Government began to fight; but he declared that he could not answer for the tranquillity of Ireland beyond the meeting of Parliament; and that things could not remain as they were.*

The Duke of Wellington and his colleagues—assuming that they continued in office, and faced the difficulty of the moment, had three alternatives presented to their choice: namely, the Reconquest of Ireland, Repeal of the Union, and Catholic Emancipation.

It appears from Sir R. Peel's memorandum of January 12th, 1829, that out of the 93 members for Ireland 61 in the session of 1828 voted in favour of the Catholic Question, and that out of 61 county members 45 voted on the same side; and he shows that an attempt to govern Ireland by an English majority, while the Irish Catholics were so strongly represented in Parliament, would render the transaction of business in the House of Commons impossible.† In order to govern Ireland in defiance of the opinions of the Irish Catholics, a reconquest of the country and its permanent treatment after the fashion of Poland and Hungary, would have been necessary. We are not prepared to say that the majority of the people of England, if their pride, their passions, and their religious feelings had been

* In a letter of Sept. 9. 1828, to the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Grenville expresses himself thus: 'The measure of Catholic Emancipation is fast approaching, and that irresistibly. I know from the most unquestionable authority, that very many of the Orange Protestants in Ireland are now so entirely alarmed at their own position that they express in the most unqualified terms their earnest desire for any settlement of the question at issue on any terms; and Dawson's recantation, which the papers will have shown you, has been the signal for a more undisguised display of the same opinions. It must take place, as I believe, before many months shall pass.' (*Mem. of Court of George IV.*, vol. ii. p. 380.)

† *Mem. of Peel*, vol. i. pp. 289–91. The more intelligent of the Irish Protestants seem to have been aware at this time that the state of affairs was perilous, and that some concession was necessary. Mr. Leslie Foster, a steady opponent of the Catholic claims, in a letter to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, of Nov. 14. 1828, says, 'I have not a doubt that a majority even of the Brunswickers are friendly to a settlement upon proper terms.' (*Ibid.* p. 266.)

gradually and skilfully inflamed, might not have sanctioned this course, so far at least as the preliminary steps were concerned. But neither the Duke of Wellington nor Mr. Peel were politicians of the stamp of Strafford or the Duke of Alva. They were both essentially humane men. The Duke of Wellington, in the most impressive passage which he ever delivered to a deliberative assembly, assured the House of Lords that he knew too well what were the evils of civil war ever to inflict them voluntarily upon any country. Mr. Peel, though he had played too long with the Catholic Question, and used it as the instrument and ladder of his ambition, had the views of a statesman, and saw too clearly the inevitable results of a further denial of equal laws to Ireland, to be able to advise the reduction and the subsequent government of that country by a Protestant army composed of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irish Orangemen. No great amount either of perspicacity or of public virtue was in truth requisite in order to foresee and to avoid this extremity. A repeal of the Union, and a permanent separation of Ireland from Great Britain, was a course which no English Minister could entertain; consequently there remained only the alternative of Catholic Emancipation, and that without loss of time.*

The subject had not been brought before the Cabinet at the end of 1828; and early in January 1829, the Duke of Wellington communicated with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and two of the Bishops with a view of obtaining their consent to an adjustment of the Catholic Question; but he received from them a decided refusal.† There was a fear at this time that the King might make a public declaration of his intention to maintain the disabilities on religious grounds, and thus assume a position similar to that formerly occupied by his father. In order to

* The following anecdote is related in 'Raikes' Journal,' Dec. 25. 1832: 'When the Duke had made up his mind that he could no longer refuse Catholic Emancipation, without endangering the loss of Ireland, he told the late King, who was decidedly averse to the measure, that only one of three alternatives remained to him,—either to reconquer Ireland, to make the concession, or to resign. Constituted as the army then was, the first was impossible; the choice must then fall on one of the other two. The King demanded time to consider. In the meantime the Duke applied to Peel for his concurrence in carrying the measure.' The anecdote rests on the authority of Sir Alexander Grant, who had heard it from Sir R. Peel. The allusion to the constitution of the army refers to the number of Irish Catholics which it contained.

† Mem. of Peel, vol. i. p. 276.

guard against this danger, Mr. Peel, on the 12th of January, addressed a letter to the Duke of Wellington, offering, if he desired it, to remain in office, in order to assist in carrying the contemplated measure; and at the same time sent him a memorandum, setting forth the reasons why the Cabinet should be authorised by the King to take the whole state of Ireland into consideration, with a view to the settlement of the Catholic Question. The memorandum was submitted by the Duke of Wellington to the King, who gave the authority which it advised; and the Duke accepted Mr. Peel's offer of retaining his office, which indeed was a necessary condition for the success of the measure in the hands of the existing Government. The Cabinet agreed unanimously and without delay to the principle of the settlement proposed by their two chiefs; and on the 17th of January Mr. Peel communicated to his colleagues a memorandum containing his plan of a measure, which was little more than a simple repeal of the existing disabilities.* A passage was inserted in the speech from the throne, recommending a consideration of the whole condition of Ireland, and a review of the laws imposing civil disabilities on Roman Catholics, to which the King gave a reluctant consent; on the 5th of February Parliament was opened by commission, and the King's speech was read by the Chancellor.

The uncertainty in which the Cabinet had remained up to the meeting of Parliament, in consequence of the recency of

* Sir R. Peel, in a speech in the House of Commons on the Reform Bill, Dec. 17. 1831, gave a narrative of the circumstances which led to his undertaking to carry the Catholic Relief Bill in Parliament; and described an imaginary conversation between himself and the King, in which the King pointed out to him the inconsistency of calling on him to sacrifice scruples which he would not sacrifice himself. It is clear from Sir R. Peel's published Memoir that no such conversation could have actually taken place; and that he only meant to put in a dramatic form the respective positions of the two parties. All his communications with the King at this time were made through the Duke of Wellington; his only interview with His Majesty between the two sessions of Parliament, was that together with the Duke and Lord Lyndhurst, the character of which was of a wholly different nature. In fact, the King objected to the concession; he had no wish to assist the Duke of Wellington, and would have been glad if Mr. Peel had resigned. Sir Alexander Grant, who related the anecdote, in an incorrect form, to Mr. Raikes, understood that this retort had been actually made by the King. (Raikes' Journal, Dec. 25. 1832.)

their own conversion, and of the resistance made by the King, rendered it necessary for them to observe a strict secrecy as to their intentions; they even went further and created by their acts a belief that they adhered to their declared opinions on the subject. The Lancashire progress of Mr. Peel in the autumn, the Duke of Wellington's letter to Dr. Curtis in December, and the subsequent recall of Lord Anglesey (who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the beginning of the year, upon the resignation of Lord Wellesley) tended to produce an impression that the leaders of the Cabinet were still staunch to the Protestant cause. Their declarations in the session of 1828 likewise negatived the idea that their convictions on this subject had undergone any change. This secrecy lulled the Anti-Catholic party into a false security; it masked the battery until the guns were in position, and ready to play upon them. It therefore promoted the success of the measure; but their conviction that they had been defeated by a stratagem created a strong vindictive feeling, which was destined to produce important political results.

The proceedings of Parliament were commenced by a motion of Mr. Peel for a Bill to suppress the Catholic Association; which was allowed to pass unopposed, as being a prelude to the repeal of the Catholic disabilities. This association had in fact gained its object; the Government had yielded to its menaces, and therefore its advocates might reasonably consent to its suppression. We may here remark that the three great questions of the last thirty years,—the Catholic Question, Parliamentary Reform, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws,—have been all carried by political associations, whose object was rather to intimidate than to convince the Legislature. The existence of the Catholic Association, the Political Unions, and the Anti-Corn-Law League may prove the freedom of our constitutional system, and the safety of its working even when its machinery is deranged by external influences; but it speaks little for the wisdom of the leading statesmen who made so long and so stubborn a fight in defence of the established institutions; and rendered each of these three great settlements a capitulation to a victorious enemy rather than a grant of an acknowledged right. In each case the Legislature had the appearance of passing a wholesome measure upon compulsion, not because it was wholesome, but because it could no longer be withheld. The existence of the Catholic Association produced moreover the ulterior mischief, that it engendered a spirit, and gave rise to hopes, which called forth the Repeal Association; and thus

Ireland was for several years kept in a state which threatened its forcible disruption from Great Britain.*

The Bill for the Suppression of the Catholic Association passed the House of Commons on the 17th of February. On the 20th Mr. Peel accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and vacated his seat for the University of Oxford. His re-election was successfully opposed by Sir Robert Inglis, and on the 3rd of March he took his seat as member for Westbury. On that day he gave notice that on the 5th he would call the attention of the House to that part of the speech from the throne which related to the state of Ireland and Catholic disabilities; but in the meantime an event happened which nearly frustrated this intention. On the evening of the 3rd, the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Peel were summoned to attend the King at Windsor on the morrow. When the three Ministers were admitted to an interview, the King appeared to be in a state of uneasiness; he stated the pain with which he had assented to their advice on the Catholic Question, and announced his wish to receive a more complete explanation of the manner in which they proposed to carry their object into effect. This explanation was given by Mr. Peel; but it failed to satisfy the King who, in a rapid and earnest tone of voice, objected to the proposed omission from the Oath of Supremacy, of the words relating to the spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Pope. To this objection, notwithstanding the further explanations of his Ministers, the King adhered†; expressed his regret that he had misunderstood their intentions, and retracted the consent which he had given to the measure. He then asked Mr. Peel what course he intended to take on the following day, for which his notice stood. Mr. Peel's immediate answer was, that after the announcement in the King's speech, his vacating of his seat for Oxford, and the passing of the Bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association, the only course open to him was to resign his office, and to withdraw his notice. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst concurred in

* Mr. O'Connell declared for Repeal of the Union at the first Clare election (Ann. Reg. 1828, p. 127.), and again in the following year (Ibid. 1829, p. 127.). He formed an Anti-Union Association in 1830. (Ibid. 1830, p. 148.)

† It may be remarked, that the attaching of importance to declaratory oaths, as a political security, is an indication of minds of a certain stamp, and of a certain amount of intelligence, which is nearly infallible.

this course, and signified their intention to resign their offices with Mr. Peel. The King said that he could not be surprised at their decision, and parted with them in a kind, and almost affectionate manner, after an interview which had lasted five hours. On their return to London, the three Ministers joined their colleagues, who were assembled at a Cabinet dinner, and informed them, much to their surprise, that they were no longer in office. The King, however, soon discovered, upon reflection, or consultation, that he had gone too far to be able to, recede: accordingly, at a late hour in the evening, he addressed a letter to the Duke of Wellington, authorising his three Ministers to withdraw their resignations, and to proceed with the announced measure. Mr. Peel suggested a further reference to the King, with a view of obtaining a distinct written authority from him, that the measures were proposed with his entire consent and sanction; which was given without further hesitation.* The conduct of George IV., on this occasion exhibits a remarkable contrast to his father's character. George III. was obstinate in resisting a measure which he disliked, and artful in turning out Ministers whom he wished to remove, but he took care to object at a moment when the country would support him; he knew when he was beaten, and never exhibited himself in the undignified attitude of attempting resistance when it was too late.

* The account of this singular transaction given in 'Mem. of Peel' (vol. i. pp. 343-50.), has been followed. An inaccurate representation of what passed on this occasion was made by the King to Lord Eldon a few weeks afterwards, when the Bill was before the House of Lords. (See Twiss' 'Life of Eldon,' vol. iii. pp. 82-7.) Lord Eldon's description of his interview on March 28. 1829, in which the King repeatedly expressed his strong repugnance to the measure, ends thus: 'Little more passed except occasional bursts of expression,—“What can I do? What can I now fall back upon? “What can I fall back upon? I am miserable, wretched, my situation is dreadful; nobody about me to advise with. If I do give “my consent, I'll go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover; I'll return no more to England. I'll make no Roman Catholic peers. I will not do what this Bill will enable me to do. I'll return no more! Let them get a Catholic king in Clarence.” I think he also mentioned Sussex. “The people will see that I did “not wish this.” There were the strongest appearances certainly of misery. He more than once stopped my leaving him. When the time came that I was to go, he threw his arms round my neck and expressed great misery.' (Ibid. p. 86.) The King was mistaken in thinking that, before the Catholic Relief Bill passed, he could not create Catholic peers. He could create them; but when they were created they could not sit and vote in the House of Lords.

On the 5th of March, Mr. Peel moved the first step of a Bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics; his motion was carried by 348 to 160, the Bill was read a second time by a majority of 353 to 183, and a third time by a majority of 320 to 142. In the House of Lords, there were 217 to 112 votes for the second reading, and 213 to 109 for the third reading. On the 13th of April the Bill received the Royal Assent. Subsequently the Government proposed and carried a Bill for raising the freehold franchise in the Irish counties from 40s. to 10l. a year. The Catholic Relief Bill, therefore, after so many legislative miscarriages, passed both Houses by majorities of about two to one. This result of so important a parliamentary conflict, amidst so many shoals and breakers, was mainly owing to the patriotic conduct of the Opposition. To their support Sir Robert Peel bears witness in words not less honourable to himself than to the independent members of both Houses. 'I cannot advert to that conflict (says Sir Robert Peel in his *Memoir*), even after the interval of twenty years, without placing on record my grateful acknowledgment of the cordial support which we received in both Houses of Parliament, not only from all those with whom our official connexion had been then recently interrupted, but from those also who had never had any political connexion with us, and might be considered, so far as the interests and ties of party were concerned, our decided opponents. It was not merely that they supported our measures, but they cautiously abstained from everything which might have thrown obstructions in our way, and in many instances forbore from pressing objections strongly felt to portions of the plan, in order that their general support of that plan as a whole might be cordial and effective.'

From the singular conduct of the King in attempting to recede from his promise after the measure had been announced to Parliament, it may be inferred that he gave the royal assent with reluctance, and that he viewed with dislike the Ministers who had compelled him to make the concession. Mr. Grenville thus describes the King's feelings in a letter of April 14. 1829: —

'The royal assent was yesterday given by commission, I believe, with a very reluctant mind; and many rumours are abroad of the King being persuaded by the Duke of Cumberland to look about for the means of forming a new Administration; but this practically will be found so full of difficulties that I hesitate to give faith to it, and attribute the report only to the harsh language in which the King is said to indulge himself, whenever he speaks of the Duke of Wellington. The King, however, is fonder of abusing his Ministers than of changing them; for a few hard words cost him nothing; but a great

political change could not be made, if at all, without much more trouble, fatigue, and worry to the King than he will like to expose himself to.' (Vol. ii. p. 395.)

The following characteristic letter of the Duke of Wellington, in explanation of the motives of his duel with Lord Winchilsea, and of the success with which that duel had been attended, is printed in the recent *Memoirs of the Court of George IV.* It is dated 21st of April, 1829, and is addressed to the Duke of Buckingham, who was then in Italy. The duel had taken place on the 21st of March.

'I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 6th, which I received this morning.

'The truth is that the duel with Lord Winchilsea was as much part of the Roman Catholic Question, and it was as necessary to undertake it, and carry it out to the extremity to which I did carry it, as it was to do everything else which I did do to attain the object which I had in view.

'I was living here for some time in an atmosphere of calumny. I could do nothing that was not misrepresented, as having some bad purpose in view. If my physician called upon me, it was for treasonable purposes. If I said a word, whether in Parliament or elsewhere, it was misrepresented for the purpose of fixing upon me some gross delusion or falsehood. Even my conversations with the King were repeated, misrepresented, and commented upon; and all for the purpose of shaking the credit which the Parliament was inclined to give to what I said.

'The courts of justice were shut, and not to open till May. I knew that the Bill must pass or be lost before the 15th of April.

'In this state of things Lord Winchilsea published his furious letter. I immediately perceived the advantage it gave me; and I determined to act upon it in such a tone as would certainly put me in the right. Not only was I successful in the execution of my project, but the project itself produced the effect which I looked for and intended that it should produce. The atmosphere of calumny in which I had been for some time living, cleared away. The system of calumny was discontinued. Men were ashamed of repeating what had been told to them; and I have reason to believe, moreover, that intentions not short of criminal were given up in consequence of remonstrances from some of the most prudent of the party, who came forward in consequence of the duel. I am afraid that the event itself shocked many good men; but I am certain that the public interests at the moment required that I should do what I did.

'Everything is now quiet, and in Ireland we have full reason to be satisfied. We must, however, lose no time in doing everything else that is possible to promote the prosperity of that country.' (Vol. ii. p. 397.)

This description of the position in which the Duke of Wellington was placed affords a remarkable exemplification of the evils which attend upon sudden changes of political opinion, and the obstacles which beset the path of a statesman who undertakes to carry a measure which he has previously opposed.

Sir Archibald Alison has a peculiar theory upon the means by which Catholic Emancipation was carried, which we will give in his own words. 'It was (he says) a victory gained by a large portion of the aristocratic, and the greater part of the highly educated classes, over the sincere conviction and honest resistance of the vast majority of the people. . . . It was carried by the liberal opinions of the holders of a majority of the close boroughs, *which brought the Government into such straits as compelled it to force through the measure.* Catholic Emancipation was the greatest, as it was the last, triumph of the nomination system.* It must, we think, be evident to every one who has read the preceding review of events, that Catholic Emancipation was carried because the Catholic Association and the Clare election had convinced Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington that Ireland had become ungovernable, and that the choice lay between concession and civil war. If the members for close boroughs had as strong a sympathy with the Catholic cause as Sir Archibald Alison attributes to them, it is not likely that the patrons of these boroughs in the House of Lords would have been so adverse to the repeal of the disabling laws. The House of Lords had constantly shown itself less favourable to the Catholic claims than the House of Commons: in 1825 it was the House of Lords which alone prevented a peaceable settlement of the question, and frustrated the hopes of the Catholics, which were then worked up to a high pitch. It might indeed have been expected that the House of Lords would have redeemed its adherence to the interests of its order by its exemption from popular errors and popular fanaticism. Unhappily this has not been the case; on the contrary, it seems to have sought to atone for its maintenance of the interests of the aristocracy by embracing the prejudices of the democracy. Thus it has too often happened that when the people have been right, the House of Lords has been oligarchical, and that when the people have been wrong, the House of Lords has been democratic.

The justification which Sir R. Peel makes for his change of opinion and that of his colleagues in 1829, is, in our opinion, triumphant. No sane statesman, who had any regard for the

* History of Europe from 1815 to 1852, vol. iv. p. 185.

interests of the country, could have advised a further resistance to the measure of Catholic Emancipation at that crisis. The objection against which Sir R. Peel was really called to justify himself, at the bar of posterity, and not in a meeting of angry and disappointed partisans, is of a wholly different kind. 'If' (he remarks near the conclusion of his Memoir) 'it had been alleged against me that the sudden adoption of a different policy had proved the want of early sagacity and foresight on my part; if the charge had been that I had adhered with too much pertinacity to a hopeless cause; that I had permitted for too long a period the engagements of party or undue deference to the wishes of constituents to outweigh the accumulating evidence of an approaching necessity; if this had been the accusation against me, I might find it more difficult to give it a complete and decisive refutation.* Our accusation against Sir R. Peel is, not that he changed his opinion in 1829, but that he did not change it sooner. There was nothing unexpected or unforeseen in the dangers of this crisis. They had all been predicted years before; nothing occurred in 1828 which is not prefigured in Peter Plymley; the impossibility of permanently governing Ireland on a system of Catholic proscription had been well understood not only by the Whigs, but by Mr. Pitt and all the principal statesmen of his party; by Lord Grenville, Lord Melville, Lord Wellesley, Lord Harrowby, Mr. Canning, and Lord Castlereagh. The arguments by which Sir R. Peel justifies the concession of Catholic Emancipation in 1829 are very sound; but they are likewise very obvious; and had been obvious to all the more intelligent statesmen of both parties for the previous thirty years. If Sir R. Peel had been an essentially narrow-minded man, like Mr. Perceval, Lord Sidmouth, and Lord Eldon, we could forgive his obstinate persistence in error: but looking at his subsequent history, we cannot but think that (as he says himself), he allowed 'the engagements of party and an undue deference to the wishes of constituents' to determine his course long after the scales had fallen from his eyes. This remark applies particularly to the manner in which he insisted on this question, as of paramount importance, at the time when he refused to serve under Mr. Canning.†

The alliance between the Wellingtonite Tories and the Liberal Opposition for the purpose of carrying the Catholic Question, though sincere for the time, was limited to its

* Mem. of Peel, vol. i. p. 364.

† Compare the remarks on Mr. Peel's conversion, in this Journal, vol. xlviii. p. 222.

temporary object. The Whigs had never formed any political alliance with the Duke of Wellington; the Canningites had left his Government; while his sudden conversion on the Catholic Question, and the manner in which he had surprised and defeated his party, had inspired the ultra-Tories with feelings of bitterness and resentment against him. The session of 1829 was closed without difficulty; but in the session of 1830, which was opened in February, the isolated position of the Government began to be made manifest. Mr. Huskisson and the Whigs showed their hostility; and a section of the Tories were angry and discontented. The pressure upon the Government for reforms of various sorts, parliamentary, fiscal, and economical, began to be more urgent; but they gave no symptoms of any intention of following up the course of liberal policy in which they had reluctantly made one great step. While the session was advancing to its close, an event occurred which exercised an important influence upon the fate of the Ministry. On the 26th of June, George IV. died, at the age of sixty-eight, after an illness which had lasted some weeks; he was succeeded by the Duke of Clarence, who had held the office of Lord High Admiral from May, 1827, to August, 1828; at which time he was removed by the Duke of Wellington.* Parliament was prorogued on the 23rd of July, and at the same time dissolved, in consequence of the demise of the Crown. Soon after the prorogation, the revolution at Paris, by which the elder branch of the Bourbons was deposed, and Louis Philippe placed on the throne of France, took place. The elections were held under the sympathetic excitement caused by the 'three glorious days' of July; and produced a House of Commons unfavourably disposed to the Wellington Ministry, and prepared for ulterior measures of reform. It was reckoned that out of 256 English members who then sat for counties, and for boroughs more or less open, only 79 were ministerial votes; 141 were in avowed opposition, and 16 were neutral.

The melancholy death of Mr. Huskisson at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, occurred in September, 1830†, and removed the chief personal objection which the

* See Mem. of Peel, vol. i. p. 269. The office of Lord High Admiral was again put in commission, in August, 1828, with Lord Melville as First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Ellenborough, who held the Privy Seal, succeeded Lord Melville at the Board of Control; and he retained the Privy Seal till June, 1829, when it was transferred to Lord Rosslyn, a Whig.

† Mr. Huskisson was born in 1770, and therefore he died at the age of sixty. He and Mr. Canning were born in the same year.

Duke of Wellington entertained to a junction with the Canningite party. Accordingly, soon after that event the Duke addressed himself to Lord Palmerston, as the leading member of that party, and requested him to join the Cabinet, offering at the same time to admit into it two of his political friends. Lord Dudley, Mr. Charles Grant, and Mr. William Lamb, were the persons named by Lord Palmerston as those with whom he then considered himself as mainly acting; but he declined to join the Cabinet unless Lord Grey and Lord Lansdowne were included in the arrangement. This condition put an end to the negotiation, as it involved a complete remodelling of the Cabinet, which the Duke did not contemplate.*

•Parliament assembled for the first session under the new reign on the 26th of October, 1830. The Government appear to have been prepared to meet their fate with resignation, and they speedily laid their head upon the block. Sir R. Peel was at this moment the real head of the Ministry; the most perfect understanding existed between him and the Duke of Wellington †, and in his knowledge of civil politics he was so superior to the Duke that he could not fail to be his guide in all domestic questions of importance. It was by his advice, authority, and management, that the Catholic Question had been carried; and he was, doubtless, unwilling to repeat in 1830, for Parliamentary Reform, the process through which he had passed in 1828 for the Catholic Question. The Government therefore decided to yield nothing to the rising spirit of reform; and the Duke of Wellington made, on the first night of the session, a declaration of ultra-Conservatism on the subject, which seemed almost intended to provoke opposition and to court defeat. 'I am not only not prepared'—he said, in allusion to Lord Grey's remarks on a measure for reform of the representation—'to bring forward any measure of this nature, but I will at once declare that, as far as I am concerned, as long as I hold any station in the government of the country, I shall always feel it my duty to resist such measures when proposed by

* The fact of this negotiation (the details of which are here given from authentic information) was known at the time. See Twiss, *Life of Eldon*, vol. iii. p. 118.

† Sir R. Peel says in his Memoir: 'From the moment of his appointment to the chief place in the Government, not a day had passed without the most unreserved communication personally or in writing; not a point had arisen on which (as my correspondence with the Duke will amply testify) there had not been the most complete and cordial concurrence of opinion.' (*Mem. of Peel*, vol. i. p. 279.)

'others.' On the same night Mr. Brougham, who had been elected for Yorkshire, gave notice of a motion on Parliamentary Reform, for the 16th of November. Another event at this time likewise served to precipitate the fall of the Wellington Ministry. The King had accepted an invitation from the Lord Mayor of London to dine at Guildhall on the 9th of November, but the fears of a popular tumult in consequence of the attitude assumed by Ministers*, induced them to advise His Majesty to postpone his visit to another occasion.

On the 15th of November, a motion to refer the Civil List estimates of Ministers to a select committee was made by Sir H. Parnell, and carried against the Government by a majority of 29, the votes for the motion being 233 to 204. Sir Edward Knatchbull and a section of the discontented Tories voted for the motion. On the following day the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel, in their respective Houses of Parliament, announced that the resignations of Ministers had been tendered and accepted. The vote was not of such a nature as necessarily to entail the resignation of Ministers; but they doubtless took it as an indication of a spirit which would soon find an opportunity for a declaration of a more decisive character. They likewise stated subsequently that they were influenced in their decision by the prospect of the vote upon Mr. Brougham's motion on Parliamentary Reform.

Such was the result of Mr. Canning's premature death, and of the attempt of George IV. to establish a reactionary administration under the primacy of the Duke of Wellington.† If

* The desire of creating a disturbance was materially strengthened by the dislike of the thieves and disorderly classes of the metropolis, to the new metropolitan police, which was introduced at this time under Sir R. Peel's Act, passed in the session of 1830; a measure for which he deserves the gratitude of the country.

† Sir Walter Scott foresaw clearly the probable failure of such an attempt. The following reflections occur in his diary of Aug. 11. 1827, the day after he heard the news of Mr. Canning's death: 'A high Tory administration would be a great evil at this time. There are repairs in the structure of our Constitution which ought to be made at this season, and without which the people will not long be silent. A pure Whig administration would probably play the devil by attempting a thorough repair.' (*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*) If Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Perceval, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning, had been alive in 1830, their respective ages would have been as follows: Mr. Fox, 81; Mr. Pitt, 71; Mr. Perceval, 68; Lord Castlereagh, 61; and Mr. Canning, 60. Lord Sidmouth, who was born two years before Mr. Pitt, died in 1844.

Mr. Canning had lived, the coalition which he had effected with the Whigs would probably have been consolidated and have acquired strength, instead of falling to pieces soon after his death and making room for a Ministry which, after the quarrel with Mr. Huskisson and the resignation of the Canningites, became more Tory in its character than even Lord Liverpool's Government had been since 1822. The year 1830 was the nadir of the Tory party, as the years 1814 and 1815 had been its zenith. It required fifteen years of peace to exhaust the popularity which the Tories had reaped from their triumphant conclusion of the war; but the work was effectually accomplished. The Duke of Wellington showed as much skill in leading a political party to defeat, as he had shown in leading an army to victory. His very success in carrying the Catholic Question helped to undermine his power. He had taken a step in the Liberal direction, which he refused to follow up by any subsequent movement of the same character. The consequence was, that he gave mortal offence to a section of his own party, without strengthening himself by an alliance with any detachment of the opposite camp. The night of the division on the Civil List, a few days after the day when the Duke of Wellington was unable to appear at Guildhall for fear of creating a tumult, and was forced to interdict a new and popular sovereign from attending on the same occasion, by reason of the unpopularity of his Ministers, was the lowest of the Tory depression. Even the Reform Bill, though it abolished many Tory boroughs, nevertheless gave strength to the party by enabling it to close its ranks, and by healing the disunion which weakened it in 1830.*

* These sheets were already in the press when we received Mr. Augustus Stapleton's last publication, entitled 'George Canning and his Times,'—a volume of very high interest from the correspondence of Mr. Canning which it contains, and especially from the light it throws on the foreign policy of his administration.

ART. IV.—*The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold.* By his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. London: 1859.

THE work before us is a *Life*, by a very affectionate son, of a father who well deserved his affection. It is written, as might be expected, in terms of warm panegyric. From that panegyric we shall scarcely find a single occasion to dissent, and yet, strange to say, we are deliberately of opinion that the character of Douglas Jerrold, as a moral and political writer, deserves, in some respects, the severest censure. So simply or so obstinately does Mr. Blanchard Jerrold ignore the imputations against his father's writings, that we must suppose him to be either ignorant of their existence, or unable to perceive their weight. His book reads like a *Life* of Napoleon or Frederic, written by a man who never happened to hear that unnecessary bloodshed is a crime.

We have no reason to doubt, -- indeed we have considerable reason to believe, — that much of the high praise bestowed by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold upon his father's character was deserved. Douglas Jerrold appears to have been a man of strict integrity and blameless life, a devoted husband and father, a faithful and affectionate friend, a generous and placable opponent. As a public writer, he was superior, not merely to vulgar cowardice and corruption, but to all petty and personal motives — as fearless of unpopularity as of persecution, as impervious to flattery as to bribery. He never praised but what he sincerely admired; he never attacked but what he honestly hated; and both his admiration and his hatred always sprang from humane and generous motives.

In saying this, we have admitted much. We have admitted all, or very nearly all, which Mr. Blanchard Jerrold thinks it necessary to claim on behalf of his hero. But we have not admitted enough to satisfy any one who knows what the responsibility of a public writer really is.

The accusation which we bring against Douglas Jerrold may be summed up in a single word. He was a sentimentalist. He wrote to gratify his sympathies and antipathies, and not to bring out the truth. When anything struck him as painful, he wailed and whined over it, without caring whether it was just and necessary or not. When anything struck him as ludicrous, he mocked and scoffed at it, without caring whether it was useful or not. A morbid sensibility and a grotesque imagination were his disqualifications as a guide of public opinion.

Let no man pretend to think this a trifling accusation. It is one of the most serious that can be brought forward. It imputes to the accused a complete deficiency in that high moral principle without which no man deserves to be considered truly good or honest. It amounts in fact to this — that he persevered, year after year, in writing elaborate essays upon various subjects of the highest importance, respecting which he knew in his conscience that he had not done his best to form a clear and impartial judgment. How does such a writer differ from the wretched sycophants who are even now polluting the Parisian press? Only as a duellist differs from a hired assassin. The one outrages morality to earn his pay; the other, to gratify his passions.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, whose hereditary inability to argue or understand argument is painfully conspicuous throughout his book, actually believes that he can vindicate his father's memory as a writer by bearing testimony to his amiability as a man. He gives numerous instances of the acute sensibility and feminine tenderness of heart which distinguished Douglas Jerrold in his intercourse with his family and friends, and says that he, who saw his father 'daily *en robe de chambre*,' has a right 'to speak somewhat authoritatively to all who have slandered him by calling him cynic.' Whether a cynic may not possibly be a tender father, it is unnecessary to inquire. But it is obvious that the faults of which we accuse Douglas Jerrold are precisely those which are most commonly found in men of keen feelings and warm affections.

Moreover, were the facts reversed, the argument would still be worthless. There is no connexion whatever between a man's character as an individual and his conduct as leader or member of a numerous party. Old Trojan basking before the parlour fire is quite a different animal from old Trojan heading the pack with a sinking fox in view. The children, of course, are confident that their gentle playmate cannot possibly be the bristling, grinning monster who pounces open-mouthed on poor Reynard. But the huntsman knows better. Just such is the difference between Douglas Jerrold in the bosom of his family, and Douglas Jerrold writing for 'Punch.' In settling a dispute between his children or servants, he may be the mildest and most impartial of men. But it does not follow that he is equally so when the case is Poacher *versus* Squire, or Dissenter *versus* Bishop.

We know how easy it will be to find personal friends who will 'speak somewhat authoritatively' in contradiction to our opinion. 'What!' will be the cry, 'Douglas Jerrold prejudiced and bigoted! Douglas Jerrold careless of truth and justice!

'Why, if there was anything for which Douglas Jerrold was 'remarkable'—and then follows the usual string of anecdote and assertion, wound up by the usual formula, —'To us, who 'knew him well, such accusations appear ludicrous.' So it has ever been. No man ever robbed a henroost yet, but some one, 'who knew him well,' was ready to swear that robbing a henroost was just the act of which he was incapable. Those who knew Francis of Austria well thought it ludicrous to accuse him of cruelty. Those who knew Nicholas of Russia well thought it ludicrous to accuse him of tyranny and ambition. But those who know human nature well know how utterly worthless such evidence must always be. •

However, this reasoning is on the present occasion superfluous. Not only does Mr. Blanchard Jerrold acknowledge the unprincipled levity with which his father wrote, but he seems to admire it as a pleasant and humorous peculiarity. He quotes, with apparent acquiescence, the following almost incredible passage from some critic as sensible as himself:—

'He (Douglas Jerrold) was impulsive, epigrammatic, sentimental. He dashed gaily at an abuse, like a picador at a bull. He never sat down, like the regular workers of his party, to calculate the expenses of monarchy or the extravagance of the civil list. He had no notion of any sort of "economy." I don't know that he had ever taken up political science seriously, or that he had any preference for one form of government over another. I repeat, his radicalism was that of a humourist. He despised big-wigs and pomp of all sorts, and, above all, humbug and formalism. But his radicalism was important as a sign that our institutions are ceasing to be picturesque, of which, if you consider his nature, you will see that his radicalism *was* a sign.'

Imagine one reasonable being writing thus of another, and thinking all the while he is paying a compliment! To what does it all amount? Even to this,—that Douglas Jerrold cared for nothing but his own capricious tastes, that he never took the trouble to ascertain whether he was fighting on the right side or the wrong, that he was wholly ignorant of the subjects on which he set himself up to instruct his fellow citizens, and that his lifelong hostility to an institution only proved its unpicturesqueness! To say of such a man, that he dashed at an abuse like a *picador* at a bull, is gross injustice to the *picador*. The *picador* dashes at the bull, no doubt, but never without being quite sure that it is a bull. He does not 'dash gaily' at an innocent milch cow, and then plead, or rather boast, his ignorance of natural history. He has sense enough to be aware that a man whose trade it is to harpoon bulls, must learn to know a bull when he sees him. Douglas Jerrold, it is admitted, was not so

conscientious. He 'dashed gaily,' not at an abuse, but at whatever he chose to think looked like an abuse; and society has reason to rejoice that, though his friends may call him a *picador*, he was in fact nothing more formidable than a bold and nimble *banderillero*.

After such an admission as that which we have quoted, the admiration of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold for his father's energy and sincerity cannot be thought worth much. All he can say amounts to this, that Douglas Jerrold would have been a powerful champion for truth if he had but sincerely cared to know what the truth really was. 'The hammer,' he tells us, 'descended with a heavy thump, because the smith was thoroughly in earnest.' Of course he was. Smiths who work for their own selfish pleasure usually are. M. Louis Veuillot is thoroughly in earnest when venting his spite against England. M. Laguerronière is thoroughly in earnest when earning his salary from the Tuileries. And why should not Douglas Jerrold be thoroughly in earnest when pampering his sentimental caprices and showing off his affected witticisms?

The most characteristic specimens of Douglas Jerrold's political writing are to be found in the 'Q. Papers,' a series of comments upon public events, which regularly appeared in 'Punch' for some years after its commencement. Most remarkable papers they certainly are. Be their literary merit what it may, there can be no doubt of the elaborate care and nicety with which they were polished and put together. It is regular jeweller's work. One is a little knot of quaint sarcastic conceits, another a fine-spun web of allegorical metaphor, another a wild poetical dream of grotesque and fantastic impossibilities. But not one of them contains a trace of common sense or rational reflection. For any connexion which they have with the right and wrong of their subjects, they might just as easily have been written in defence of the Inquisition. We are sorry that Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has not been more copious in his extracts from the 'Q. Papers.' Perhaps even he was appalled by the shameless absurdity of some of the eloquence which we remember to have wondered at some ten or fifteen years ago. But he has given us quite enough for our purpose. We pledge ourselves, without travelling out of the work before us, fully to justify all we have said of Douglas Jerrold as a political writer.

We will take first one of his favourite abominations, corporal punishment in the navy. We are told that when a boy he passed six months as midshipman on board a sloop of war, and there witnessed the infliction of six lashes upon a sailor for

theft. The recollection of this most lenient punishment 'appeared to convulse him,' whenever it occurred to him during the rest of his life; and certainly his article on the subject, thirty years afterwards, might well have been written by a man in convulsions. It is a rhapsody of alternate sobbing and gibing. First, a minute description of the bodily suffering inflicted by the lash, then a scoffing compliment to the humanity of those who maintained its necessity, and, finally, an ironical suggestion that the cat-of-nine-tails 'ought to be blessed by the ship's chaplain in the like way that bishops sanctify military colours.' And that is all he can find to say.

We need scarcely remark that upon this painful subject we agree with Jerrold to a great extent, and would gladly agree with him altogether. We think, as he thought, that bodily torture is a hateful and shameful thing, and wish to see it abolished if possible. But is it not necessary, in the emergencies of actual service, to hold the sharp fear of instant physical pain over the heads of such men as would otherwise flinch from their duty? We do not say it is. We listen, gladly and deferentially, to the opinion of a distinguished philanthropist, who is likewise an old man-of-war's man. But our indignation rises when we find he can only say that corporal punishment must be abolished because it really is such a painful sight. What drivelling is this! Suppose it *is* painful. Did the man never hear of such a thing as a painful necessity? Or does he think it reasonable to alter the discipline of the navy because a midshipman went into hysterics at seeing a thief flogged?

Another subject upon which Jerrold was never weary of declaiming, was the atrocity of war. The vessel to which he belonged was employed to bring across the Channel a number of soldiers wounded at Waterloo; and their 'raw stumps and festering wounds' went far to give my father that lively sense 'of the horror of war which abided with him throughout his life.' Well, raw stumps and festering wounds are shocking things, but shocking things may be now and then unavoidable. There must have been raw stumps and festering wounds after Thermopylæ and Morgarten. A man maimed for life is not so ugly a sight as a man sold for a slave. But no such considerations occurred to 'Q.' He was unwearied in denouncing the army. He declared that every recruit was 'Cain taking the shilling.' And, speaking of a bishop who had consecrated the colours of a regiment, he scoffingly inferred that henceforward 'homicide becomes an agreeable kind of Whole Duty of Man, and pillage a sacred and most direct way of enriching oneself.'

Now Jerrold was not one of those consistent lunatics who

maintain that self-defence is a crime. Nor, had he maintained it, would it have been safe to take him at his word. In no man was the fighting instinct more wholesomely developed, and of this he lived to give signal and honourable proof. He lived to see what he acknowledged to be a righteous war, and to do good service by supporting it, in spite of disaster and disappointment, with all his heart and soul. But he who thus acted was Douglas Jerrold the stouthearted and warmhearted English citizen. Douglas Jerrold the sentimental philanthropist was a very different person. The sight of a rude mechanic jostling a child, or of a powerful Emperor invading a weak neighbour, set his manly spirit in a flame at once. But the abstract idea of war made him shudder, and the suggestion, that it may possibly become your duty to do what makes you shudder, was quite beyond him. Denounce what you dislike—therefore denounce bloodshed, especially when in doing so you can throw in a sneer at a bishop. Perish the national spirit and down with the national flag, but let ‘Q.’ enjoy his little snarl and his little giggle.

We have alluded to Jerrold’s prejudice against bishops. Few prejudices are capable of being more plausibly or more effectively vented. But not Mr. Croker reviewing Lord Macaulay—not Mr. Samuel Warren satirising the Whigs in ‘Ten Thousand a Year,’ ever vented a prejudice in more dismal platitudes than ‘Q.’ abusing the hierarchy. Here is a specimen of what Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is pleased to think ‘scorching sarcasm.’ ‘Q.’ ironically suggests that the bench of bishops should

‘Meet at Lambeth, and, discovering that locusts and wild honey—the Baptist’s diet—may be purchased for something less than ten thousand a year, and, after a minute investigation of the Testament, failing to discover the name of St. Peter’s coachman, or of St. Paul’s footman, his valet, or his cook, take counsel one with another, and resolve to forego at least nine-tenths of their yearly incomes.’

How irksome it is to transcribe such a sentence as this! What a dreary, weary, empty ring it makes! How obvious that the man who wrote it never in his life gave five minutes’ serious thought to the great question of national Church endowments. How fast he shuts his eyes to the simple truth, that if you want an able and trustworthy man, whether for a bishopric or anything else, you must pay for him. How disingenuously he evades it, by plunging headlong into that familiar old fallacy—the confusion of *because* with *notwithstanding*. John the Baptist was a devoted missionary, although he had to wear an uncomfortable dress, and live on indigestible food. Therefore dress your bishops in camel skin, and feed them on locusts

and wild honey, and they will resemble John the Baptist. Why not carry the same principle a little further? Ridley and Latimer were brave and honest confessors, although they had to die by fire for their pains. Therefore roast your bishops over slow fires so many years after consecration, and they will during the interval resemble Ridley and Latimer. But to ridicule such silliness is like mimicking the gabble of an idiot. Try as we will, we cannot make the parody so absurd as the original.

If there was any conceivable subject upon which Jerrold might have been expected to say something worth hearing, that subject was the condition of the English poor. The late Duke of Wellington, greatly to 'Q.'s' indignation, asserted in the House of Lords that in England 'the poor man, if only sober and industrious, was quite certain of acquiring a competency.' The Duke, we all know, sometimes said exaggerated things when speaking in public. Here was a very bold assertion, and possibly enough, in the year 1842, a very absurd one. Let us see how 'Q.' deals with it. We find plenty of blustering contradiction, plenty of grandiloquent stuff about nailing the Duke 'as we would nail a weasel to a barn door,' but only one sentence which bears the faintest resemblance to a reason. Here it is —

'If rags and starvation put up their prayer to the present ministry, what must be the answer delivered by the Duke of Wellington? Ye are drunken and lazy.'

That is all; but surely that is enough. The Duke, you perceive, must clearly be wrong. To tell ragged and starving men that they are drunken and lazy, would be most painful to 'Q.'s' feelings. Therefore it cannot possibly be true. And for asserting the contrary, 'the Duke of Wellington either lacks principle or brains.' *Quod erat demonstrandum!*

In this manner 'Wellington was scourged' by 'Q.' Such is the respectful phrase of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. It strikes us, we own, as an unhappy one. We are certainly none of the Duke's political disciples. There was probably not a single point in dispute between him and the Jerrolds, as to which we do not think him more or less in the wrong. Still it is difficult, in such a crisis as the present, to recal that honoured name without a pause of involuntary emotion. How much England has already missed him! How much she may yet have to do and to suffer, in which the aid of her old captain and counsellor will be vainly regretted! Such feelings may appear absurd enough to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold; but still we think he will

act wisely by shamming a little decency when next he has to speak of the Duke. We doubt whether he has any notion of his own moral attitude when tripping up to cast his little mite of impertinence upon the tomb of the dead hero. One never knows how small a small man can look, until one has seen him trying to look down upon a great one.

We heartily wish that Mr. Blanchard Jerrold had presented us with some of 'Q.'s' numerous effusions on two other subjects — Game Laws and Capital Punishments. On both questions, his opinions were capable of being supported by strong and plausible reasoning. But we well remember that his usual arguments on the one led directly to the impunity of all crime, and on the other to the abolition of all property. However, we shall adhere to our resolution of confining our remarks to the quotations found in the book before us.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold supplies us with an easy explanation of his father's reckless and thoughtless violence, though without seeming to perceive how fatal that explanation is to his character for sense and candour. He tells us, in very pompous language, that Douglas Jerrold grew up to manhood in the thick of those desperate conflicts between Toryism and Radicalism which commenced at the peace of 1815. 'It was natural,' he adds, 'that a young printer, who had already seen something of life, whose temperament was combative, and whose sympathies were for the weak and the oppressed, should throw himself fiercely into the strife.' Perfectly natural, not to say perfectly right. But whether it was quite so natural that the experienced publicist of forty should continue to think and write like the combative printer's boy of fourteen, is altogether a different question.

'The most famous school of Radicalism,' says Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, 'is utilitarian and systematic. Douglas was emphatically neither.' In other words, a Radical of the present day is obliged to understand his business. His opponents have learnt the importance of popularity, and the arts which conciliate it. What will happen to him if he makes a slip we have lately seen, in the signal disgrace which has befallen the ablest popular agitator now alive. Very different was the position of the demagogues at whose feet Douglas Jerrold was brought up. Those were the evil days of Sidmouth and Castlereagh — days when a popular cry was only noticed in high places by a sneer or a threat. 'The great unwashed,' 'the vulgar impatience of the mob,' 'the people must be brought to their senses' — this was the sort of talk which a Radical orator had to answer forty years ago. It was sometimes a dangerous undertaking, but always an easy one. If he did not fear magistrates and dra-

goons, he ran little risk of exposure or ridicule. He might have to raise the devil and face the devil, but he was spared the harder task of giving the devil his due.

It is easy to imagine what sort of men were produced by such training as this,—men quite as prejudiced and quite as unreasonable as the bigots to whom they were opposed. In their ignorance of the true principles of freedom and toleration, and in their contempt of economical science, they were fully as obtuse as the Tories. Their anti-national malignity was even more detestable than the anti-popular insolence of their antagonists. And their language was usually far more offensive, because their tempers were exasperated by defeat and unchecked by responsibility. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, indeed, chooses to think that the excesses of the Court ‘justified the most democratic tirades,’ which is as much as to say that the efforts of one helmsman to run the ship upon Scylla justified those of another to run her upon Charybdis. But to us it appears that their only real use consisted in balancing, by their senseless violence, the senseless obstinacy of the governing faction.

As members of the modern Liberal party, we utterly repudiate the delusion that the Radicals of the Georgian age were in any intelligible sense our political predecessors or progenitors. We respect an honest Radical as we respect an honest Tory, and not one *iota* more. We dislike a selfish or spiteful Radical as we dislike a selfish or spiteful Tory, and not one *iota* less. Southey preaching penal legislation in the Quarterly and O'Connor bawling for guillotines in the North Star, Hook eaves-dropping for scandal about Whig ladies and Reynolds inventing lies about the bloated aristocracy, Ellenborough bullying juries at Guildhall and Thistlewood plotting murder in Cato Street, are to us equally odious and equally contemptible. We think the bigotry of Cobbett quite as offensive as that of Perceval. We do not consider Eldon weeping on the woollen sack a more thorough incarnation of Cant than Hunt trumpeting on the hustings. And not even George the Fourth in all his glory, be-wigged and be-rouged and be-Lawrenced to the utmost, strikes us as a more intolerable coxcomb than Burdett, awaiting his arrest by the sergeant-at-arms in the act of ‘construing Magna Charta to his children.

Considering as we do the Radicalism of the last generation merely as one of the many blunders which the past holds up as a warning to the present, we can of course profess little respect for those who continued to uphold it after its original palliations had ceased to exist. Among these political anachronisms Douglas Jerrold was conspicuous. Parliamentary reform, municipal reform, law reform, financial reform, ecclesiastical reform,

all found and left him still repeating the cuckoo-cry — ‘What-ever is, is wrong.’ The honesty of such a man — and Jerrold’s honesty was unimpeachable — can only be defended by abandoning his judgment to utter contempt.

That Douglas Jerrold was a most dexterous artist in his own peculiar style of wit, cannot, we think, be disputed. He was a masterly hand at turning off a sarcasm or an epigram. Nothing could well be neater or quainter than his famous compliment to Australia — ‘tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a ‘harvest,’ or than his comparison of a miser to Judas Iscariot, ‘except that he had no bowels to gush out.’ The great defect of his wit was, in our opinion, that it *proved nothing*. It was mere glittering play of the fancy. We cannot believe that it ever influenced the mind or changed the opinions of any human being. For aught we can see, such conceits might just as easily be concocted on one side of any conceivable question as on the other. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold talks of his father’s neat intellectual *bijouterie* as if it were the architecture of a Cyclops. He tells us that ‘he took broad patent facts, great indisputable wrongs, ‘and drove sharp epigrams into the heart of them, or entangled ‘them in the mazes of some bright fancies, or heightened their ‘hideousness to the dull public eye by dexterous and picturesque ‘contrasts.’ This we maintain was exactly what he did *not* do. He never went straight to his point. He cut capers and flourishes with wonderful agility, instead of rushing at his adversary’s throat. His wit, compared with that of Sydney Smith, was like a firework compared with a rifle. The flash was as brilliant, but the telling bullet-stroke did not follow. His powder was certainly of the finest, but his gun was seldom shot.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold’s work, without remarking the intolerable affectation of its style. Perpetual straining after wit or eloquence is wearisome enough, but perpetual straining after picturesque vivacity is perhaps even worse. There is a school of writers now in existence who appear equally incapable of descending to common-place language, and of rising above common-place thoughts. They describe the ‘prison world’ of an age, or the ‘hearth life’ of a class. They ‘have something fierce to say’ to whoever displeases them. The world ‘sets its ghastly teeth’ at their heroes, and their heroes in reply ‘scowl at the century,’ ‘clench their fists savagely,’ and ‘fight out their life-battle’ with other similar contortions. We earnestly recommend these gentlemen to consider what they have to say, and say it plainly. They may rely upon it, that a dwarf looks none the taller for standing on his head.

- ART. V.—1. *Ichnology of Annandale, or Illustrations of Footprints impressed on the New Red-Sandstone of Corncockle Muir.* By Sir WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart. Edinburgh: 1853.
2. *Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural History.* By the late Dr. BUCKLAND, Dean of Westminster, &c. A new edition with additions by Professor OWEN, Professor PHILLIPS, and Mr. Robert BROWN. Edited by FRANCIS I. BUCKLAND, M. A. London: 1858. .
3. *The Geology of Pennsylvania; a Government Survey, with a General View of the Geology of the United States.* By HENRY DARWIN ROGERS, State Geologist. 2 vols. 4to. Edinburgh and Philadelphia: 1858.

NOTHING is more strongly indicative of the progress of the physical sciences, than the necessity which is constantly occurring for creating new terms to designate peculiar portions and special branches of science, and in no department of science is this more apparent than in Geology. Since the foundations of this branch of natural science have been securely laid, it has not only become divided into the two distinct groups of Physical Geology and Palæontology, but this latter again divides itself into distinct segments, among which we have Ichnology, or the study of Fossil Footprints.

These imprints of the former inhabitants of our earth were first brought under the notice of geologists about thirty years ago by the late Dr. Henry Duncan, a clergyman of the Scottish Church, residing at Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire. Hearing a report that impressions which bore considerable affinity to the footprints of quadrupeds of a high order prevailed on the surfaces of some of the sandstone strata at the quarry of Corncockle Muir, in the parish of Applegarth, about four miles north-west from Lockerby, in Dumfriesshire, this gentleman was induced to visit the spot, and he had the satisfaction of finding the faces of the sandstone strata impressed by the tracks of former existing animals, as had been described to him by some quarrymen, who were engaged in obtaining stone from this locality. Dr. Duncan published an account of these impressions in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 1828. The late Dr. Buckland, in his Bridgewater treatise, refers to and figures these impressions, which will be found with some additional matter in the new edition of this admirable work recently published by Mr. Francis Buckland.

Professor Owen, who examined casts taken from the Corncockle tracks, has referred the impressions to tortoises, giving them the name of *Testudo Duncani*. One of the original slabs collected by the late Dr. Duncan is now built into the wall of the Free Church at Mount Kedar, near Ruthwell, of which he became the minister after the disruption of the Church of Scotland.

Impressions of this nature are, however, not confined to Corncockle Muir quarry. They are also obtained from sandstones of a similar age and character in the same county, in the southern portion of the vale of the Nith, in the district around the town of Dumfries.

These ichnolites of Dumfriesshire, more particularly those of Corncockle Muir, have been made the subject of a valuable memoir, beautifully illustrated by coloured lithographic plates of the natural size of the slabs containing the impressions, by Sir William Jardine, Bart., on whose property Corncockle Muir is situated. The sandstones which afford these ichnolites were formerly regarded as belonging to the series of Red Sandstones to which geologists applied the name of Upper New Red Sandstone. There is now, however, reason to conclude that they occupy a somewhat different position, and that their geological horizon appertains to that formation which has received, from the illustrious author of the 'Silurian System' and the 'Geology of Russia,' the name of the Permian formation, in consequence of its great development in the ancient kingdom of Perm.

At Corncockle Muir, and elsewhere in Dumfriesshire where the impressions exhibit themselves, they occur on the surfaces of sandstone strata which have a considerable elevation from their original horizontal position, being usually inclined at angles ranging from 34° to 37° . When we examine the structure of the mass of stone which constitutes one of these strata, we find it composed of numerous distinct and parallel layers of sandy particles of a light red and brown colour, and these layers are not only parallel to each other, but the whole are commonly parallel to the under and upper faces of each stratum. And as this parallelism, and the character of the particles which make up the sandstone strata, exclude the idea that the strata were originally deposited at the high angle of inclination at which they now present themselves, we are under the necessity of referring their present inclined position to the operation of that force which, acting beneath the earth's surface, in opposition to the levelling power of water, gives rise to these elevations and undulations of surface upon which the beauty and grandeur of the face of our

earth in a great measure depend. The early conditions of these rocky masses, on which are now imprinted the records of the wanderings of animals existing during the earlier periods of our earth's history, are somewhat different from those which the new sandstones now present to us. No ordinary force of mere pressure could at present impress the faces of these stony strata; and, from the very perfect state of many of the footprints, we are compelled to conclude that the substance which is now hard sandstone rock was formerly soft sand, capable of receiving and retaining the impress of the tread of the creatures which walked over the sandy shores of former geological epochs. These sandstones of Dumfriesshire bear about them the evidence of conditions which obtained in the physical geography of the areas where they occur. They seem originally to have been wide-spread expanses of sand of a littoral character, visited and covered by the ancient tides; and having, here and there, scattered over them muddy patches, such as now are often found covering small areas on our present sandy coasts. Some of the surfaces of these sandstones record atmospheric conditions. Their faces are sometimes pitted with hollows which have originated from a pelting shower; and these pittings sometimes have such a well-defined and distinct direction, that we can ascertain the direction of the wind which bore along with it the rain-clouds. In many localities where footprints present themselves on the surfaces of the sandstones we read the records of solar influence, but the sandstones of Dumfriesshire containing footsteps do not reveal this to us. Among the sandstones of Cheshire, which are of a newer geological age than those of Dumfriesshire, and which are marked by footprints, but of a different character from those of the South of Scotland, records of solar influence are very abundant. Here we have the sun-dried surfaces of the clayey strata, associated with the sandstones, over which animals formerly crawled, cracked and shrunk by the solar beams, which absorbed the moisture from the mud and baked its surface, cracking it in all directions. Sometimes these sandstones have their surfaces marked by beautiful sandripples, the result of a gentle breeze breaking the still surface of a shallow pool of sea-water on these sandy shores; and we even find instances of the evaporation of salt-water, and the crystallisation of sea-salt from the natural salt-pans of the ancient beaches.

There is a curious feature in connexion with these ichnolites of Dumfriesshire, which is, the almost constant and uniform *direction* of the impressions. They nearly all indicate that the animals walked from west towards east. Sir Wil-

liam Jardine suggests that the progress was towards the land, or that this peculiar direction is the result of 'the softer state of the sand at the ebb of a tide causing the tracks entering or approaching the water to have been obliterated; while the returning tracks, being impressed in partially dried sand, have been preserved, though they grow gradually fainter and less distinct as they reach the top of the bed, which would have been the margin of drier sand nearer the land.' Dr. Duncan observes, in his paper, that the animals had progressed in both directions, east or west, or, as he terms it, from the inclination of the beds, 'up and down, but never across the slope in any degree. Footprints are occasionally uncovered passing from east to west, but they are unfrequent and generally indistinct.' Although there is a great uniformity in the west and east course, this is not exclusively the direction. Sometimes the tracks turn aside, and rarely they are found running north and south. So general is the west and east direction of the wanderings of these animals, that a distinguished English geologist affirmed that the animals were essentially Scotch, since, like their present countrymen, they were pursuing their course towards England; but, unfortunately for this theory, England must have changed its position from that which it now occupies, as an eastward course would not enable the borderers to invade their southern neighbours.

Of the peculiar animals of a quadrupedal nature which have left the impress of their footsteps on these ancient sandy coasts, the only records are these ichnolites; and they are, to a considerable extent, of a dubious character. However, comparisons with the imprints of the feet of existing forms of animals lead to the conclusion that they have a greater affinity to the footsteps of reptiles than to other classes of quadrupeds. On this matter Sir William Jardine remarks:—

'The animals that have passed most frequently over these sands, or, in other words, the impressions most numerous found, without doubt belong to some forms of tortoise. This we discover by the very close resemblance and analogy they bear, both in the form, the direction of the footprints, and, pace or stride, to that of recent species which have been made purposely to walk over soft substances. From the impressions left by other animals, we can only yet surmise that they have had a long or a short stride, a narrow or a broad body; and our knowledge of the footprints of recent animals, what may be termed modern Ichnology, how these were placed in relation to each other, and of the markings made by the lower classes of animals in their passage across soft sand or mud, is so limited from want of observation and experience, that we cannot, with any degree of cer-

tainty, mark even the class of beings by which they were made. From the prevalence of saurian life in the period immediately following that of the New Red Sandstone era, we are prejudiced in favour of reptilian forms; but, however it may answer in theory, it does not at all follow that all the higher forms were absent anterior thereto.'

To the most prevalent form of step, that which is of a decided Chelonian character, Sir William has given the generic name *Chelichnus*, indicating that these ichnolites had their origin in the footsteps of tortoises. The most abundant form of this genus is the one figured by Dr. Buckland, (vol. ii. plate 31), and which is also exhibited the natural size in the plates of the 'Ichnology of Annandale.' Of this form Sir William Jardine says:—

'We meet with this impression on almost every bed, in various states of preservation, according to what had been the condition of the then sand and clayey layer that might be superimposed. Tracks several feet in length are frequently exposed, which give a good idea of the uniformity of pace at which the animal proceeded. At one time there was a track of thirty feet in length laid bare, which proceeded first in a straight line, and afterwards diverged in different directions, maintaining, however, during the progress, the same uniformity of pace or stride.'

The size of this form of Chelonian does not appear, judging from the magnitude of the footprints and the interval between the pairs of steps, to have exceeded a foot in length; and, in many instances, the proportions of the impressions would lead us to infer that it was frequently much smaller. Another form, nearly allied in size, but which has left smaller footprints with a greater space between the impressions, inducing the conclusion that the animal which originated these impressions had longer and more slender limbs than *C. Duncani*, has received the name of *C. ambiguus*. A larger form, called *C. gigas*, has left impressions which approach near to six inches in length, by nearly five in breadth, and had in length of stride equal to about sixteen inches. The space separating the extremities on each side in this species is comparatively small, being about four inches and three quarters, and leading to the inference that in this form the body was comparatively longer than in the other tortoises which were its companions during this epoch. A fourth form is known as *C. Titan*, and the impressions produced by this reptile 'must have been made by a heavy short-legged animal, progressing at a slow and deliberate pace. The footprints of this form, which are nearly equal in length and breadth, are from nine to ten inches across, and the interspace formed by the stride is about the same length. The impres-

sions are deep, and all the features about this form of ichnolite indicate a heavy animal, having slow locomotive powers.' Another ichnolite of a Chelonian character is known under the name of *C. Plagiostopus*. It is characterised by the oblique position of the imprints, which indicates that the creature forming these footprints set down its feet in 'a peculiar oblique direction. From the size and interspaces between the footprints, it would appear that this species was an animal having a short and wide form.'

Besides Chelonians, reptiles of other orders have been the formers of ichnolites on the shores of the Permian sea, in the areas which are now occupied by the sandstones of Dumfriesshire. A form to which the generic name of *Herpetichnus* is given has left its footprints among these strata. These imprints were formed by 'longer and more lithe-like animals' than the Chelonians; and these animals 'would, in all probability, present a saurian aspect.' This genus had its toes more distinct and separate than *Chelichnus*. One form, *H. Sauroplesius*, from the size of the impressions, had the relative proportion of the fore and hind feet three and four inches. Another form, of smaller size, and with characters which on the whole are not satisfactory, has been named by Sir William Jardine *H. Bucklandi*. A form to which the term *Actibates* has been applied has triangular impressions, but concerning the nature of this ichnolite not much can be made out.

In one of the localities in the lower portion of the valley of the Nith, in Dumfriesshire, many impressions have been obtained from a quarry at Green Mill, in the parish of Caerlaverock. These have, for the most part, a general resemblance to those which occur at Corncockle Muir. Here, however, an ichnolite has been perceived possessing characters which are more distinctly batrachian than the Corncockle imprints. From the batrachian-like nature of the impressions here occurring, the term *Batrachinus* has been applied to this form. Of these impressions it is remarked, that

'There is a great discrepancy between the size of the fore and hind feet; and in this instance it is remarkable. The pace is extremely regular, deliberate, and alternate. The small fore foot is set down immediately anterior to the hinder, and represents three or four slightly divided toes, and an undulated sole; the whole breadth being about half an inch. The hind foot represents a smooth undulated sole, with five rather short toes of irregular length, the second from the outside being the longest, the interior shorter.'

These ichnolites of the Permian strata of Dumfriesshire indicate the existence, in littoral habitats, of three distinct orders

of reptiles; and, although the size of these was generally small, still they point out a widely different fauna from that now occurring on our shores. The conditions under which these footprints present themselves to us vary somewhat, according to the circumstances which prevailed on the ancient shores during the period when these were inhabited by the creatures which had their abode thereon. When the animals wandered over the muddy patches scattered over the beach, they left exact traces of the impressions of their footsteps, the clayey surface taking and retaining casts of the lower portion of the feet in the greatest perfection. Sometimes the animals wandered over loose sand, which in some instances trickled into the footprints, and left these somewhat obscure; and in some cases the sand, over which the creatures walked, seems to have been so saturated with water as to have had the character of quicksands, and from this condition it rushed into the impressions, obliterating the whole of the sharper portions, and leaving the footprint in the form of a crescent-shaped patch, having something of the external form of the track of a horse, and giving rise to impressions which have been often referred to this animal.

It usually happens that the footprints which have had their origin in the progression of quadrupedal animals do not retain the impressions of the fore and hind feet in an equal state of perfection. The anterior extremities are commonly merely organs of support in many quadrupeds; while the posterior extremities are not only used for this purpose, but also are the principal organs of progression. In connexion with these latter are powerful muscles, used for propelling the body forward; and the exercise of these gives a greater force to the posterior extremities, and causes them to exert a greater influence in impressing the surfaces over which the animal travels. It is to this circumstance that the greater perfection of the footsteps produced by the posterior extremities is to be attributed.

Many animals of a quadrupedal nature also differ in the relative size of their extremities; those appertaining to the anterior being often much smaller than the ones which belong to the posterior portions. Evidence of this disparity, in the relative size of the extremities, is manifested to us in many of the impressions which have resulted from the wandering of ancient forms of life on the former shores of our planet. The steps caused by the fore feet are frequently smaller than those caused by the hind feet; and in some instances we have only the latter occurring, giving rise to what at first sight would appear as the tracks of a bipedal animal rather than of a quadruped. This latter form of track has resulted from the

larger and more powerful hind foot being placed upon the impression caused by the anterior extremity, and obliterating all trace thereof; an occurrence which arises from the mode of progression of many animals.

The knowledge which we acquire from these ichnolites, and the conditions under which they originated, tell us that in periods far remote in the history of our earth,—periods which we entirely fail to recognise when we attempt to reduce them to astronomical times,—there existed physical conditions akin to many of those which now obtain in the several areas on the coast of what we now call Great Britain—sandy shores visited by tides, and exposed to the influence of the atmosphere. But if, on our modern sandy shores, we attempt to discover analogies to the forms of life which were the former occupants of our earth during the Permian epoch, we find ourselves entirely at fault. The many forms of tortoises, some of which were of considerable size, have no representatives on the margins of our sea-girt land. The lizards which appear formerly to have been wanderers over the beaches, and to have enjoyed their being along with these tortoises, have no representatives on our coasts; the only analogy, and that is far off, being the small *Lacerta agilis*, which never seeks the wet or muddy portion of our shores, but which is confined to the dry sandy heaps accumulated, from the sand of the beach, into the state of hills forming a barrier between the sandy shore and the cultivated interior. The Permian forms of *Batrachia* which have impressed the surfaces of the sandstones, and are characterised by the unequal size of the fore and hind feet, have no equivalents now living under like conditions, and all the circumstances of animal life, as these are exhibited to us by the ichnolites, point out a totally different state of things from what now prevails in temperate regions.

It is a remarkable circumstance that although these impressions in their several states of perfection are excessively numerous, we have no evidence of the existence of the creatures which produced them, save in the form of ichnolites. Not a trace of any portion of the solid skeleton has yet been obtained from any of the strata in any parts of Dumfriesshire which yield footprints, or in any portion of the great mass of the Permian sandstones in these areas. Yet solid osseous framework must have formed the bases upon which the other portions of the animals were constructed. The question naturally arises: What has become of the bones and teeth, the most durable portions of these Vertebrata? The peculiar chemical nature of the sand in which the bones, after the death of the

animals, probably became embedded, seems to have exercised a hostile influence upon their preservation. The sandstones are strongly impregnated with peroxide of iron, and this substance rapidly decomposes organic matter, whether this be animal or vegetable, and it is probably this power, acting upon the organic tissues, which has obliterated all traces of the more solid structure of the authors of the ichnolites. This absence of solid structures of animals in connexion with these impressions, teaches us what care should be exercised in drawing conclusions from purely negative evidence. For on what basis does our knowledge of the occurrence of abundance of quadrupedal life in connexion with the Permian formation rest? Simply on the presence of footprints which have been impressed on sandy shores during this period. Evidence, at first sight, so fragile that we could hardly expect its occurrence, and yet these records of the wanderings of the ancient creatures on the former shores have been more enduring than the solid framework of the animals themselves. Among the Permian sandstones of Dumfriesshire ichnolites are the only records we possess of the occurrence, in this area, of organic forms of whatever character. No trace of a shell or crustacean, no track of an ancient marine worm, is to be met with in any of the strata which make up the mass of deposits in this locality. We are devoid of all knowledge concerning the food of these former reptiles, and yet analogy justifies us in concluding that they fed upon sea-weeds, and it is probably owing to their search after their proper support, that we owe those numerous impressions which mark the surfaces of the sandstones.

In Great Britain there are strata, both of an older and a newer age, which also afford ichnolites; and records of this nature are among the oldest evidence which we possess of the existence of quadrupedal life on the surface of our globe. These have been met with among strata which are known to geologists under the name of Devonian or Old Red Sandstone, in the neighbourhood of Elgin, at Cummingstone, in deposits which are recognised as appertaining to the higher members of the Devonian series. Sandstone surfaces exhibit ichnolites upon them, and these ichnolites are of such a character as to induce geologists to regard them as resulting from the footprints of tortoises. The impressions in this locality are of small size and seem to have been produced by an animal not exceeding eight inches in length; but they are of great interest, as they afford us perhaps the earliest evidence of the existence of reptile life on the surface of our planet. The evidence of the existence of

reptile life does not, however, rest exclusively on ichnolites. In strata of the same age, and at the same locality, an almost perfect skeleton of one of the earliest reptilian inhabitants of our earth has been found, and this, called *Telerpeton Elginense* by Mantell, possessed a curious combination of characters, uniting many of the features of Batrachia with those of Lizards. This extremely ancient batrachian-like lizard had, as its companion on the sandy shores of the Devonian sea, the tortoise, of the evidence of the existence of which ichnolites alone remain.

The formation which is intermediate in position between the Devonian below and the Permian above, and known under the name of the Carboniferous formation, from the circumstance that it affords the coal-bearing strata, has also afforded ichnolites. These have been met with among the sandstones of the coal-measures in the east of Scotland; and an ichnolite from the strata known as the Millstone Grit series, and composed for the most part of coarse sandstone, which immediately underlie the coal measures proper of Lancashire and Yorkshire, has been discovered at Tintwhistle in Cheshire, by Mr. Binney, and described by him in the 'Journal of the Geological Society,' vol. ix. This ichnolite, *Chelichnus ingens*, which has the characters of a tortoise impression, much exceeds in size any of those which have been previously discovered in any of the several formations of the British isles. Its footprints have a diameter of about ten inches, and they seem to have been formed by an animal which had a stride of two feet ten inches and a half.

Fossil footprints have been noticed in America, in strata which seem to appertain to the lower portion of the Carboniferous series. These have been described by Dr. Isaac Lea, and have been found in the coal district of Pottsville, Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania. They occur here on the under surfaces of some of the sandstones, in a state of '*bas-relief*;' and their position on the under surfaces of the sandstones, is owing to their occurring as natural casts taken from the strata upon which these sandstones repose, and on which the ichnolites were originally formed. In connexion with these impressions of the sandstones of Pottsville, we find, besides the imprints of the footsteps, a groove-like furrow intermediate to the rows of impressions. These furrows are not opposite to each other, but alternate, and are about from five to six inches long, by three quarters of an inch wide. They seem to have had their origin in the motion of the tail of the animal, which, having a vertically flattened character, came in contact with the ground at each stride of the creature, and cut a shallow groove in the mud over which the animal

traversed. This animal, from the nature of its ichnolitic evidence, seems to have had a saurian nature, and its steps have been designated by Dr. Lea as those of the *Sauropus*. Associated with the tracks of the *Sauropus*, and occurring on the faces of the same sandstones, are numerous ripple-markings; and the faces of the slabs are covered by fine mammillations, the natural casts of rain-pits, formed on the muddy deposits which support these sandstones of the Carboniferous series of Potsville.

The magnificent Survey of the Geography of Pennsylvania, which is one of the most valuable recent contributions to geological science, and is published in a form equally creditable to the liberality of that commonwealth, the energy of its author, and the typographical skill of this city, enables us to quote some interesting details as to the latest discoveries on this subject in the United States. After describing Dr. Lea's discoveries, in 1849, of the '*Sauropus*' in the Vespertine formation in the neighbourhood of Potsville, the author proceeds:—

'About 1500 feet lower in the formation, or further south in the same locality, the geological survey brought to light another species of footprints of much smaller dimensions; and soon afterwards two varieties at a spot cut far south of the West Gap in Sharp Mountain. The largest of the three species, identical apparently with the *Sauropus* of Lea, consists of footprints, each about two inches in diameter, alternately right and left footed and quadrupedal, with the fore and hind feet of nearly equal dimensions, the length of the stride being about nine inches, the straddle between the right and left footsteps nearly four inches, and the imprints of the hind feet but little behind those of the fore feet. A somewhat indistinct grooving of the surface of the stone, in two or three places centrally between the two rows of footsteps, suggests that the creature leaving these marks may have dragged a tail behind it; and the whole aspect of the impressions is suggestive of an animal allied rather to the Saurians than to the Batrachian or Chelonian reptiles. All of the three species of footmarks are quadrupedal, and all of them five-toed, and right and left footed, with an alternation also implying both fore feet and hind feet.

'In the smallest species, the toes are nearly divergent, like the fingers of the human hand firmly outspread upon a table. Each footprint is about half an inch in diameter, and the length of the stride is from two to four inches. No traces of reptilian bones were discovered with these impressions, nor indeed in any part of the formation. I have invariably noticed that the surfaces bearing these supposed reptilian impressions, which considerations of economy have compelled me to omit engraving, exhibit various indications of having been exposed to the air in a wet state at the time the imprints were formed. They are always at the incohering partings between easily separating beds of sandstone; and the indented sur-

face is glazed with a fine slimy clay, such as retreating turbid water leaves behind it; the scaling off of this coating of clay soon obliterates the smaller footprints. These glazed surfaces are furthermore impressed with delicate water-marks and groovings, such as geologists are wont to attribute to shrinkage in mud from the sun's heat. So exclusively are the footprints confined to these glazed and seemingly half air-dried surfaces, that it is in vain to look for them by splitting open the cohering layers of the sandstone, for they occur only when the beds spontaneously separate. All the associated phenomena confirm the inference drawn from the footprints themselves, that the creatures which left them were air breathers in their organisation.' (*Geology of Pennsylvania*, vol. ii. p. 831.)

Dr. King has also described ichnolites from strata which belong to the Carboniferous series in North America. These footprints were discovered in a sandstone appertaining to the coal-measures in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. These footprints have been figured and described by Sir C. Lyell in his 'Manual;' and they have, in some respects, a resemblance to the impressions of the *Cheirotherium* of the Trias. The relative size of the fore and hind impressions, however, more nearly approximates than in the Triassic ichnolites, the hind imprint not exceeding that of the fore one by more than twice its size. In these impressions, the footprints caused by the fore feet have four toes, while those which have been produced by the hind feet exhibit five. The general aspect of this ichnolite is such as to support the conclusion that it resulted from a reptile having a batrachian character.

In the Permian strata of England no remains of an ichnolite nature have yet been met with. Animal 'life in' another form occurs, showing that many races of molluscs lived in the Permian seas; and it is to Scotland, as yet, that ichnolites belong in the Permian series. In the succeeding Trias strata England has abundance of ichnolitic remains; and it was in deposits of this age that these were first observed in this country. Cheshire and Warwickshire, where the Trias abounds, and where the physical conditions were such, during this epoch, as to facilitate the occurrence and preservation of footprints, afford numerous proofs of the existence of reptile life during this epoch, as this existence is recorded by footprints. Stourton quarry, on the south side of the Mersey, and a few miles from Liverpool, which town derives some of its building stone from this quarry, is one of the spots from whence ichnolites are obtained. Weston Point, also on the south side of the Mersey, and contiguous to Runcorn, is another quarry affording these remains; and Lymn, also in Cheshire, a few miles south of Manchester, likewise pro-

duces the footsteps of extinct reptiles. In these several quarries the ichnolites occur under conditions somewhat different from those under which they make their appearance among the sandstones of Dumfriesshire. In Cheshire we have generally the footprints in relief, in the state of natural casts on the under sides of the sandstone strata; and these strata affording the ichnolites repose upon beds of clay, which are commonly so thin and fragile that they break to fragments on being moved, the natural cast alone remaining to testify of the former existence of reptilian life during this period. The shores of the Triassic sea, when these were impressed by the wanderings of quadrupeds, had a more muddy nature than the Permian littoral deposits, and upon these muddy shores layers of a more arenaceous nature were placed; and these ancient sandy strata, when in a soft condition, took the natural casts which now mark the under side of some of the Trias sandstones. The reptiles which have left the impressions of their footsteps on the Trias strata of England exhibit a varied nature; and, in some instances, enough of their solid structure has been obtained from some of the beds of white sandstone, to afford a considerable amount of information concerning their nature and affinities. The most common ichnolites are those to which, from their resemblance to the human hand, the term *Cheirotherium* has been given. These impressions differ in the relative size of the prints which have resulted from the fore and hind feet; the latter being considerably larger than the former, and usually in a state of higher relief. At Lymn, from their size, high relief, and form, the quarrymen have designated them 'fossil children's-heads.' In both the fore and hind feet the inner toe has a curved aspect, and is considerably separated from the other members of the feet; and it is to this circumstance that the hand-like aspect of the *Cheirotherium* footprints principally owe their character.

Associated with ichnolites which have the *Cheirotherium* character there are found, in some of the quarries of sandstone which are of a Triassic age, fragments of the solid structure of the animals which lived during this geological epoch. These consist of portions of bones of the head, vertebræ, and fragments of the extremities; and they have been examined and described by Professor Owen.* The character of these osseous remains is such as to induce Professor Owen to consider the animals to which they originally belonged as possessing decided batrachian natures; and, from the complex structure of the teeth of this genus of

* Geological Transactions, 2nd series, vol. vi.

batrachian reptile, he has given to the form the name of *Labyrinthodon*. There are certain features in connexion with this genus which mark it as possessing characters which differ from ordinary Batrachia. Among these is the

‘Inequality of size of the front and back teeth, the former being developed into great laniariform tusks; and the teeth differ from those of all other animals in their complex labyrinthine structure, whence the name of the family.

‘The extinct *Labyrinthodons* deviated from the salamanders and other Batrachia in the crocodilian development and sculpturing of the external and superior bones of the cranium, and in the structure of the pelvis, in which, also, they approximated to the crocodiles; and one species certainly, and the others probably, receded from the Batrachia in the same direction, in having dorsal osseous plates.’

The form and the batrachian nature of the *Labyrinthodon*, and also the association of its bones with ichnolites which were referred to *Cheirotherium*, have inclined Professor Owen to consider this animal as the author of the impressions which have been designated *Cheirotherium* footprints. Ichnolites of a like nature have been obtained from strata of the same age near Hildburghausen in Saxony, which are figured in ‘*Buckland’s Geology*,’ vol. ii. pl. 34. The animals which produced these impressions on the faces of the Trias sandstones must have been of considerable magnitude. The footprints resulting from the hind foot have usually a length of eight inches with a breadth of about five inches. The smaller fore foot has produced an impression usually about four inches long by three wide; and the interval formed by the stride is commonly about fourteen inches.

From the size of the bones of the *Labyrinthodon*, and from the proportion of the footprints, it would appear that some of the animals which gave rise to these ichnolites had a length approaching to nine feet, with a breadth of about three feet, and a height of nearly three and a half feet. These dimensions, however, fail to give a correct idea of the proportions of the animal, since its powerful hinder extremities were so developed that they formed a prominent object in the contour and size of the animal. Measured across the loins, to the projecting portions of its legs on each side, this creature had a width of nearly seven feet. The aspect of this animal, as it wandered over the shores of the Triassic sea, must have been somewhat like that of a great squat toad, armed with powerful conical teeth in its square-shaped jaws.

Besides the ichnolites which have had their origin in the peregrinations of the *Labyrinthodon*, there occur on strata of the

Triassic age, in some parts of England, footprints which, although of a reptilian character, have not been produced by batrachians. These are met with at Weston Point near Run-corn, and they also occur at Grimsell quarry near Shrewsbury in Shropshire. The form and nature of these footprints show feet with a great developement of toes; and, in some respects, these impressions have in some degree a resemblance to such as would emanate from birds. They, however, possess five toes directed forwards; and from certain remains which have been obtained from the quarries at Grimsell, and which seem to have appertained to the animals from whence the footsteps having somewhat of a bird-like nature originated, it would appear, that the reptiles producing these singular ichnolites had a remarkable nature, combining saurian characters with certain structures which are of an ornithic nature. Besides wide-spread toes of a bird-like type, which were probably united together by a web, as in the case of swimming-birds, these lizards approximated the nature of birds in the structure of their jaws. These appear to have been edentulous, and cased in a horny envelope, presenting the aspect of the bill of a bird, or the horny mandible of the hawk's-beak turtle; and from this feature in the organisation of this animal Professor Owen has termed the reptile *Rhynchosaurus*.

It is interesting to notice that many of the faces of the sandstone strata, upon which the footprints of the *Rhynchosaurus* occur, are marked by coil-like masses; and these coil-like masses were originally the ejectamenta of worms; resembling the heaps of sand which we, at the present day, find above the entrances into the burrows of the modern lug-worm, *Arenicola piscatorum* of our modern sandy coasts. The authors of these ancient sand-coils, the former representative of our modern lug-worm, appear to have been the food of the *Rhynchosaurus*; and the horny-beaked mandibles of this reptile seem to have been well designed for picking up the forms of *Arenicola*, or an allied worm, which inhabited the sandy shores of the Triassic sea.

Along with ichnolites, which are the former tracks of the Labyrinthodon and *Rhynchosaurus*, we find on some of the sandstone strata of this age, as at Weston Point, impressions which in many respects approximate to those occurring on the sandstones of the Permians of Dumfriesshire. These, from their appearance, seem to have been produced by tortoises. They are of small size, not exceeding those of the *C. Duncani* of the Dumfriesshire Permians. They have, however, some features which show that they have originated from the wanderings of other forms of chelonians. Thus, like the shores of the Per-

mian sea, the Trias beaches were frequented by the three orders of reptiles which have left their impressions on the shores of the former period, viz. chelonian, saurian, and batrachian.

When we look backwards into the abyss of time, and compare the creatures of those remote ages with such as now frequent the sea beaches surrounding the British Isles, we see a widely different state of things. Instead of sandpipers running along the margin of the tide, picking up worms, and gulls hovering about over-head, ready to devour any animal matter that may be borne on the surface of the sea, or cast up on its shores, these Triassic shores were occupied by Rhynchosaurs of forms so strange that even the fabulous creatures of the fairy tales of childhood look tame when compared with these reptiles. The ponderous Labyrinthodon with its sculptured head, encased in bony armour, has no analogon on our shores, or even on our earth, at the present time. These creatures of the Triassic age discharged the functions and fulfilled the destinies appointed by their Creator during their epoch, and ceased to exist when changes in the physical conditions and geography of our planet rendered it no longer a suitable abode for those creatures which have left a record of their existence and their nature in the form of their footprints and in portions of their bony skeletons which became embedded in the sands accumulating on the Triassic shores.

There are strata of great perpendicular thickness on the continent of America, which seem to approximate to the Trias strata of England in age. Their exact position, however, is not satisfactorily determined. They occur in the Connecticut valley, New England; and the beds which afford ichnolites here, and also the nature of these ichnolites, have been well described by Dr. Hitchcock. The rocks in this district consist of alternating beds of dark red sandstone and shale; and in this their lithological nature they have considerable affinity to the Triassic series of England containing footprints. Some of the American geologists, among whom is Dr. Hitchcock, are disposed to place the strata of the valley of the Connecticut river in a position above that of the Trias, and to regard these sandstones as forming the lower members of the Jurassic series, the equivalents of our Liassic strata. The area containing the sandstones and shales, which in Connecticut valley affords ichnolites, is a narrow band of country, not more than from two to three miles broad, but having a length of about ninety miles. The thickness of the mass of strata through which these ichnolites are disseminated is, in one or two localities, as much as from 3000 to 4000 feet in perpendicular depth. The tracks which occur through this

district, and which have resulted from what Dr. Hitchcock calls *Lithicknozoa*, or stony-track animals, as these stony tracks are the only evidence we possess of their former existence, are very numerous, and very different in their natures. Of these tracks, according to Dr. Hitchcock, there are seven groups which can be referred to Vertebrate life alone, and in the first of these groups he has placed five distinct species of what he terms Marsupialoids, inferring that there are certain forms of footprints which impress these Connecticut sandstones and shales, of such a nature as to have the aspect of the footprints of the order Marsupialia, an order which, at the present time, is all but exclusively confined to Australia, Tasmania, and the adjoining islands. The term Marsupialoids does not absolutely imply that the footprints were produced by pouched animals; it merely indicates that the impressions have such an aspect as to give them the appearance of originating from animals of this order. The period of the appearance of Marsupials among the geological formations is not incompatible with the idea which would refer these ichnolites to this tribe of animals, even if the strata in which they occur be shown to be of Triassic age, since we meet with Marsupial remains in the form of the teeth of the *Microlestes* in the bone-bed at the top of the Trias, or at the base of the Lias.

The conditions under which we meet with these Marsupialoid ichnolites, and the circumstances which must have prevailed during the deposition of the strata in which they occur, are somewhat hostile to the opinion that these impressions resulted from this order of Mammalia, since neither sandy nor muddy shores are the usual habitats of this tribe of Mammalia. It is probable that some form of reptile produced these Marsupialoid tracks; for there are many anomalous tracks, some of which, at first sight, look far removed from any that might have been formed by reptiles, which have ultimately been found to have been produced by creatures of this class.

There occur, on the sandstones and shales of the valley of the Connecticut river, impressions of a tridactylous nature, and these, from their mode of arrangement, seem to have resulted from bipeds. Such is their nature, and so great is their resemblance to the footprints of birds, that Dr. Hitchcock has designated these tridactylous impressions of an apparently bipedal origin *Ornithichnites*, indicating that they are the ichnolites produced by birds. It would appear, from the observations of Dr. Hitchcock, that these tridactylous imprints are capable of being divided into two groups, the one containing such ichnolites as are thick-toed in their nature, and the other having

referred to it such impressions as are thin-toed. Of the former there are, according to Dr. Hitchcock, three distinct genera, embracing fourteen species; and of the latter there are four genera, including sixteen species. Some of these tridactylous impressions are of gigantic size. The longest of these footprints, to which the name of *Ornithichnites giganticus* has been given, is more than fifteen inches long, exclusive of the portion of the impressions which seem to represent a claw, which is two inches in size*; and the interval which marks the stride of this animal varies from four to six feet, the latter being apparently the length of the stride when the animal was in rapid motion.

There are instances of impressions which seem to have resulted from thinner-toed birds of an equal length of foot and stride; and some of the impressions have, attached to the hinder part thereof, an indication of an appendage extending backwards from eight to nine inches, the character and nature of which it is difficult to determine. Many of these ichnolites of the Connecticut valley are of much smaller size, and do not much exceed such as are formed by some of our wading-birds. The mode in which these ichnolites occur, and the arrangements of the impressions, are both strongly indicative that these footprints have originated from the footsteps of birds. The impressions, in some instances, show the number and arrangement of the phalanges of the foot, and such an arrangement has a great affinity to that of tridactylous birds. The footprints indicate that the animals from whence these impressions emanated, had three phalangeal bones in the inner toe, four in the middle, and five in the outer toes, an arrangement which corresponds with living forms of tridactylous birds. The impressions which result from this arrangement marks well the joints of the foot, which exactly agree with such footprints as would be produced by the forms of birds already referred to. This structure of the feet is exhibited in Sir Charles Lyell's 'Manual' (page 349). In some instances, the mud over which these animals walked has been in such a condition as to take the most perfect impression of the covering which enveloped the bones of the foot; the skin of this portion of the animal having left its impress on the shale beds in such a fine state as to allow of the structure and nature of this skin being recognised. From an examination of these perfect ichnolites, Professor Owen has been induced to conclude that the skin resembled that of the ostrich, and not that of a reptile.

With all these strong indications of the bird-like nature of

* Figured in 'Buckland's Geology,' plate 36. vol. ii.

these ichnolites, there are certain circumstances to be taken into consideration before we arrive at an absolute conclusion that they are of ornithic origin. As concerns their bipedal aspect, this apparent form of steps is by no means a satisfactory evidence with regard to these ichnolites originating in birds. Many reptiles, as we have already stated, in their mode of progress, place the hind foot upon the impression of the fore foot; and the former, having greater force, obliterates the impression resulting from the latter, and gives rise to impressions which have apparently resulted from bipeds. Another character, viz. the tridactylous aspect, is not such as we can altogether rely upon. Many reptiles have the two outer toes only imperfectly developed, and in such a condition as not to be able to impress the sand or mud over which they travel with any evidence of the existence of these outer toes; and there is an impression of an ichnolite, which makes its appearance in some of the higher strata, which is not only tridactylous in its character, but also bipedalous in its aspect, and yet of this there is little room to doubt its reptilian origin.

The other bases upon which the ornithic nature of these impressions rest are the arrangement and relative number of the bones of the foot, and the bird-like nature of the skin which covers this. With regard to these latter, they cannot be considered as of great absolute value; and, until we obtain some evidence of a more satisfactory character, the conclusions as to the so-called Ornithichnites must be looked upon only as probable, and not as certain, since impressions formed by reptiles frequently possess many ornithic characters.

Among these strata of the Connecticut valley Dr. Hitchcock enumerates ichnolites which have a decided reptilian nature. Of these there are twelve species which he refers to Ornithoid lizards or Batrachians, seventeen to Lizards Proper, sixteen to Batrachians, and eight to Chelonians; showing how abundant animal life of an elevated type was during this period either of the Trias or Lias epoch: and yet among these red sandstones and shales no traces have yet been obtained of any of the osseous structures of these animals; but, as is the case with the Permian red sandstones of Dumfriesshire, the only evidence of this abundance of life which frequented the muddy shores of this geological epoch exists to us in the form of ichnolites.

On these interesting and numerous forms of footsteps occurring in the Connecticut valley, Dr. Hitchcock has prepared a report to the government of the state of Massachusetts, which is now in the course of publication with plates; and when geo-

logists are in possession of this report, the knowledge of these several ichnolites will be greatly extended, and some important inferences can be drawn, not only as concerns the impressions occurring in the district immediately referred to, but also concerning the ichnolites of other countries.

Ichnolites of a very distinct character have been obtained from deposits which are of an age considerably more recent geologically. Mr. Beckles has obtained on the surfaces of some of the sandstone strata belonging to the Hastings sand series, the middle member of the Wealden deposits, impressions, some of which are of gigantic size, and in many respects bearing considerable affinity to the bipedal tridactylous footprints of the Connecticut valley. The tenth volume of the 'Journal of the Geological Society' contains a description and a plate of these ichnolites, which are not only tridactylous, but approach near to Dr. Hitchcock's pachydactylous birds. There are, however, no satisfactory phalangeal impressions in connexion with them. The size of these footprints varies considerably; some being eight inches, and others as much as twenty-eight long by twenty-five inches broad, and impressions of an intermediate size occur. The interval between the impressions, or the length of the stride, in the largest of these ichnolites, reaches forty-six inches; and if we are to arrive at the ornithic character of the creatures which impressed the surfaces of the sandstone during this portion of the Wealden epoch, we must conclude that birds having an approximation to ostriches lived during this period, and were even more gigantic than those which existed during the antecedent Trias. This conclusion is not, however, borne out by what we know concerning the Wealden Vertebrata. One of the most common of the reptiles of this series of the sedimentary deposits, the *Iguanodon*, seems to have been the author of these tridactylous bipedal ichnolites. Like many of the reptiles of the earlier periods, this animal seems to have planted its hind feet in the impression caused by the fore feet, obliterating the impressions of the latter, and giving to its ichnolites a bipedal character. And, concerning the structure of the bones of the foot of this reptile, Professor Owen remarks, from observations made on the bones of this animal which have been obtained by Mr. Beckles from the Wealden strata of the Isle of Wight, that,

'Guided by the analogy of the number of phalanges in the toes of the hind foot of the *Iguana*, we may infer that the three toes that are normally developed in the hind foot of the *Iguanodon* are the second, third, and fourth; that the first, or innermost, is represented by a rudimental metatarsal, which was concealed beneath the skin of the foot; and that the fifth, or outermost, was entirely suppressed: a mo-

dification of the hind foot which is interesting by its analogy to the tridactyle hind foot of the *Rhinoceros* and *Tapir*, and still more by its correspondence, in the varying number of the phalanges and their progressive increase from the inner to the outer toe, with the foot of birds; a fact which naturally suggests a caution in respect to the habit of referring the many larger tridactyle impressions found in the Wealden and other formations to the class of Birds.'

Since the impressions occurring in the Wealden, and which have the nature of bird-tracks, seem to have resulted from the locomotive powers of the *Iguanodon*, it behoves us to receive with considerable caution the conclusions which have been adopted by some geologists concerning the *Ornithichnites* of the Connecticut valley; and, with the evidence afforded by the osseous structure of the foot of the *Iguanodon*, it would seem that the tridactyle bipedal ichnolites of this area may, with equal, or even with greater, probability, be referred to reptiles.

There is, probably, no circumstance in connexion with the evidence of the former existence of various forms of animal life, during periods antecedent to the present races of animals, which affords more interest than ichnolites. Although the information obtained from these fails, in most instances, to furnish sufficient data for describing the creatures which have formerly impressed the ancient sandy shores with their wanderings, still from fossil footprints we can often obtain information relating to the habits and mode of life which the more solid structures of the animals often fail to communicate. These ichnolites may be looked upon as records containing a history of the circumstances under which the animals forming them lived, and they also reveal to us evidence of the physical conditions prevailing in the areas which, during prior epochs, these animals frequented. The nature of this testimony leads us back to the shores of ancient tidal seas, on the margins of which reptiles congregated, and on the shores of which they impressed the evidence of their existence in the state of footprints. The nature of the evidence is such that, at first sight, we should be almost disposed to question its value, and even to doubt its reality. Subjected to the destructive influence of atmospheric and aqueous agencies, it becomes almost a wonder how this fragile record of the former occurrence of reptiles should have been preserved to us. The drying influence of solar heat, and the transporting power of winds carrying before it the sandy particles, would have led us to anticipate that all evidence of this nature would have been obliterated by these causes alone; and when we consider that the sea also exercised its agency, covering with its advancing waves the littoral surfaces over which reptiles walked, and re-

moving the particles of the deposits which received the footprints, our wonder at the occurrence of these impressions is increased. No doubt these agencies have been potent operators in destroying footprints, but under certain peculiar circumstances these agents have ceased to produce their ordinary results. It is the fine surfaces of the sandstone strata which have retained and afford fossil footprints; surfaces which were originally fine plastic mud, the particles of which had a more coherent nature than the larger sandy grains. On this the transporting power of the wind had little influence, but, when in masses of considerable thickness, the solar heat had sufficient force to desiccate and crack its surface by shrinkage. Even the water's erosive power had not force enough to smooth and level the tracks, but, depositing in them the sand which it bore along with it, filled up the impressions with mineral matter of a different nature to that over which it flowed, and formed natural casts of these impressions, which time indurated, and which we now have in relief on the under surfaces of the sandstone strata.

To whatever geological period we refer in connexion with these fossil footprints, we have the same testimony of the prevalence of physical conditions akin to those which now obtain in localities where like circumstances appear—rain-falls, solar heat, and gentle breezes. The pit-like impressions, the desiccation cracks, and the ripple-markings are the strong evidence of these; and they lead us to the conclusion, in connexion with the other phenomena which are associated with ichnolites, that matter has been under the influence of the same laws, and, in obedience to these laws, has given rise to the same phenomena from the earliest periods.

There is a natural disposition in the human mind to endeavour to realise the complete idea of any object which is presented to it; and although in some instances, as in the case of time, but imperfect notions can, at least, prevail, still we find even here the disposition manifests itself. There is no question more puzzling to the geologist than the very frequent one to which he is subjected, *viz.* How long is it since the several animals lived which palæontology has revealed to us? And this question is generally put with reference to astronomical time. The epochs of geology, and the periods of astronomy, have no common bases for calculation. The latter rests upon motion, the former has its data based upon life. The latter calculates from the revolutions of the celestial bodies, and the former draws its inferences of time from existences. Under such circumstances the reduction of geological to astronomical periods appears very remote.

The operations of those physical causes which alter the relative distribution of land and water, which modify climate, and which produce changes in the physical geography of the earth, seem to have been the potent agents which by producing a set of conditions unfavourable to the existence of certain organic beings, caused their destruction, and induced the Almighty Governor of the universe to call into being new forms suitable to the altered circumstances. The changes which result from these causes are at present excessively slow, and we have no reason to infer that in anterior periods of the earth's history they were more rapid. Until we can appreciate the time required for the degradation and decomposition of huge masses of rocks from atmospheric causes, for the erosion and transport of mineral matter by aqueous influence, and for the modifications which result from that force which operates beneath the earth's surface, combined with the effects which these agents produce on organised existences, we must rest satisfied with knowing that immeasurable periods have elapsed; and that, during these immeasurable periods, the histories of the physical condition of the earth, and the forms of life which were its occupants, have been written in natural hieroglyphics, which tell us that the Divine Framers of the world has exercised a creative Power whenever the physical changes of the earth destroyed the existing works of his hand, calling into being new forms, which in their turn were destined to have their places supplied by other beings of a higher order.

ART. VI.—*Vie de Marie Antoinette*. Par EDOUARD et JULES DE GONCOURT. Deuxième Edition. Revue et augmentée de Documents inédits et de Pièces tirées des Archives de l'Empire. Paris, 1859.

IN Sir Walter Scott's younger days, as he states in one of his prefaces, the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots was a constant subject of angry controversy, and a reflection on her character in the hearing of one of her avowed partisans was held to justify a challenge. A similar though less durable conflict of opinion has existed in France touching the reputation of Marie Antoinette; and we remember the time when it would have been exceedingly dangerous to question her conjugal fidelity within the precincts of the Faubourg St. Germain. Both of these illustrious ladies were cradled in royalty: both were beauties and coquettes: both were unequally mated: both were suspected and calumniated; and both perished on the scaffold. But the parallel ceases at the most important point. The verdict of history has proved decidedly unfavourable to Mary Stuart, whilst the name and memory of Marie Antoinette come out brighter and brighter from the ordeal of every fresh inquiry.

Partial as Madame Campan may have been to her beloved mistress, there is an air of sincerity in her statements which could not fail to make way with posterity. The most material have been confirmed by the unimpeachable testimony of the Count de la Marck*; whilst the indications discoverable in the memoirs and correspondence of her most respectable cotemporaries almost all point in the same direction. The case for the defence has been completed by MM. de Goncourt; who profess to have resorted to every accessible source of information, and now boldly lay claim for their heroine to take rank as the most high-principled, self-sacrificing, and best conducted, as well as most unfortunate, of queens. The first edition of their book was speedily exhausted; and such is the inherent attraction of the subject, that we are tempted to recapitulate and re-examine the principal events of a life which has all the interest of a novel, although it influenced the destinies of Europe and (no solitary example) was embittered by a throne.

* Correspondance entre le Comte de Mirabeau et le Comte de La Marck. See a review of this work, Ed. Review, vol. xciv. p. 442.

We shall confine ourselves almost exclusively to her personal history, on which we hope to throw fresh light from sources which have escaped the search, or not fallen under the observation, of MM. de Goncourt. But judging from the success of recent contributions to retrospective literature of a more familiar kind, we should not despair of a favourable reception were we to do no more than bring together the scattered and highly interesting traits which are already known to the curious in French memoirs.

Marie Antoinette, the daughter of Francis the First, Emperor of Germany, and the famous Maria-Theresa, was born November 2nd 1755; 'the day,' says Madame Campan, 'of the earthquake of Lisbon; and this catastrophe, which seemed to mark with a fatal stamp the epoch of her nativity, without being a motive for superstitious fear, had nevertheless made an impression on the mind of the princess.' This is strange, for the earthquake took place the day before, namely, November 1st. The empress, anxious for a son, had made a bet of two ducats with the Duc de Tarozka that she should have a daughter. After the announcement of the event, the loser was discovered in a brown study by Metastasio, who inquired the cause. 'Imagine my embarrassment,' exclaimed the Duke; 'I have a wager of two ducats with the empress that she would be brought to bed of a prince, and lo, it is a princess.' 'Well then,' replied Metastasio, 'you have lost and must pay.' 'Pay, but how pay two ducats to an empress?' 'Oh, if that is all, your troubles will be soon over.' The poet took out his pencil, and wrote these lines:—

'Ho perduto : l' augusta figlia
A pagar m' ha condannato,
Ma s' è ver che a voi somiglia,
Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato.'

'There,' he continued, 'wrap up your two ducats in this paper, and your debt will be paid without offence.'*

This disappointment did not deprive the infant archduchess of her fair share of maternal affection, and her father, the emperor, took a peculiar interest in her. In her sixth year, he had already quitted the palace to start for Inspruck, when

* This story is told rather differently by MM. de Goncourt on the authority of Madame Campan. We have adopted Weber's version ('Mémoires concernant Marie Antoinette, &c., par Joseph Weber, 'Frère de lait de cette infortunée Souveraine,' &c.), conceiving him to have had the best means of information touching matters which occurred at Vienna.

he ordered an attendant to go for her, and bring her to the carriage. When she came, he held out his arms to receive her, and exclaimed, after pressing her to his heart, 'I had an irresistible longing to kiss this child.' He died suddenly during the journey, and never saw her again.

In M. de Lamartine's 'History of the Girondins' it is related that, 'she (Marie Antoinette) began life amidst the storms of the Austrian monarchy. She was one of the children that the empress led by the hand when she appeared as a suppliant to her faithful Hungarians, and *these troops* exclaimed, "Moria-mur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa." According to more careful annalists, Maria Theresa presented herself to the assembled magnates with her son, afterwards Joseph the Second, in her arms, four years *before the birth* of Marie Antoinette.

MM. de Goncourt state that Maria Theresa personally superintended the education of her daughter, instead of abandoning her to her courtly governesses; and they quote the empress's own testimony, in the shape of an autograph letter, for the fact. But we learn from other sources, especially from Madame Campan, that the direct contrary was the truth; that the cares of the cabinet left the empress little time for the nursery or the schoolroom; that, although daily reports were brought to her of the health of her children by her physician, she often suffered several days to elapse without seeing them; and that the attractive pictures of domestic tenderness, described by distinguished travellers invited to a family party at the imperial palace, were *tableaux vivants* got up for their edification. The archduchesses were drilled to listen with apparent intelligence to Latin harangues of which they did not understand a syllable; and sketches were exhibited in proof of their proficiency in drawing which they had never so much as touched. In after life Marie Antoinette avowed and lamented what she called the *charlatanerie* of her education, and its deficiencies were too palpable to leave room for doubt as to her good faith. She had a natural taste and extreme fondness for music, yet on her arrival in France she put off receiving her *ex officio* singing master on one pretence or another for three months, whilst she was practising in private with a confidential attendant. 'The Dauphine,' she remarked, 'must take care of the reputation of the Archduchess.' She was taught Italian by Metastasio, and both spoke and wrote it with facility, and such care was taken to perfect her in French, that she ended by losing her native German altogether.

The series of reverses sustained by France during Lord Chatham's first administration, and the humiliating terms dic-

tated by England at the peace of Paris in 1763, had induced the French Minister, the Duc de Choiseul, to reverse the policy, which he had inherited from a long line of predecessors, of considering the House of Hapsburg as the most formidable enemy or rival of that of Bourbon. His new plan was to form what he termed an alliance of the South,—that is, of France, Spain, and Austria, against Great Britain, and the most obvious mode of consolidating it was by a marriage. The Empress Queen eagerly concurred. During Madame Geoffrin's visit to Vienna, in 1766, she was speaking warmly in the court circle of the beauty and grace of the little archduchess, and saying that she should like to carry her to Paris. '*Emportez! emportez!*' exclaimed Maria Theresa.

The choice of teachers to fit a young princess for so exalted a destiny was curious enough. An actor, named Aufresne, was appointed to teach her pronunciation and declamation, and another, named Sainville, for what Madame Campan calls the '*goût du chant français*.' Sainville had been in the army, and was considered a scapegrace. The French court disapproved of this selection: the French ambassador was instructed to remonstrate; the two actors were dismissed, and an ecclesiastic, the Abbé Vermond, was named in their place. This man has been accused of exercising a mischievous influence on the manners, modes of thinking, disposition, and conduct of Marie Antoinette at the most trying epoch of her life; and his own character has consequently been subjected to the most searching scrutiny. But we have been unable to arrive at any safe and definite conclusion regarding him. Madame Campan, whose suspicions may have been sharpened by jealousy, describes him as a cold, insolent, indiscreet, and mocking sceptic, who, both by precept and example, inculcated a contempt for forms and conventional distinctions, from which it is as difficult to dissociate the idea of royalty as to comprehend Crambo's abstraction of a Lord Mayor without the gold chain and other ensigns of dignity. The son of a village surgeon, the Abbé (she says) was wont, in the height of his favour, to receive bishops and ministers in his bath, remarking at the same time that the Abbé Dubois, whose position he affected, was a fool; because a man like him should make cardinals and refuse to be one. His mode of gaining admission to the private circle of the imperial family does credit to his tact. Soon after his arrival the empress, meeting him at her daughter's, inquired if he had formed any acquaintance at Vienna. 'Not one, Madame,' was the reply. 'The apartment of the archduchess and the hotel of the French ambassador are the only places in which a man

‘honoured with the care of the princess’s education should be seen.’ A month later he gave the same answer to the same question, and the day following he received a command to attend the family circle every evening.

Unless this description be entirely false, the Abbé Vermond was extremely ill qualified for his post. But the Count de la Marck, who subsequently saw a good deal of him at the hôtel of the Comte de Mercy (the Austrian ambassador at Paris), speaks of him as an honest well-intentioned man of moderate abilities, devotedly attached to the Queen, and says that, although she employed him to copy her letters, she had a low opinion of his capacity. His importance, according to this high authority, was mainly derived from his being the principal medium of unofficial communication between the Queen and her connexions at Vienna, and his fidelity was unquestionable.

Early in 1769 the proposed union had become a constant topic of diplomatic correspondence, and a painter, Ducreux, was sent from Paris to paint the portrait of the future queen of France for Louis Quinze. It seems to have been deemed satisfactory by this practised judge of female charms, for the preliminary contract was signed on the 16th July, and the final ratifications were exchanged on the 17th of January, 1770. The customary fêtes, ceremonies, and preparations for the departure of the bride, occupied some months. On the 17th of April, she signed a formal renunciation of her hereditary rights, paternal and maternal, in a full council of ministers, and confirmed it by an oath administered at the altar. After attending the Belvedere fêtes, which lasted nine days, she started on the 26th for France, carrying with her a copy of the ominous injunction addressed by Maria Theresa to her children:—

‘I recommend you, my dear children, to set apart two days of every year to prepare for death, as if you were sure that those two days were the last of your life.’

On the 7th of May she reached an island on the Rhine, near Strasburg, where she was received in a richly furnished pavilion constructed for the purpose, and divided into two compartments, one for the Austrians and the other for the French. Before quitting the Austrian side she was stripped to the skin and attired ‘from top to toe in French habiliments, ‘in order,’ so ran the regulation, ‘that she might retain nothing of a country ‘which was her’s no longer.’ She was accordingly undressed and dressed, and then ceremoniously handed over to the ladies and gentlemen of the new court which had been formed for her, beginning with Madame la Comtesse de Noailles, her chief lady in waiting.

At this point MM. de Goncourt pause to describe the face and figure of their heroine, who had not yet completed her fifteenth year, and gave little more than the promise of her matured beauty. But her expressive features, her exquisite complexion, her clear blue eyes, the rich tresses of her light brown hair, the animation of her whole person, and her winning grace of manner, won all hearts, and '*qu'elle est jolie, notre Dauphine,*' was the exulting cry of the peasantry whenever they got a glimpse of her on the route.*

Her first meeting with the royal family of France, including her intended husband, was at the bridge of Berne, some leagues from Compiègne. She there alighted from her carriage; and, followed by her ladies, is led by her 'chevalier d'honneur' and the first equerry to the King, at whose feet she throws herself. He raises her, kisses her, and presents her to the Dauphin, who does likewise. They then proceed to the château of Compiègne, where she is obliged to undergo another set of presentations. The night before the nuptial benediction was passed at the Château de la Muette; and here at supper the King was guilty of the inconceivable weakness and indecency of suffering Madame du Barry to seat herself at Marie Antoinette's table. Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the depth of sensuality and self-

* The degree and character of her beauty have been much disputed. Lord Holland ('Foreign Reminiscences'), who saw her the year before her death, says that it consisted exclusively in a fair skin, a straight person, and a stately air. MM. de Goncourt are too enthusiastic to inspire confidence on this point. One of their ablest critics, M. F. Barrère, quotes the following as the most accurate description of her on her arrival in France. 'Her figure was low (*petite*) but perfectly proportioned; her arms were well-formed and of 'dazzling whiteness; her hands *potelées*, her fingers tapering, her nails 'transparent and rose-coloured, her feet charming.' 'As she grew 'and filled out,' adds M. Barrère, 'her feet and hands remained 'equally irreproachable, but her figure lost somewhat of its symmetry 'and her bust became too prominent. Her face was an oval a little 'elongated; her eyes were blue, soft, and animated; her neck possibly 'a little too long but admirably set; the forehead too round (*bombé*) 'and not sufficiently shaded by the hair. The mode of 'dressing the 'hair which the French ladies adopted under the Empire, would 'have become her to admiration, and the hair banded on the brow 'would have made her a regular beauty.' The portraits, which are very numerous, and were taken at various and long distant periods, from the brilliant rising to the gloomy setting of her sun, naturally differ widely; but they leave no doubt of her having been endowed with personal charms more than sufficient to pass for beauty on a throne.

indulgence which this monarch must have reached, or the debasing thralldom in which this abandoned woman held him, or the state of morals which could render such an outrage possible even in a despotic monarchy where public opinion still found vent in pasquinades. When Burke enthusiastically exclaimed, 'I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult,' he forgot that the first insult had been perpetrated, and the ground laid for the most galling of the rest, without a solitary protest amongst this 'nation of gallant men.' But 'the age of chivalry' was over, and that of 'sophists, economists, calculators' had *not* arrived.

When one of her ladies in waiting asked her what she thought of the favourite, she replied by one well-chosen word '*charmante*.' It is also related that she naïvely asked Madame de Noailles what was Madame du Barry's peculiar function at the court? 'She amuses the King.' 'Then I declare myself her rival.'

The marriage was solemnised in the chapel of Versailles, on the forenoon of the 16th of May. As soon as it was over, the bride hurried to her own apartment, and without waiting to lay aside her robes, wrote to her mother, '*Enfin me voilà Dauphine de France*.' The ceremony was hardly ended, when the sky was darkened by clouds, the rain fell in torrents, and the crowd which filled the gardens were driven home. The bad weather continuing, the fireworks were not let off, the illuminations failed, and the people, deprived of their anticipated fête, began to talk of omens and give vent to presentiments. The fêtes at Paris concluded still more inauspiciously. Through the mismanagement of the municipal authorities, who insisted on superseding the regular police for the occasion, the crowd got jammed in the Place Louis Quinze (now *Place de la Concorde*), and a furious conflict had already commenced between those who wished to come in and those who were struggling to get out, when the scaffolding round the statue, on which the ornamented lamps were hung, caught fire. The alarm spread: the efforts to escape grew phrenzied: the strong trampled down the weak: the firemen dashed to the spot with their engines over every obstacle; and when the confusion ceased, the outlets and much of the open space were found heaped with the dying and the dead. The number of the sufferers was reduced as low as possible in the official reports, but according to the '*Gazette de France*,' 132 dead bodies were collected and buried in the cemetery of the Madeleine.

Among the startling incidents of the scene which deeply

touched the Dauphiness, was one recorded of a young couple who were to be married the day following. Feeling her strength fail, and on the point of sinking to the ground, the girl entreated her lover to leave her to her fate and save himself: 'Never,' he exclaimed, 'and there is hope yet; get upon my shoulders, and I can carry you through the press.' He stooped, turning his back towards her. A light form took the offered place, and a woman's arm was round his neck. He was tall, strong, and resolute. He made his way to a safe spot, and his fair burden glided to his feet. It was an entire stranger, who had overheard the suggestion, pushed his betrothed bride aside, and taken her place.

The royal couple, who had been the innocent cause of these disasters, contributed the whole of their year's income to the relief fund, and Marie Antoinette was constantly recurring to the catastrophe and devising means to mitigate the resulting miseries. One of her attendants, by way of consolation, told her that a number of pickpockets, their pockets crammed with watches and snuffboxes, were found amongst the dead, and observed that they at least had met with their deserts. 'Oh, no,' 'no,' was the reply; 'they have met their death by the side of honest people.'

There existed grounds of apprehension and causes of anxiety of a more tangible and appreciable sort than omens. To discover them, it was simply necessary to look a little below the surface of the courtly circle into which she was received with such a flattering exhibition of enthusiasm. As already stated, the Austrian alliance, of which she was the pledge, was the favourite project of the Duke de Choiseul, whose power was rapidly declining; and the bare fact of its having been brought about by him, made it and her distasteful to the rival party, with which the royal mistress and the King's four daughters were closely allied. Madame du Barry had tact enough to see that, if His Majesty once became fond of the Dauphiness and accustomed to her society, the fresh, pure, and refined would speedily supersede the old and coarser tie. Notwithstanding his epicurean habits, he had once or twice shown symptoms of a reviving taste for better things, as when he resorted for a period to Madame Adelaide's apartment; and his first feeling towards Marie Antoinette was one of admiring affection. He insisted on doing the honours of Versailles in his own proper person, and an incident which occurred as he was playing cicerone in the gardens, affords a striking proof of his inactivity and confirmed indolence, mental and bodily. To his surprise he found the walks broken up or encumbered with ruins. As he assisted her over a heap

of stones, he remarked: 'I beg your pardon a thousand times, my daughter; but, in my time, there was a fine set of marble steps here: I do not know what they have done with them.'

All the arts of misrepresentation were set on foot by the unscrupulous mistress to undermine the growing favour of '*la petite rousse*;' and she at length succeeded by insinuating that Marie Antoinette had complained to her mother of the indecorous addition to the royal supper party at La Muette, and by persuading the King that his attentions were thrown away on an ungrateful or insensible object. His manner gradually grew colder and colder, and at length the triumph of vice over virtue was announced by his exclaiming, in a tone of mingled bitterness and regret: '*Je sais bien que Madame la Dauphine ne m'aime pas.*'

Her aunts-in-law, four in number, shared amongst them most of the qualitics which are popularly, if unjustly, attributed to old maids. Although they did their best to appear amiable to their new relative at first, they were obviously repelled instead of attracted by youth, beauty, and high spirits. She made light of the pleasures of the table, and they were famous for their cook. It was Madame Victoire who, to quiet a conscientious scruple, requested a bishop to decide whether a particular description of water-fowl could be properly eaten during Lent. He gravely informed her that in all such cases, the bird should be carved upon a cold dish, and that unless the gravy congealed within a quarter of an hour, it might be eaten at all seasons without sin. It was Madame Louise again, who growing delirious on her death-bed, cried out: '*Au Paradis, vite, vite, au grand galop.*' The ruling spirit of the four was unluckily Madame Adelaide, who had a double motive for disliking her niece, both as a rival for the King's confidential intimacy for which she had fought a hard fight with the mistress, and as the outward and visible sign of the abandonment of the old national anti-Austrian policy, of which she was the warm partisan. When M. Campan went to receive her commands before starting to meet the Dauphiness on the frontier, Madame Adelaide told him haughtily that she had no commands to give about sending to look after an Austrian princess.

The Dauphin's brothers were too young as yet to play an important part, but they soon began to exercise a marked and evil influence on her destiny; the one designedly and from ill nature, the other unconsciously and from the unguarded display of his admiration. The Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., though of a cold disposition and studious habits, had a turn for gallantry, and affected for a period to be the adorer and

poet of his sister-in-law.* But on his marriage with a princess of Savoy, originally destined for the Dauphin and for that reason detesting the innocent cause of her disappointment, he adopted the prejudices of his wife, and some of the most mischievous interpretations put upon the language and conduct of the Dauphiness were traced to their salon. What made him the more dangerous, he had a turn for satire, was a sayer of good things, and wrote tolerable verses, especially in the epigrammatic style. That Mesdames du Terrage and de Balbi were nominally his mistresses, proves nothing more than his compliance with fashion or his vanity. When a candid friend tried to excite the Comtesse's jealousy, by alluding to them, she replied: 'O, mon Dieu, don't let us reproach him with these ladies. They are 'the only superfluities he allows himself.'

The younger brother, the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was the precise opposite of his senior. He was frank, gay, careless, full of life and vivacity, fond of pleasure, and chivalrously devoted to women. His gallantry, indeed, was of the most discursive sort, and was so far from being interrupted by his marriage with a daughter of Savoy (sister of the Comtesse de Provence), that his frequent visits to an actress, Mademoiselle Duthé, gave rise to the punning remark that '*ayant eu une indigestion de gâteau de Savoye à Versailles, il était allé prendre du thé à Paris.*' He found ample time, however, to be at all Marie Antoinette's parties of amusement, and his open adoration was subsequently converted into a weapon of defamation by her calumniators.

The greatest of her disadvantages was the uncongenial character of her husband. His pidity, his passive courage, his domestic virtues, and his heartfelt wish to promote the true happiness of his people, are now matter of history; but it required time and misfortune to elicit them, and he confessedly had none of the qualities which make a French prince popular or fix the affection of a bride of fifteen. At the same time, we think MM. de Goncourt are hardly just when they cite him as 'one of those poor hearts, those 'sluggish temperaments, sometimes occurring towards the end of 'royal races, in which nature seems to make a parade of her 'lassitude.' Still less can we answer in the affirmative when

* He sent her, in his own name, the following verses (borrowed, we believe, from Lemierre) with a fan:—

'Au milieu des chaleurs extrêmes,
Heureux d'amuser vos loisirs,
J'aurai soin de vous amener les zéphyr,
Les amours viendront d'eux-mêmes.'

they ask whether 'this coldness, this silence of the passions, 'of youth, of sex, this contracted imagination, these tremblings 'and sinkings of a Bourbon of eighteen, this husband, this man, 'were not in reality the work, the crime, of a governor chosen 'by the blind piety of the father of Louis XVI.?' It is perfectly true that this governor, the Duc de Vauguyon, acted on a totally different principle from most governors and tutors at that period, and made no effort to control his pupil's humour when shrinking timidly from female society. It may be also true that, subsequently to the marriage, he endeavoured to keep the young couple apart as much as possible by interfering with the arrangement of their apartments at Fontainebleau, and that the Dauphiness was at last provoked by his intrusiveness into saying: 'Monsieur le Duc, Monsieur le Dauphin is old enough 'to dispense with a governor, and I have no need of a spy. I 'request that you will not appear before me again.'

The melancholy end of Louis XVI. has thrown over his memory something of the radiance of martyrdom; but it is not the less true that his manners were coarse, his voice harsh, his speech rude, and his whole demeanour alike deficient in elegance and in consideration for others. These unamiable qualities were keenly felt by the younger branches of the royal family, and they probably contributed to that alienation of some of the princes from the king which produced most fatal consequences in the Revolution. Nor were they unfelt by her who was doomed at last to follow him to the scaffold.

The Dauphin had other defects which must have helped to destroy the illusions of a bride. His appetite rivalled that of his ancestor, le Grand Monarque, and he indulged it without regard to appearances, whilst she was singularly sparing in her diet; her principal meal seldom extending beyond the wing of a chicken and a glass of water.* He was economical and fond of accounts, which he kept with the most scrupulous exactitude. His favourite occupation was practical mechanics; he would shut himself up morning after morning with a locksmith, who treated him like an ordinary apprentice. When he rejoined her with his hands and clothes smeared with oil and steel filings, she was wont to hail him with 'Oh, here comes my God Vulcan,'—a classical allusion which seldom failed to raise a malicious smile amongst such of the courtiers as had a smattering of heathen

* When the royal couple were lodged at the Feuillants, just after the dreadful 20th of June, the King indulged his appetite in so undignified a manner that the royalist deputies thought right to notice it to the Queen.

mythology or had studied Ovid's *Art of Love*. His only manly and gentlemanlike amusement was the chase; but this, as followed by the later generations of French kings, was a very different thing from an English stag or fox hunt; the 'field' being composed of courtiers of both sexes, who looked on from gilded coaches or cantered along smooth glades on trained palfreys.

This dissimilarity of tastes and character did not prevent the young couple from presenting an attractive picture of conjugal affection before the public, and wherever they appeared they were hailed with enthusiasm. Their first formal visit to Paris was delayed for three years. It took place in June, 1773, and it was on this occasion that the old Marshal de Brissac, requesting the Dauphin not to be jealous, led her to the front of the gallery overlooking the gardens of the Tuileries, and pointing to the sea of upturned faces beneath, told her: 'Madame, you have there, before your eyes, two hundred thousand lovers.'

Towards the beginning of May, 1774, Louis XV. fell ill of the smallpox, of which he died on the 10th. His remains were in such a state of putrefaction that it was considered certain death to meddle with them. As soon as the breath was out of his body, the Duc de Villequier, first gentleman of the chamber, desired M. Andouille, first surgeon to his defunct Majesty, to open and embalm it. 'I am ready,' replied Andouille, 'but you will hold the head during the operation: it is a part of your duty.' The Duc walked away without another word, and the body was neither opened nor embalmed. It was hastily buried by some poor workpeople, and spirits of wine were poured into the coffin to check infection. The late king's aunts were sedulous in their attendance on his sick bed, and exhibited the most heroic courage in confronting a danger from which the courtiers of every class fled. More than fifty persons caught the malady from merely passing through the great gallery. The Dauphin and Dauphiness waited in her apartment; it being settled that they were to leave for Choisy so soon as all was over. That no time might be lost in giving orders, it was agreed between the attendants who had charge of the carriages and those who were in waiting near the sick chamber, that a lighted candle placed at a window should be extinguished when the dying monarch was no more. The light disappeared, and within a few minutes all was ready for a start. The first intimation of what had taken place was conveyed to the new King and Queen by the crowd of courtiers hurrying to salute the rising sun. Their rush into the ante-chamber is described by Madame Campan as producing a terrible noise resembling thunder. On hearing it, the objects of this tumultuous

homage knew that their reign had commenced, and by a spontaneous movement both fell upon their knees, exclaiming, 'Good Lord, guide us, protect us, we reign too soon.'

The cry of *Le roi est mort: Vive le roi*, is admirably suited to an impressible and lighthearted people, whose natural tendency is rather to live in the future than in the past. Far more gaiety than grief was certainly elicited amongst them by this devolution of the crown, and even in the royal carriage which was conveying the six chief mourners (the King and Queen, Monsieur and Madame, and Le Comte and Comtesse d'Artois) on their road to Choisy, the prevalent sentiment would have justified Byron's well-known lines on gondolas:—

'And sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.'

They kept up a decent show of sorrow during the first half of the journey, when a word ludicrously mispronounced by the Comtesse d'Artois raised a general laugh, and they then by common consent wiped their eyes and left off weeping.

The Queen used all her influence to procure the recall of the Duc de Choiseul, to whom she conceived herself indebted for her throne. But on this point Louis XVI. was inexorable. The secret memoirs left by his father under the care of his governor, contained a solemn proscription of this minister, who was also vehemently opposed by Madame Adelaide. Although the Queen failed in this instance, however, she was obviously winning her way to that place in his affections which she ultimately obtained and kept. They were seen so often walking arm in arm in the gardens of Choisy as to set the fashion; and 'we had the gratification,' observes an eye-witness, 'of seeing several couples who had been separated, and not without reason, for many years, walking arm in arm on the terrace for hours together, and enduring, from courtly complaisance, the intolerable tediousness of a prolonged *tête-à-tête*.' The hearts, or heads, of the mass of the people were so full of the charms and virtues of their Queen on her accession, that a jeweller made a large fortune by selling mourning snuff-boxes in her honour. They were composed of *chagrin*, with the motto '*La Consolation dans le Chagrin*.' The conceit was hardly so poetical as that of the artist who on her arrival in France painted her in the heart or centre of an opening rose.

Altogether, the outward aspect of things was smiling and the general prospect fair. But the anti-Austrian faction was implacable; family jealousies were as rife as ever, and a host of wounded vanities were accumulating, comparing, and exaggerating their wrongs, real or fancied, with a view to retaliation

or revenge. A trifling incident was sufficient to show the amount of malignity of which she was about to become the mark and the victim. She held a drawing room at La Muette to receive all the ladies of the court, young and old; many of whom, from the stiffness of their demeanour and the antiquated fashion of their habiliments, looked ridiculous enough. But she kept her countenance irreproachably till one of her ladies in waiting, the Marquise de Clermont Tonnerre, feeling or feigning exhaustion, sat down on the floor behind her, and, under shelter of the hoops of her neighbours, began to make faces and play off other childish tricks. These attracted the notice of the Queen, who was once or twice obliged to conceal a tendency to laughter behind her fan, as some elderly dowagers were curtsying to her. The next day, a report was spread that she had purposely cast ridicule on all the elderly and most respectable ladies present, and that no one of them would appear in the court circle a second time. A song was circulated with this refrain:—

* Petite reine de vingt ans,
 Vous qui traitez si mal les gens,
 Vous repasserez la barrière,
 Laire, laire, laire lanlaire, lairé lanla.'

'More than fifteen years after this event,' adds Madame Campan, 'I heard old ladies, in the depths of Auvergne, relate all the details of this day, when, according to them, the Queen had indecorously laughed in the faces of the sexagenarian duchesses and princesses who had deemed it their duty to attend.'

Very little form was observed by the imperial family at Vienna, except on state occasions; the House of Lorraine prided itself on its simplicity; and Marie Antoinette was probably more influenced by the traditions of her race, the example of her mother, the recollections of her girlhood, and her own gaiety of disposition, than by the shallow philosophy of the Abbé Vermond. Certain it is, however, that her disregard of etiquette was a fatal error, and laid the foundation of much future misery. There is a well-known story of her slipping off a donkey in a fit of laughter, and instead of rising immediately, requesting some one to call Madame de Noailles, and ascertain the prescribed mode of behaviour for a Queen of France who could not keep her seat upon a donkey. She had given Madame de Noailles the Nickname of Madame l'Etiquette, and divided the ladies of the court into three classes, calling the no-longer young, *les siècles*; the prudes who affected devotion, *les collets montés*; and the retailers of scandals, *les paquets*. They avenged themselves by putting disadvantageous interpretations on all her words and actions. Madame de Marsan,

the governess of the King's sisters and the dear friend of Madame de Noailles, was a conspicuous member of the band.

'In her eyes,' says MM. de Goncourt, 'that light and buoyant step was the step of a courtesan ; that fashion of transparent lawn was a theatrical costume intended to stimulate desire. If the royal beauty raised her eyes, her enemies saw in them the practised look of a coquette ; if she wore her hair a little loose and waving, "the hair "of a Bacchante," was the cry ; if she spoke with her natural vivacity, it was the rage for talking without saying anything or having anything to say ; if in conversation she assumed a look of sympathy and intelligence, it was an insupportable air of understanding everything ; if she laughed with her girlish gaiety, it was an affected gaiety, bursts of forced laughter. This old woman, in short, suspected and perverted everything, as if youth and grace were incompatible with purity.'

When we investigate the usages of the French court at this period, we cease to wonder at the repugnance which they inspired in any one who had not been bred up to consider them as the beginning and end of all things, the foundation of social order, and the strength as well as ornament of the throne. A Queen of France was not allowed a moment of privacy, walking or sitting, in-doors or out of doors, eating or drinking, sleeping or waking, dressing or undressing. Some court functionary or another, male or female, might claim to be near her or about her from morning to night and from night to morning ; and as many of these official attendants had bought or inherited their places, she had not even the power of excluding known spies and ill-wishers from her privacy.

Such being her habitual life, we can easily understand both why the Queen should seize every opportunity of escaping from it, and why her transgressions against etiquette should be denounced by its votaries as tantamount to so many breaches of the Decalogue. Thus, she had a fancy to see a sunrise ; and the King consented to her going for this purpose to the heights of Marly at three in the morning, but instead of sitting up to accompany her, went to bed. The Queen was attended by a numerous suite, including her ladies in waiting. A few days afterwards a libellous copy of verses entitled '*Le Lever de l'Aurore*,' was circulated at Paris, and a belief was current that this night expedition was planned expressly for the indulgence of a passion for the famous, or infamous, *Egalité*, whom, it is clear, she never liked, although, like two or three others rebuffed for presumption, he subsequently tried to injure the Queen's reputation.

If the precautions taken in this instance to preclude calumny

were unavailing, it was a matter of course that she should be condemned when direct evidence of her entire innocence was wanting and she required to be judged charitably. She was fond of going to the masked balls of the opera attended by a single lady. One evening when she had come from Versailles for this purpose, in the company of the Duchesse de Luynes, their carriage broke down just within the gates of Paris. They were obliged to alight and remain in a shop whilst a footman went for a fiacre. They were masked, and the adventure might have been kept secret, but it was so odd a one for a Queen of France, and she was so unconscious of wrong, that she could not help exclaiming to the first acquaintance she met at the ball, '*C'est moi en fiacre ; n'est-ce pas bien plaisant ?*'

The story got wind, and was repeated in the most exaggerated and compromising form. It was said that she had given a meeting at a private house to a nobleman, and the Duc de Coigny was openly named as the happy man. According to one of the scandalous chronicles of the period, she went to the theatre in a grey domino, having ordered several of her ladies to go similarly attired, and was alone with the Duc for some minutes in a box on the second tier. 'She was seen,' it is added, 'coming out in so agitated a state as to be near fainting on the staircase.' A lady made a memorandum of the hour in her pocket-book: it was handed round, and almost all the ladies of the court had it copied into their's, '*inscribed in letters of gold.*' And the most offensive inferences were drawn from these gossiping stories of a profligate and malignant court. 'If the 'School for Scandal' is a true picture of human nature in its most unamiable moods, minuteness of detail is no guarantee for accuracy; and such charges are refuted by their particularity and their grossness. 'The inscription in letters of gold is an impudent fiction on the face of it, and the assumed notoriety of the Queen's habitual profligacy is irreconcilable with the recorded testimony of a host of impartial and unimpeachable witnesses, at the head of which stand the Prince de Ligne, the Count de la Marck, and the Marquis de la Fayette. 'The pretended gallantry of the Queen,' says the Prince de Ligne in his *Mélanges*, 'was never any thing more than a profound feeling of friendship for one or two persons, and a coquettish wish, as woman, as queen, to please everybody.' The Count de la Marck contemptuously disposes of the popular stories against her as '*mensonges et méchancetés.*'

Lady Morgan has preserved Lafayette's impressions: —

"Is it true, general," I asked, "that you once went to a *bal masqué* at the opera with the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, the King

knowing nothing of the matter till after her return?" "I am afraid so," said he; "she was so indiscreet, and, I can conscientiously add, so innocent. However, the Comte d'Artois was of the party, and we were all young, enterprising, and pleasure-loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure, was when I pointed out Madame du Barry to her, whose figure and favourite domino I knew, the Queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak, and bade me *intriguer* her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the Queen would not have objected to it. Such was the *esprit d'aventure* at that time in the court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria." I said, "Oh, general, you were their Grandison Cromwell." "*Pas encore*," replied he, smiling, "that *soubriquet* was given me long after by Mirabeau." "I believe," said I, "the Queen was quite taken with the American cause." "She thought so, but understood nothing about it," replied he. "The world said at least," I added with some hesitation, "that she favoured its young champion *le héros des deux mondes*." "*Cun-can de salon*," he replied, and the subject was dropped.*

Though evidence to character may outweigh common rumour, it cannot supersede specific proof, and three specific accusations have been brought against Marie Antoinette upon authority that must not be lightly set aside. The accusers are the Duc de Lauzun, the Baron de Besenval, and Talleyrand; the first and second misled by vanity, whilst the third, who could not help taking the uncharitable side in any question of the sort, has been demonstrably misquoted or mistaken.

The Duc de Lauzun one day appeared at the Princess de Gueménée's with a magnificent heron plume in his hat. On the Queen's admiring it, he took it out and requested her acceptance of it. She wore it once, and called his attention to the circumstance, on the strength of which he endeavours, in his *Secret Memoirs*, to establish that she meant to encourage him to make love to her. In his version, she asks for the plume, and tells him, 'with an infinity of graces,' that she was never attired so much to her satisfaction before.

'It would assuredly,' he continues, 'have been better for her not to have spoken of it, for the Duc de Coigny remarked both the feather and the phrase. He inquired where it came from. The Queen said, with embarrassment enough, that I had brought it from my travels for Madame de Gueménée, and that she had given it her. The Duc de Coigny spoke of it in the evening to Madame de Gueménée with much ill-temper, told her that nothing was more ridiculous and more unbecoming than my manner with the Queen; that

* Passages from my Autobiography; by Sydney, Lady Morgan, p. 95.

it was unheard of to play the adorer thus publicly, and incredible that she should appear to approve it. He was received badly enough, and considered how I was to be kept at a distance.'

Madame Campan relates that soon after the present of the feather, he solicited an audience of the Queen, which was granted, as it would have been granted to any other courtier of the same rank —

'I was in the adjoining room. A few moments after his arrival the Queen opened the door, and exclaimed in a raised and angry voice, "*Sortez, Monsieur!*" M. de Lauzun made a low bow and disappeared. The Queen was greatly agitated. She said to me, "Never will I receive that man again."

'On the death of the Maréchal de Biron, the Duc de Lauzun inherited his name, and applied for the colonelcy of the regiment of guards. The Queen caused it to be given to the Duc du Chatelet. The Duc de Biron (Lauzun) joined the party of the Duc d'Orleans, and became one of the bitterest enemies of Marie Antoinette.'

The Duc's Memoirs were not published till after Madame Campan's, and the passage on which she comments is suppressed. It is printed, as copied from his original manuscript, in the appendix to her first volume.

The Baron de Besenval was guilty of a similar impertinence, was similarly rebuffed, and has revenged himself in much the same manner. His presumption was the more remarkable, since he was past fifty, when finding himself alone with the Queen, he threw himself at her feet and made a formal declaration of love. As she told Madame Campan, she ordered him to rise, and promised that the King should know nothing of an offence that would disgrace him for ever: he turned pale and muttered an excuse; she left her cabinet without adding a word, and hardly ever spoke to him again. His Memoirs, which sufficiently prove the laxity of his morals and his outrageous personal vanity, are silent as to this scene; but he blends a malignant insinuation with his account of the interview in which she communicated with him, by the King's wish, respecting the duel between the Comte d'Artois and the Prince de Bourbon.

'I went first to the King's *levée*. I was hardly in his cabinet when I perceived Campan, secretary of the Queen's cabinet, who made me a sign. I went to him. He said, not appearing to speak to me, "Follow me, but at a distance, so as not to be observed." He led me through several doors and staircases which were entirely unknown to me; and when we ran no risk of being heard or seen, he said, "You must allow that this promises well; but it is nothing of the kind, for the husband is in the secret." "My dear Campan," I replied, "it is not when one has grey hairs and wrinkles that one

expects to be fetched to a handsome queen of twenty, by such out of the way passages, for anything but business." "She expects you," he added, "impatiently. I have sent twice to your house already, and I have looked for you wherever you were most likely to be found." He had hardly ceased speaking when we found ourselves in the highest story, in a very dirty corridor, opposite a mean-looking little door. He tried the lock; but having pushed several times in vain, he exclaimed, "Ah! the door is bolted inside, and I must go round." He returned very shortly, and told me that the Queen was very sorry she could not see me immediately, because the hour of mass was at hand, but that she begged me to return to the same place at three. I came back accordingly, and Campan introduced me by a side passage into a room where there was a billiard table, which I recognised from having often played on it with the Queen; then into another which I did not know, simply but comfortably furnished. I was astonished, not that the Queen had desired such facilities, but that she had ventured to provide herself with them.'

That he, a known gossip and man of intrigue, was admitted to this mysterious apartment, and with the King's knowledge, might have helped to avert suspicion, but Madame Campan states that it was the one commonly used by the lady in waiting during any temporary indisposition of the Queen.

In a note to the late Lord Holland's 'Foreign Reminiscences,' published in 1850, we find this passage:—

'Madame Campan's delicacy and discretion are not only pardonable, but praiseworthy; but they are disingenuous, and her "Memoirs" conceal truths well known to her, though such as would have been unbecoming a lady to reveal. She was, in fact, the confidante of Marie Antoinette's amours. These amours were not numerous, scandalous, or degrading, but they *were* amours. Madame Campan, who lived beyond the Restoration, was not so mysterious in conversation on these subjects as she was in her writings. She acknowledged to persons who have acknowledged it to me, that she was privy to the intercourse between the Queen and the Duc de Coigny. That French nobleman, from timidity of character and coldness of constitution, was not sorry to withdraw himself early from so dangerous an intrigue. Madame Campan confessed a curious fact, namely, that Fersen was in the Queen's boudoir or bedchamber *tête-à-tête* with her Majesty, on the famous night of the 6th of October. He escaped observation with considerable difficulty, in a disguise which she (Madame Campan herself) procured for him. This, M. de Talleyrand, though generally somewhat averse to retailing anecdotes disparaging of the royal family of France, has twice recounted to me, and assured me that he had it from Madame Campan herself.'

Madame Campan lived till 1822, and although, like her royal mistress, the subject of much calumny, was highly respected by her friends. One who knew her well, and often heard her speak on the topic in question, has assured us that the uniform

tenor of her conversation was confirmatory of her book, in which she treats the alleged intrigue of the Queen with the Duc de Coigny as a calumny, belied by the Duc's character and peculiar position in the court. As to the night of the 6th of October, she says in her *Memoirs*:—

‘At this epoch I was not in attendance on the Queen. M. Campan remained with her till two in the morning. As he was going away, she deigned with infinite goodness to reassure me as to the dangers of the moment, and to repeat to me the very words of M. de La Fayette, who had just invited the royal family to retire to rest, rendering himself responsible for his army. . . .’

‘It was particularly against the Queen that the insurrection was directed. I shudder still when I recall how the fishwomen, who wore white aprons, cried out that these were intended to receive the bowels of Marie Antoinette. The Queen went to bed at two in the morning, and fell asleep, worn out by so trying a day. She had ordered her two ladies to go to bed, thinking that there was nothing to fear, at least for this night; but the unfortunate princess owed her life to the feeling of attachment which prevented them from obeying. My sister, who was one of them, told me the next day what I am about to narrate.

‘On leaving the Queen's chamber, these ladies summoned their waiting maids, and all four kept together, at the door of the Queen's bedchamber. Towards half-past four in the morning they heard horrible cries and some musket shots. One of them entered the Queen's room to wake her, and get her out of bed. My sister flew to the place where the tumult seemed to be. She opened the door of the ante-chamber adjoining the guard-room, and saw a *garde-du-corps* holding his musket across the door, attacked by numbers, and his face already covered with blood. He turned and called to her, “Madame, save the Queen, they are coming to assassinate her!” She suddenly shut the door upon this unhappy victim of his duty, bolted it, took the same precaution on leaving the next room, and on reaching the Queen's room she cried out, “Rise, Madame! do not stay to dress, save yourself in the King's room.” The Queen, starting up in alarm, springs from her bed, they help her to put on a petticoat without fastening it, and her two ladies conduct her towards the *cil-de-bœuf*.’

It is utterly incredible that, on a night like this, with every one on the alert, and every avenue watched or guarded, the Queen should have had an assignation with a lover, or that he could have been introduced or escaped unobserved. Nor is it likely that the writer of the foregoing narrative, who states expressly that she was not present, and was known not to have been, should have told Talleyrand that she herself procured the disguise. What she was wont to say of the Comte de Fersen was, that the Queen was much attached to him, and sent him a token

from her prison shortly before her death, but that the strictest bounds of propriety were never transgressed on either side. It was Fersen, who, amongst other proofs of devotion to the royal family, drove them through Paris in the disguise of a coachman at the commencement of the unfortunate expedition to Varennes.*

Cæsar's wife should not even be suspected, and 'he comes too near, who comes to be denied.' If a woman in private life, much more a princess or a queen, is frequently found in situations affording opportunity and facility for crime, her fair fame will infallibly suffer; although she may remain quite guiltless in reality. We are far, therefore, from holding Marie Antoinette blameless. She must have been inexcusably coquettish and indiscreet. But her very thoughtlessness and imprudence afford a strong presumption of her personal purity. Although she must have been perfectly aware of the interpretations put upon her conduct, she made no change in it, and persevered in amusing herself in the way most likely to provoke and give plausibility to fresh calumnies. Yet according to the Prince de Ligne, a fatality hung over all her efforts of enjoyment, as over those of Seged Emperor of Ethiopia, for he says: 'I never saw her pass a perfectly happy day.'

It was in 1774 that the King, in an unwonted fit of gallantry, addressed her with, 'You are fond of flowers. Well, I have a bouquet to offer you: it is the Little Trianon.' He could not have made her a more acceptable nor, as it turned out, a more fatal present; for the Little Trianon became the imputed cause of ruinous extravagance and the fancied scene of improper indulgences. In point of fact, the extraordinary outlay was moderate, and although ceremony was laid aside, there is no ground for assuming any serious infringement of propriety. Madame Elizabeth,

* 'M. Hippolyte Castille says, in one of his recent publications, that 'a friend of the highest respectability had an opportunity of seeing in Sweden, at the château of Count de Fersen, a portfolio which had been given him by Marie Antoinette at the period of their loves. In this portfolio was a secret compartment containing unmentionable things.' (*Louis Seize et sa Cour, par Amedée Renée*, p. 245. note.) 'Without contesting the alleged fact,' continues M. Renée, 'I can here certify that the nephew of M. de Fersen, the Count de Lowelhelm, who was long Swedish minister at Paris, has several times assured me that there existed in his family no proofs of these pretended *liaisons* of his uncle with Marie Antoinette, and that the Count de Fersen never uttered a word calculated to accredit this report.' The story of M. Castille's respectable friend is incredible on the face of it.

the King's sister, invariably accompanied the Queen during her residence there, and the favourite entertainment was private theatricals, at which the King regularly attended. The part she generally chose was that of the *soubrette*. The fancy cottages which writers like the Abbé Soulevié have converted into places of assignation, were occupied by the labourers employed about the place. The game called *escampativos* was much in vogue. It consisted in the coupling of the whole party by a president, male or female, named for the purpose, who, when this duty was performed, exclaimed *escampativos*, by way of signal for each pair to separate from the rest for a named period, during which each was to produce an allotted number of rhymes, solve a riddle, or execute some assigned task; any pair that failed, or interrupted another pair, paid forfeit. This game was reported to have been introduced at the Little Trianon, and played under the Queen's auspices, for the purpose of procuring a *tête-à-tête*; but the only place where we read of her sanctioning it was in the Duchess de Duras' apartment.

Marie Antoinette made it a rule to receive no woman separated from her husband, and broke with the Prince de Condé by refusing to depart from it in favour of his mistress, the Princesse de Monaco. Lightly as the marriage tie weighed on either sex at this epoch, it was not unfrequently found too heavy to be even formally endured, and a formidable array of frail beauties, bearing some of the noblest names in France, were alienated and exasperated by this decree.

It was Marie Antoinette's delight to water her plants and tie up her flowers in the Little Trianon dressed like a country girl, with a straw hat and apron. Except on state occasions, she discarded silk and velvet in favour of muslin and gauze, and so constantly appeared in white gowns of inexpensive materials, that she was accused of seeking to discourage French manufactures. The weavers of Lyons memorialised the King on the subject, and their complaint was backed by her sisters-in-law, the Comtesses de Provence and d'Artois. She was not more fortunate in escaping censure when her taste or caprice in costume tended to extravagance, and (in the Protectionist sense) promoted trade by increasing the demand for a particular kind of labour. In consequence of various new fashions of dressing the hair patronised by her, an addition of six hundred *coiffeurs de femme* was made to the company of master hairdressers of Paris in one year, 1777.

The fashion which took the lead consisted in wearing feathers as high as they could be raised. The Queen sat for her picture in this headgear, and sent it to her mother,

who returned it by the same courier, with an intimation that she should gladly have accepted the portrait of the Queen of France, but took it for granted that the portrait of some actress had been sent by mistake. On a hint from the King, Carlin, the French Grimaldi, turned this fashion into ridicule on the stage. When he appeared as harlequin he wore in his hat, instead of the usual rabbit's tail, a peacock's feather of enormous length, which he managed to entangle in the scenery and flourish in people's faces. Discarding feathers, the hairdressers' skill was next taxed to convert the female head, by dint of lace and ribbons, into the semblance of some chosen object of nature or art, — a tree, a meadow, a ship, a naval combat, a porcupine, a helmet, or a horn of abundance. The world was all before them where to choose, and imagination was racked for novelties. This fashion was at its height when the Emperor Joseph paid his visit, and it was the constant subject of his sarcasms. The quantity of rouge worn by his sister was also very disagreeable to him. One day, when she was dressed to accompany him to the opera and wore a good deal, he ironically advised her to put on more. 'Come,' said he, pointing to one of her attendants, 'another touch or two under the eyes; on with it, *en furie*, like 'this lady.'* On her sending to say that she had changed her mind, and was expecting him at one theatre instead of another as agreed, he remarked aloud to the actor Clairval: 'Your young queen is wild enough in all conscience, but, fortunately, you French don't dislike it.'

Amongst other alleged proofs of her wildness, or worse, have been cited the *Saturnales* or *Nocturnales* of Versailles. In the July and August of 1778, the Queen, then enceinte, suffered much from the heat, and could not sleep without being some time in the open air in the evening. She was in the habit of walking on the Terrace with the rest of the royal family: a band was ordered to play for their amusement, and of course these promenades soon became the fashion. Every night, from ten or eleven till two or three in the morning, the Terrace and walks were the resort of all the gay company of the neighbourhood. The Queen and her two sisters-in-law (who, Madame Campan asserts, never left her) were sometimes hardly distinguishable amongst the crowd, and on two occasions they were impertinently addressed. On another, they found themselves seated on the same bench with Madame du Barry.

* In her 'Episodes of French History' (vol. i. p. 591.) Miss Pardoe transfers this story, told by Madame Campan, to Napoleon and Josephine.

The scandalmongers made the most of these incidents, and the King was advised to stop the promenades. He consulted M. de Maurepas, who, it is believed, advised his royal master to let Her Majesty amuse herself in her own manner, lest she should take it into her head to occupy herself with affairs of state.

It is no easy matter to ascertain either the extent of her influence on public affairs, or the period when she began to exercise it. The Prince de Montbarry, who was strongly prejudiced against her, states in his Memoirs that, on a lieutenant-colonelcy becoming vacant, she urged the claims of her candidate with such unseemly vehemence that he was at length driven to say that he must repeat all that had passed to the King. 'You are at liberty so to do, Sir,' said the Queen; 'I am well aware of that,' he replied, 'and I shall go to His Majesty at once.' He adds that he did not lose an instant, that the King listened with grave attention, appearing to sympathise with his minister from his own experience of the Queen's vivacity, and concluded the conference with these words: 'No one understands what has taken place better than myself.' This scene is laid in 1777. The same authority relates that the King had an instinctive feeling of nullity in her presence, and one day said to Maurepas, to excuse an unworthy concession, 'her spirit has such an ascendancy over mine, that I was unable to resist.' Maurepas died in 1781, and was succeeded by Calonne, who convinced Lord Holland that Louis XVI. was self-sufficient in his disposition, coarse and brutal in his manners, and especially vain of his superiority to female domination or court intrigue. To establish this theory, Calonne stated that on his pointing out the mischief that might ensue from the Queen's declared disapproval of his project, —

'Louis at first scouted the notion of the Queen (*une femme*, as he called her) forming or hazarding any opinion about it. But when M. de Calonne assured him that she spoke of the project in terms of disparagement and displeasure, the King rang the bell, sent for Her Majesty to the apartment, and after sternly and coarsely rebuking her for meddling with matters "*auxquelles les femmes n'ont rien à faire*," he, to the dismay of Calonne, took her by the shoulders and fairly turned her out of the room like a naughty child. "*Me voilà perdu*," said Calonne to himself; and he was accordingly dismissed, and his scheme abandoned in the course of a few days.'*

The conclusion rebuts the intended inference, and the failure of Calonne's policy sufficiently accounts for his fall. Madame Campan speaks of the rude hits (*coups de boutoir*)

* Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences.

which the King distributed without respect to persons; and the pleasantry by which he checked the Comtesse Diane de Polignac's enthusiasm for Dr. Franklin was indefensibly coarse. The utmost the Queen could obtain for the Duc de Choiseul was one interview, in which, after she had said: 'M. de Choiseul, I am delighted to see you. You have made my happiness: it is no more than just that you should witness it'—the King merely added, 'M. de Choiseul, you have grown very fat—you have lost your hair—you are getting bald.' Her efforts in favour of other candidates for high offices were almost uniformly unsuccessful. An instance is given by Madame de Staël:— 'I waited on the Queen according to custom on St. Louis' day: the niece of the archbishop, dismissed that very day, was paying her court as well as myself: the Queen manifested clearly by her mode of receiving us, that she much preferred the displaced minister to his successor.'*

The Count de la Marck says:—

'I can without hesitation deny the pretended influence which the Queen is said to have exercised on the choice of the King's ministers, with the single exception of the nomination of the Marquis de Ségur. I can even add that the Queen, far from having the desire and the taste to meddle with the affairs of the kingdom, had rather a genuine repugnance for these affairs, owing perhaps to a little lightness of mind common enough amongst women.'

She frequently complained to Madame Campan, as of one of the hard necessities of her position, when she was over-persuaded by her friends to support their applications, or was compelled by circumstances to fix and strengthen the wavering decision of the King.

Her affection for the Princesse de Lamballe, although the object of much malignant misrepresentation as '*une caprice de grande dame*,' was honourable to both; and the unsullied reputation of this lady is the best answer to the charges of criminal levity levelled against her beloved mistress. Their friendship remained unbroken, as is shown by the touching letters addressed by Marie Antoinette at the most trying periods to the Princess; but there were long intervals of partial estrangement, which were filled by female intimacies less judiciously chosen. Of these, the Queen's attachment to the Comtesse Jules de Polignac endured the longest, was worst requited, and proved most mischievous in its consequences. The Countess was poor; she had her own and her husband's fortune to make; and she brought in her train a number of relatives, friends, or ad-

* Considerations on the French Revolution, chap. xii.

mirers who each and all expected to benefit by her interest. Sovereigns will always strive in vain to make themselves the centre of an intimate, unembarrassed, and disinterested circle; for the main attractions to it, where the charm of equality is wanting, must be the gratification of vanity and the hope of advancement. The members of the envied *coterie* which met at the Little Trianon were constantly on the look-out for honours, offices, or pensions; and it was at their instigation that the Queen too frequently interfered in the distribution of patronage. Her favoritism may have been less expensive and less degrading to the monarchy than that which had been prescriptively indulged upon the French throne, especially in the preceding reign; but the people had begun to count the cost of royal amusements, and the gratified avidity of the Polignac set added greatly to her increasing unpopularity. She felt this deeply. 'Amongst the persons admitted to her society,' says the Count de la Marck, 'were a great many foreigners, such as the Counts Esterhazy and de Fersen, the Baron de Stedingh, &c. It was evidently their society that pleased her most. I took the liberty one day to observe to her that this marked preference for foreigners might do her harm with the French. "You are right," she replied sorrowfully, "but it is only they who never ask me for anything."'

When her dear friend, or the friends of her dear friend, had got all they wanted, or were disappointed in some unreasonable request, they were at no pains to curb their ill-temper or conceal their discontent, nor, importunate as they were in their requests, did they think it incumbent on them to consult her wishes, or consider her position as affected by their conduct, in their turn. Thus, when the King and the Queen had expressed the strongest disapproval of the 'Mariage de Figaro,' which they had read in manuscript, it was M. de Vaudreuil, the principal adorer of the Comtesse Jules, who set the example of disobedience by having it acted at his country-house. The Countess herself, till spoiled by flattery and indulgence, was remarkable for sweetness of disposition, feminine grace, and natural gaiety. In the first years of their intimacy, she and the Queen would romp together like schoolgirls, pelt each other with bonbons, and engage in little trials of strength or agility. Just so, Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough corresponded as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, and kept up an unremitting interchange of endearing expressions, till the light and rosy fetter had become a heavy and galling chain. Although the French Courtess never reached the same height of insolence as the English Duchess, in ingratitude they were pretty nearly on a par.

‘M. and Madame de Polignac,’ says the Count de la Marck, ‘never showed much anxiety to bring together the persons it would have best suited the Queen to meet. The Queen once went the length of expressing to Madame de Polignac her dislike to many whom she met in their society; and that lady, submissive to those who ruled her, and despite her habitual gentleness, was not ashamed to reply, “I think that its being your Majesty’s pleasure to come to my salon, is not a reason for your claiming to exclude my friends.” This was told me in 1790 by the Queen herself, who added: “I am not angry with Madame de Polignac on that account. She is good at heart and loves me, but those about her had her completely under their command.”’

In consequence of this change in Madame de Polignac, the Queen abandoned her salon for that of the Comtesse d’Ossun, her mistress of the robes, where little dinners of four or five persons were made for her, and she could sing and dance without restraint. Loud was the outcry, and deep the mortification, of the deserted *coterie*, who did not hesitate to take revenge by calumny.

‘They related with malignity,’ says the Count de la Marck, ‘how the Queen was fond of dancing reels (*écossaises*) with a young Lord Strathaven (the late Marquis of Huntley), at these little dances. A frequenter of the Polignac salon, and one from whom more than all were due the deepest gratitude and the utmost respect towards the Queen, composed an ill-natured couplet against her, and this couplet, founded on an infamous falsehood, circulated through Paris.’

The Count de la Marck completely vindicates the Queen against the charge of using her influence in favour of Austria, and states that her brother Joseph complained bitterly of her on that account, saying that the conduct of France was far removed from what he had a right to expect from an allied court. In one of her letters to him in 1784, she distinctly refuses to carry out his wishes, and uses these remarkable words: ‘In a word, my dear brother, I am now French before being ‘Austrian.’ The belief, however, was indelibly fixed in the popular mind that she was constantly sacrificing her adopted to her native country, and *Autrichienne* continued to her dying day the epithet by which the greatest amount of popular prejudice was concentrated against her.

The well-known affair of the necklace gave full scope to malignity, and the acquittal of the Cardinal de Rohan by a narrow majority (twenty-six against twenty-three) in the Parliament of Paris (May, 1786), was hailed with acclamation as a virtual condemnation of the Queen, of whose entire innocence there cannot now be the shadow of a doubt. In 1787, only two years before the Revolution, her unpopularity was such that her portrait, by Madame Le Brun, was left out of the

exhibition at the Louvre, for fear of its provoking fresh insults. If, wearied and saddened by what she encountered at every step in Paris or Versailles, she looked abroad for encouragement or sympathy, she found herself equally misunderstood, misrepresented, and repelled. In England, where genius was soon to throw a halo of never-dying lustre round her name, the worst libels were printed and circulated; and, rightly or wrongly, conceiving the English minister to be bent on revenging at her expense the policy of which her marriage was the pledge, she avowed that she never heard the name of Pitt without a cold shudder running down her back: '*Sans que la petite mort ne me passe sur le dos.*' By a strange concurrence of circumstances, almost all the royal houses of Europe were against her, and she was even made responsible for the misconduct of her sister, the Queen of Naples. The impression was so widespread that it actually reached Constantinople; and when the coming republic was announced, the Grand Vizier exclaimed, 'Good! this republic will not marry archduchesses.'*

By a strange fatality, what under other circumstances would have been her pride and happiness, would have conciliated esteem and repelled calumny, was turned against her. The growing uxoriousness of the King excited against her the same hostile feelings which the mistresses of former monarchs had provoked, and she was held responsible for the disorders of the finances, for the sufferings of the people, for bad crops as well as bad ministers; in short, for everything that went wrong in any quarter. One of the parliamentary protests addressed to the King contained these words: 'Such measures, Sir, are not in your heart; such examples are not in the principles of your Majesty, they come from another source'—a weak paraphrase of Lord Chatham's famous denunciation of 'an influence behind the throne greater than the throne itself.' Yet at this epoch she had laid aside every feminine weakness and caprice, was exclusively occupied in private with her husband and her children, whilst all her care in public was the salvation of the State. The weakness and indecision of the King had become truly pitiable. She was obliged to be constantly at his side when any matters of importance were discussed, or he could form no resolution at all. If he consented to adopt a prudent measure or follow a wise counsel, it was invariably piecemeal or too late. He was constantly halting between opposite courses. He resisted just enough to take away the grace of concession, and conceded more than enough to make resistance unavailing.

* This *mot* is given to the Turk by Soulatié, but we suspect it to be of Parisian manufacture.

It has been said that a King who could ride on horseback and head his troops, might three times over have saved monarchy in France. In 1789, 1830, and 1848, its best chances were certainly forfeited by want of spirit and vigour in its representatives. At the first of these epochs great changes had become inevitable, but they might have been effected without the revolting orgies that ensued, if not without disturbing the peace of Europe for twenty years and unsettling its social organisation to this hour. The essential point was to enforce order, and to prevent or put down any open or direct resort to violence. The moment a mob had been permitted to set law at defiance, to storm the palace, to outrage the sovereign and murder his guards, the Revolution had been consummated in its worst form. The die was cast on the night of the 6th of October, and the manner in which the catastrophe was provoked without being anticipated, strikingly shows how the King's irresolution accelerated his fall. A popular movement against Versailles, with the view of bringing the royal family to Paris, had been planned at the beginning of September, when the Court had ample warning; and the obvious policy of removal to a safe distance was vehemently though vainly recommended by the Queen. The precaution was, however, taken of ordering another regiment to Versailles; and at a banquet given by the garrison to the new comers, the loyalty of the assembled guests was excited to enthusiasm by the unexpected entrance of the King, Queen, and Dauphin. That the popular exasperation was stimulated to phrenzy by an exaggerated report of the scene, is notorious; but if the fixed intention was to repel force by force, they did right to show themselves, and it may be presumed that it was in one of His Majesty's transient flashes of heroism that he consented to appear.* But his courage had oozed out before the time for action had arrived, and the swords which had flashed in idle bravado over the festive table, were glued to the scabbard by royal imbecility when the very guard-room of the palace was filled with infuriated rebels clamouring for the Queen's blood.

The eagerness of the royalist nobility, including the princes of the blood, to provide for their own safety by emigration, may be accounted for, if not altogether justified, by the mistaken humanity or irresolution of the King; who rejected proposal

* Whilst reading Gibbon, Louis XVI. came upon the sentence, 'What matters it that a Bourbon slumbers on a throne in the south?' He started up and exclaimed with vivacity, 'I will show these English that I am not asleep.' (*Weber*, vol. i. p. 178.)

after proposal to rally round him, and left them no alternative but to fly or to stand with their arms folded whilst their throats were cut.

In the transaction with Mirabeau, again, after all the risk and odium had been incurred, the expected fruits were lost by procrastination. This curious episode in the history of the Revolution has been fully explained and placed in its proper light by the 'Correspondance' between Mirabeau and the Count de la Marck, to which we have frequently referred. The tendency of this valuable publication is certainly to clear Mirabeau's memory from the charge of gross and indiscriminate venality. His conduct was at all events not more censurable than that of Algernon Sidney and the English patriots of whom Lord Macaulay says that 'they meant to serve their country, but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and indelicate enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her.' There is no doubt that Mirabeau's principles were monarchical; that the utmost he ever aimed at was to supersede a despotic form of government by a constitutional one after the English model; and that he was earnestly acting upon his own convictions when, in return for being freed from pecuniary embarrassments, he agreed to co-operate with the Court. M. Thiers speaks of him as '*Cet homme enfin qui fit son devoir par raison, par génie, et non pour quelque peu d'or jeté à ses passions.*' Once in the tribune, he was unable to resist any sudden impulse or to withstand the temptation of an oratorical triumph, and on two or three occasions, as in alluding to the Versailles banquet, he had been hurried into a vehement diatribe against the Queen, which made her averse from having recourse to him till he was thought indispensable. They soon began to understand each other. When Dumont, as he relates in his '*Souvenirs*,' objected that any fresh plan must fail, like all the others, from want of firmness in the King, 'You do not know the Queen,' exclaimed Mirabeau. 'She has a prodigious strength of mind: she is a man for courage.' This was before their interview, which took place in the garden of St. Cloud, July 3rd, 1790. She told Madame Campan that she opened the interview with these words, 'In the case of an ordinary enemy, of a man who had sworn the destruction of a monarchy without appreciating its usefulness for a great people, I should be taking at this moment a misplaced step; but when one speaks to a Mirabeau, &c.' As he never had sworn the destruction of the monarchy, this form of words was not very happily chosen, but the impression was highly favourable, and on quitting the Queen he said, 'Madame, the monarchy is saved.' After describing what had passed to

the Count de la Marck, he declared that nothing should stop him, that he would perish rather than fail in the redemption of his pledges. He devoted all his energies to the task, and fearlessly advocated the right of the sovereign to make war or peace. When twitted by Barnave in the debate with a pamphlet hawked about the streets entitled 'The Treason of Mirabeau,' and warned that the populace were improvising a gallows to hang him, he sprang to the tribune and uttered the memorable phrase of defiance: 'I have not now to learn for the first time that there is but one step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock.'

M. de Lamartine treats Mirabeau's reactionary projects as absurd and impracticable. M. Thiers thinks that, although the revolutionary tide would not have subsided or turned back at his bidding, he might have guided and moderated its course. But whether he could construct as well as destroy, and retreat as well as advance, must remain matter of speculation, for he died, April 2nd, 1791, 'carrying with him to the tomb,' says MM. de Goncourt, 'more than his promises, more than the hopes of Marie Antoinette; he carried away the royalist popularity of the Queen.'

The Comte d'Artois and his party never forgave her for condescending to parley with rebels, and in their angry remonstrances with her for not adopting a more spirited policy, made no allowance for the weakness of the instrument by and through which she was to act. 'You know,' she writes to the Count de Mercy, in August, 1791, 'the person (the King) with whom I have to deal: at the very moment when we believe him persuaded, an argument, a word, makes him change his mind without his being aware of it; it is for this reason, also, that a thousand things are not to be undertaken.' The King had made a careful study of the last days and trial of Charles the First, and was strongly impressed with the notion that the royal martyr's fate was owing to his having sanctioned civil war, and shed, or caused to be shed, the blood of his subjects. From personal fear, therefore, as well as from mildness of disposition, Louis could never be induced to resort to force even to repel force; and his constant aim was to disarm his enemies by good intentions and good faith. It may be collected from the Queen's voluminous correspondence that, finding nothing else possible, she encouraged and cheered him along the only path he was able or willing to tread with any semblance of dignity. Accordingly she counselled him to accept and abide by the Constitution, and writes thus to justify herself:—'Looking at our position, it is impossible for the King to refuse; believe me

‘that this must be true, since I say it. You know my character enough to believe that it would lead me by preference ‘to something noble and full of courage.’ When she was driven to extremity, when authority was no longer upheld in any quarter and a state of anarchy was at hand, she hazarded the suggestion that an appeal from the sovereigns of Europe, backed by an army on the frontier, might have the effect of bringing the nation to its senses; but the general tendency of her letters is to deprecate foreign interference, and an emigrant invasion is her unceasing object of alarm, as sure to aggravate the dangers and difficulties of her situation.

The chief feature in Mirabeau’s plans was the removal of the Court to a safe distance from Paris. This was sound advice, and, like most other sound advice, was not acted upon till too late. We suspect, however, that the King’s consent to the unlucky expedition which terminated at Varennes, was extorted by the daily insults and mortifications to which he was exposed at Paris, rather than prompted by any spirited and enlightened consideration of policy. These had been such as fully to acquit him of the popular imputation of bad faith. The royal party, as is well known, were recognised and stopped at Varennes by the populace until they were overtaken by the deputies of the Assembly; but they might easily have forced their way through the town, and the Queen threw the chief blame of the failure on M. Goguelot who, instead of charging at once with his hussars, waited for orders from the King, who was sure to yield without a blow. During the return to Paris, the deputies, Barnave and Pétion, occupied places in the royal carriage, and Barnave was so fascinated by the combined dignity and sweetness of the Queen’s manner as to become thenceforward one of the warmest of her partisans. As they were passing through a village the curate, who had approached the carriage with the intention of addressing the King, was assailed and thrown to the ground by the bystanders, when Barnave exclaimed, ‘Tigers, have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, have you become a people of assassins?’ This incident conciliated the royal party. When the Queen inquired to what means he would advise her to have recourse, he replied, ‘Popularity, Madame.’ ‘And how could I have it?’ she rejoined, ‘it has been taken from me.’ ‘Ah! Madame, it would be much easier for you to regain it ‘than it was for me to gain it.’

Barnave now took the place of Mirabeau as secret adviser of the Court, and induced his friends, Duport and the Lameths, to co-operate with him in strengthening the executive. These, the chiefs of the Feuillants, are thus described by M. Thiers;

'Duport thought, Barnave spoke, the Lameths executed.' They expected great things from the acceptance of the Constitution, pure and simple, which they strongly advocated; but the Queen had an intuitive conviction that all was over, and exclaimed, 'These people do not wish for sovereigns. They are demolishing the monarchy stone by stone.' During the fêtes in celebration of the acceptance, the King and Queen went to each of the three principal theatres, the 'Français,' the 'Opera,' and the 'Italiens.' Mademoiselle Contat, the popular actress, was much admired in 'La Coquette Corrigée,' and this play had been selected for performance at the 'Français,' with exclusive reference to her. The probable application was obvious, and Madame Campan summoned up courage to mention it to the Queen, who ordered 'La Gouvernante' instead. A good deal of care having been taken to pack the audience, she was warmly applauded; but at the 'Italiens' a fierce contest ensued between the boxes and part of the pit. The piece was 'Les Événements Imprévus,' by Grétry, and Madame Dugazon, on coming to the words, '*Ah, comme j'aime ma maîtresse,*' turned towards the Queen. Immediately a shout was raised from the pit of '*Pas de maîtresse, plus de maître! liberté!*' whilst the boxes and balcony replied with '*Vive la Reine! Vive le Roi! vivent à jamais le Roi et la Reine!*' The pit being divided between the factions, a battle ensued, in which the Jacobins had the worst of it. The guard was called in, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, rising in tumult, threatened to take part in the fray.* This was the last time the Queen ever entered a theatre.*

Barnave's plans and counsels were no better followed than Mirabeau's; and finding that he was compromising himself uselessly, he communicated to the Queen his determination to quit Paris, and requested a parting interview, which was granted. After dwelling on the services he had vainly laboured to render her, he stated that his known devotion to her interests would cost him his life if he did not seek safety in flight, and as his sole recompense he entreated to be allowed to kiss her hand. She gave it to him with her eyes bathed in tears, and he left Paris; but in the course of the same year, 1792, he was arrested at Grenoble. His dealings with the Court having been clearly

* It was on this occasion that a royalist lady, struck by an apple, picked it up and sent it to La Fayette, with a note, saying, that as it was the only *fruit* of the Revolution she had yet seen or felt, she thought him entitled to it.

proved, he was guillotined on the 22nd October, 1793, his last words being, 'Behold then the price of all I have done for liberty.' His new-born zeal for monarchy was popularly attributed to a romantic passion conceived during the return from Varennes. Nor was this the only instance of sudden conversion or heroic self-sacrifice for which meaner motives were thought insufficient to account. 'No sooner,' says Madame Campan, 'had the most furious Jacobins occasion to be near the Queen, to speak to her, to hear her voice, than they became her most zealous partisans, and even in the prison of the Temple, several of those who had helped to drag her there, died for having tried to liberate her.' Like the ill-fated Queen of Scots gazing on the dying Douglas, she might have exclaimed more than once, 'Look there, and tell me if she who ruins all who love her, ought to fly a foot further to save her wretched life.'

On the evening of the terrible 20th of June, when the Queen was calling on the deputies of the Assembly to mark the signs of popular outrage in the Tuileries, the sole remaining asylum of royalty, Merlin de Thionville was melted to tears. 'You weep, M. Merlin,' she continued, 'to see the King and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he has always wished to make happy.' 'It is true, Madame,' replied Merlin, 'that I weep over the misfortunes of a woman, beautiful, tender-hearted, and the mother of a family; but do not deceive yourself, not one of my tears is shed for the King or the Queen. I hate kings and queens. It is the only sentiment they inspire in me; it is my religion.' Possibly Sir Walter Scott had this very passage in his mind when (in 'The Abbot') he described Lindsay as moved by a similar impulse, and saying as he knelt to Mary Stuart, 'Lady, thou art a noble creature, even though thou hast abused God's choicest gifts. I pay that devotion to thy manliness of spirit which I would not have paid to the power thou hast long undeservedly wielded. I kneel to Mary Stuart not to the queen.'

Even with her own sex, the fascination of Marie Antoinette's manner was irresistible. On the morning of the same day, a part of the invading mob consisted of the lowest class of women, one of whom carried a gibbet to which was suspended a figure labelled, '*Marie Antoinette, à la lanterne.*' Another, a bullock's heart, labelled, '*Cœur de Louis Seize.*' A third, the horns of the same animal with an obscene inscription. One of the most savage of them paused to vent imprecations on the Queen, who asked if she had ever done her any personal injury. 'No; but it is you who cause the misery of the nation.' 'You have been told so,' replied the Queen; 'you have been deceived. Wife

‘of a king of France, mother of the Dauphin, I shall never see my native country more. I can only be happy or miserable in France. I was happy when you loved me.’ The termagant burst into tears, begged pardon, and exclaimed, ‘It is all because I did not know you. I see that you are good.’

During the enforced and harassing journey from Versailles to Paris on the 6th of October, the women who approached the carriage to insult her, ended by shouting ‘*Vive la Reine !*’ —

‘I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head ;
O’ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blest.’

The details of Marie Antoinette’s prison life are too well known to require recapitulation. It fills the darkest page of French history. The manner in which her feelings as a mother, and her delicacy as a woman, were systematically outraged, reflects indelible disgrace on the people that could tolerate it in their most excited moods; and human nature had reached its lowest point of degradation when they assembled in crowds to hoot and insult her on her way to the scaffold. The late Lord Holland states, in his ‘Foreign Reminiscences,’ that she was insensible. This is one of the groundless statements circulated to diminish our admiration of her heroism and our horror of her persecutors. Her firmness of mind on the morning of the fatal day (Oct. 16. 1793) is sufficiently attested by her letter (dated 4½ A. M.) to Madame Elizabeth, which, though obviously brought to an abrupt termination, breathes the genuine spirit of faith, hope, and charity, in unison with maternal and sisterly love. After confiding it to the turnkey (who delivered it to Fouquier), she called for food, lest faintness should be mistaken for fear. After eating the wing of a chicken, she changed her linen, threw herself dressed upon a bed, wrapped her feet in a blanket (procured with difficulty), and fell asleep. She was awakened by a priest named Girard, of whose ministry, from a suspicion of his quality, she declined to avail herself. On his asking if she wished him to accompany her, she quietly replied, ‘*Comme vous voudrez.*’

Sanson, the executioner, arrived at seven. ‘You are early,’ Sir,’ remarked the Queen; ‘could you not have come later?’ ‘No, Madame, I was ordered to come.’ The Queen had already cut her hair, and no preparations were needed. She breakfasted on a cup of chocolate brought from a neighbouring *café*, and a very small roll. She was then taken to the registry, where her hands were tied. She was helped into the cart

by Sanson, and the priest took his place by her side. The progress through the streets was retarded that she might taste long of death—‘*boire longtemps la mort.*’ More than once she indicated by a gesture to the priest that the cords gave her pain. Opposite the Palais Egalité, the inscription over the gate caught her attention. Before Saint Roch there was a halt, and a torrent of abusive epithets burst from the spectators on the steps. At the passage of the Jacobins she leant towards Girard and questioned him as to the inscription, ‘*Atelier d’armes républicaines pour foudroyer les tyrans.*’ By way of reply, he held up a little ivory Christ. At the same instant the player Grammoht, who had kept close to the cart on horseback, stood up in his stirrups, waved his sword, and, turning towards the Queen, shouted to the mob, ‘*La voilà, l’in-fame Antoinette! Elle est ———, mes amis.*’ It was mid-day when the cart reached its destination. On leaving it, she turned her eyes with evident emotion in the direction of the Tuileries, then mounted the scaffold, and met her fate with calmness. Her head was exhibited to the public gaze by Sanson, whilst under the guillotine the gendarme Mingoult was dipping his handkerchief in her blood. ‘That same evening,’ add MM. de Goncourt, ‘a man whose day’s work was done made out ‘this bill of charges, which history cannot touch without a ‘shudder:’—

‘Account of money paid and interments executed by Joly, grave-digger of the Madeleine de la Ville l’Evêque, for the persons put to death by the judgment of the aforesaid tribunal:—

Livres.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|-----|
| The Widow Capet. — For the bier | - | - | - | - | 6 |
| For the grave and the grave-diggers | - | - | - | - | 25. |

We can suggest no moral, emotion, or reflection that will not arise spontaneously in the heart and mind of every reader endowed with thought and feeling, on the bare perusal of this document.

ART. VII. — *Remains of a very Antient Recension of the Four Gospels in Syriac, hitherto unknown in Europe.* Discovered, edited, and translated by WILLIAM CURETON, D.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. London: 1858.

By the publication of this volume Dr. Cureton has rendered great service to sacred literature in general, and to the department of biblical criticism in particular; and that, too, at a time when such contributions are peculiarly opportune. In describing this work, and the MS. from which it has been edited, we shall be able, we believe, to give full proof of both these positions.

At the time when the literary treasures in Syriac from the Nitrian monasteries were brought in successive portions to this country, and, rescued from the obscurity of the desert, were more worthily deposited in the British Museum, it was well that they should have passed under the eye of a scholar such as Dr. Cureton. His edition of three Ignatian epistles was the first fruit which he gathered from that field of research, out of which the present volume has sprung. If the one was an important contribution to patristic studies, leading to many points of interesting inquiry, the other is at least as valuable to scholars engaged in researches respecting the early history of the books of the New Testament, the canon, and the early diffusion of the collected Gospels; and especially so to those who value textual criticism, and who therefore wish to use all the authorities which are worthy of particular attention.

A Syriac version of the greater part of the New Testament was printed as early as 1555; it was very soon used to a certain extent as an authority in sacred criticism; but in that day, and for a considerable period afterwards, textual criticism itself was but little understood, and hardly any one seems to have thought of using any authorities in such a manner as to weigh their testimony *throughout*. This was long the only printed text of the Syriac New Testament; for although Pococke, in 1630, showed that he knew (out of Dionysius Bar Salibi) of a version by Thomas of Harkel*, yet it was not till the latter part of the last century, and the beginning of the present (1778–1803), that

* More (as we shall show) might have been learned from this Dionysius; for he mentions a version, yet extant in his day, of the Gospel of St. Matthew in Syriac made from the Hebrew.

a version was edited by White from the MSS. of Gloucester Ridley, under the name of the Philoxenian, but which appears to be that of Philoxenus *revised* by Thomas.

In comparing this Harclean recension of the Philoxenian Syriac with Greek MSS. and other early authorities, it presents just the kind of phenomena which would have been expected, if we had only known the history of its origin, at the beginning of the sixth century, and its subsequent revision (as noted in the margin of the copies) with Greek MSS. of another character at Alexandria. It is a valuable monument of the age in which it was executed, corroborating what we should otherwise have concluded to be the state of the Greek Text in Syria and in Egypt. But when the examination for comparative purposes was extended to the older printed Syriac, commonly called the Peshito, special difficulties presented themselves; for if it is an admitted fact that in the second century the Syrians had a version in their own language (and the testimony which supports this opinion appears to be quite conclusive)*, and if this were supposed to be identical with the older Syriac version in common use, then the character of the text found in it seemed scarcely reconcilable with such a judgment. For in so many places it accords so thoroughly with *later* Greek MSS., and with other authorities subsequent to the early part of the third century, that it seemed difficult to identify it with a document which had originated in or before the second; while, on the other hand, many of its readings were manifestly drawn from sources older than what has been termed the *transition* state of the Greek Text; that is, the state into which it passed when the multiplication of copies by mere transcribers for sale, and other causes, had led to the formation of a text replete with modifications, such as the endeavour to bring parallel passages into verbal agreement, and slight changes and amplifications such as would naturally flow from the pen of a mere copyist. In this state of the inquiry it is only to be expected that judgments respecting the Peshito of a very contradictory kind would be expressed by different writers. Some have especially valued it for the ancient readings which are interwoven with its text; while others have upheld its character as a witness in

* The testimony of Eusebius (*H. E.* iv. 22.) that such a version was used in that age by Hegesippus, may suffice as a reference proving the fact. How much before the middle of the second century any such version existed we have no evidence; probabilities will, however, guide us to the time when the reading of the New Testament books was adopted habitually in all Christian churches.

favour of those which accord with the later Greek MSS.; which thus, as they thought, were sustained by a witness of the second century. Others, indeed, have condemned it, as though its value were but slight, on the same mistaken ground which caused Wetstein to disparage the older Greek MSS. in general, and which so far misled Bishop Middleton in his estimate of the Codex Bezae.

The truest estimate which had been formed of the Peshito version was that of Griesbach.* He rightly saw the elements of early antiquity in it; but he considered that it had been re-wrought from time to time, so as to bring it into a partial accordance with the Greek Text in its transition state. This opinion was fully acquiesced in by some who were most competent to form a judgment. It upheld the value of the version, and also the antiquity of its text in very many particulars; it met the difficulty which was presented in the contrary phenomena. It is true that those who upheld this opinion were open to the charge of inconsistency in their use of the version; but this charge is brought by the incompetent and uninformed against all who use true discrimination in the application of evidence.

But if the Peshito was indeed a version which had been thus revised, might it not be possible to discover copies which contained only the *original* form of the translation? This led to the examination of various MSS.; but although results were obtained of some value in editing the Peshito with more accuracy, and though it was found how habitually the Syrian copyists modernised grammatical forms, it seemed as if research were vain as to any discovery of an earlier form of text, or of any Syriac version the readings of which would not contradict

* Griesbach speaks thus, having reference in his phraseology to his own system of *recensions*, the facts, however, not being affected by this: 'Nulli harum recensionum Syriaca versio, prout quidem typis excusa est, similis, verum nec ulli prorsus dissimilis est. In multis concinit cum Alexandriana recensione, in pluribus cum Occidentali, in nonnullis etiam cum Constantinopolitana, ita tamen ut quae in hanc posterioribus demum seculis invecta sunt, pleraque repudiet. Diversis ergo temporibus ad Græcos codices plano diversos iterum iterumque recognita esse videtur.' To this he subjoins the note: 'Illustrari hoc potest codicum nonnullorum Latinorum exemplo, qui priscam quidem versionem ad Occidentalem recensionem accomodatam, representant, sed passim ad juniores libros Græcos refectam. Ex hoc genere est Brixianus Codex Latinus, qui non raro a Græco-Latinis et vetustioribus Latinis omnibus solus distedit, et in Græcorum partes transit.' (*Nov. Test. Proleg.* lxxv.)

the notion of *identity* with a version executed before the middle of the second century.

Such was the state of this question, analogous in a great degree to that respecting the Ignatian Epistles, when the arrival of the MSS. from the Nitrian monasteries threw a light more desired than expected both on the one subject and the other.

Amongst the MSS. obtained by Archdeacon Tattam, in 1842, was a copy of the four Gospels made up from the portions of several others. This consolidation is stated in a note at the end of the volume to have taken place in the year of the Greeks 1533 (A.D. 1221), when the books belonging to the convent of Sta Maria Deipara were repaired. One portion of the combined volume in question was found to contain a text differing considerably from any known Syriac version, and on that account alone it would have been distinguishable from the leaves with which it had been intermixed, even if the vellum and the writing had not been different. This portion, consisting of eighty folios, has now been separated from the other leaves with which it had been blended, and these, with the addition of one leaf discovered by Dr. Cureton in the binding of another volume, which arrived at the same time, and one and a half obtained from M. Pacho in 1847, constitute the text of the present volume.* All the rest contained in the combined volume had been taken from MSS. of the Peshito, which had only been united to these leaves of so much greater importance by the repairer, in order that he might produce a *complete* volume.

Of the history of this version, or at least of part of it, something might have been known besides that which may be gathered from its contents; but though this *might* have been the case, so little attention had been directed to the statement of Bar Salibi, who seems to mention it, that the new discovery had to be examined by the finder as something previously unknown and unidentified, and in these circumstances the text of the MS. had to speak for itself. On the first folio, the name of a former possessor appears in an ancient hand, for there is recorded that the book belonged to the monk *Ilabibai*, and that it was given by him to the monastery in which it had been deposited so long before it was transmitted to our shores. The pages of the MS. are divided into two columns, and the writing

* These eighty-two leaves and a half contain Matt. i. 1.,—viii. 22., x. 32.,—xxiii. 25., Mark xvi. 17—20., John i. 1—42., iii. 6.,—vii. 37., xiv. 10—29. (in part), Luke ii. 48.,—iii. 16., vii. 33.,—xv. 21., xvii.—24., xxiv. 44.

is large and bold. Dr. Cureton thus states his judgment as to its age, and speaks of the manner in which its peculiarities attracted his attention:—

‘I have no doubt that this copy of the Gospels is of the fifth century—probably transcribed about the middle of it. When it first came into my hands, I laid it aside among the other earliest MSS. of the Gospels, without further examination at that time; concluding, from its external marks of antiquity, that it must have been written at a period even more remote than the time of Philoxenus, and that it could not therefore be other than an early copy of the Peshito. The next time I took it up, I was struck by observing that several erasures had been made in the fifth and seventh chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and other words supplied. This led me to examine the matter more closely, when I ascertained that this had been done with regard to words and passages which had differed from the text of the Peshito; they had been erased, and others from the Peshito had been supplied. A little further examination showed that the text before me was very different from that of the Peshito, and indeed belonged to a recension of the Gospels in Syriac hitherto altogether unknown in Europe.

‘The first cursory reading of these remnants of the Gospels, which, beyond all question, are of very high antiquity, convinced me of the great importance of this recension for the critical arrangement of the text of the Gospels, as being one of the earliest testimonies extant; and all my subsequent study of them has tended to confirm this opinion.’ (*Pref.* p. iv.)

Dr. Cureton then goes on to speak of the determination that he formed to publish the remains of this ancient text, together with an English translation, and such notes as should show the connexion of this Syriac version with the other authorities of very high antiquity.* He also mentions that other subjects of interesting inquiry arose, the full discussion of which, however, is deferred for the present.

* Through Dr. Cureton's kindness scholars were enabled to use the printed sheets of this version some years before it was published. It was thus noticed nine years ago by the Rev. J. W. Blakesley in his Cambridge ‘*Prælectio*’:—‘Hæc versio a V. D. Cureton iudice ‘harum rerum exercitatissimo, ita æstimari dicitur, ut ceteris omnibus ‘quotquot usque hodie innotuerunt, anteferebam ducat.’ (P. 20.) Professor Tischendorf, in his recently completed edition of the Greek New Testament, calls this version, which Dr. Cureton's kindness enabled him to use, ‘magnum decus editioni nostræ’ (p. xix.), and he speaks of it elsewhere as the most important of the Syriac witnesses (p. ccxxi.). Dr. Cureton also communicated the printed sheets containing the Syriac text to Dr. Tregelles, who thus used them in the critical apparatus of his partially issued Greek Testament.

One of the most important questions which can *now* be considered in connexion with any ancient version or recension of a version of the New Testament Scriptures, is the bearing which it has on textual criticism. There was a time when each particular authority, whether manuscript or version, had to be considered as a kind of individual phenomenon; as such, each was then discussed by scholars, and thus it was that their mutual relations were at length established, and their united value as witnesses was brought to light. Thus it was often found that a document which had formerly been specially noticed because of certain peculiarities, possessed a value previously unknown. It was established, for instance, that the Codex Bezae, which some in the last century, and earlier part of this, condemned altogether because of its interpolations, as though it were wholly a corrupted document, is really one of the very best witnesses of the text of Holy Scripture, as read in the early centuries of the Christian Church. Past investigations have thus paved the way for enabling us to discriminate as to the character of any newly found document which may be presented to our attention, whether it be ancient MS. or ancient version.

These principles we now propose to apply to Dr. Cureton's edition of the Syriac Gospels, that thus it may be seen that the value of this recension or version is not something arbitrarily assumed by the learned editor (though we know that his firmly expressed judgment on such a point would weigh much in the estimate of competent scholars), that it is not a mere vague opinion of any who may have made some slight use of the version itself, but that it is a point capable of actual demonstration, — one which may, on simple and correct principles of evidence, be made very plain to any who may be possessed of ordinary intelligence and attention, even though the mode of investigation, and its application to such a subject, may be wholly new.

If we know from express early testimony that any particular reading was in general use in the copies of the New Testament then in circulation in the churches, — if we can thus be sure that such readings were not any mere local peculiarities, or confined to the copy which was possessed by some individual Father, — then we have one ascertained fact which may be applied to future investigation. If we have many such facts, and if we then apply them to the existing copies of the New Testament in Greek, and to the ancient versions which have come down to us in the languages of the early Churches, we are able to discriminate between those documents which contain an unquestionably

ancient text, and those of a more modern character. It is not pretended to assert that *any* document can have come down to us absolutely pure; but this we do advance as certain, that by this process, which has been termed Comparative Criticism, we are able to point out what are the documents which contain ancient readings in general, and which, therefore, are worthy of respectful attention in those places to which such absolute demonstration does not apply.

Now in very many instances the Curetonian Syriac agrees with ancient witnesses in such important and marked readings, as to demonstrate that its relation to the earlier text of the gospels is greater far than that of the Peshito. These examples necessarily involve criticism of a minute character, but the field of inquiry is one worthy of close attention.*

* We give, in a note, a few instances:—In Matt. xix. 19. the common Greek text has: *τί με λέγεις ἀγαθόν*. Now we know, from the express evidence of Origen (ed. De la Rue, tom. iii. p. 664.), that in the early part of the third century this was *not* the reading of St. Matthew. He says that while *this* was the inquiry in St. Mark and St. Luke, in St. Matthew it was *ὡς περὶ ἀγαθοῦ ἔργου*. This alone might make us pause before we rejected the statement; for we might doubt whether *our* copies could come into competition with those of Origen. But in looking a little further, we find that there *are* copies which agree with his reading: *τί με ἐρωτᾷ περὶ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ*. These copies, too, are amongst the oldest and best. It is also upheld by almost every version which claims a high antiquity, *except the Peshito*; but here the Curetonian Syriac (ܬܝܡܝܬܐ ܕܡܬܝܬܐ ܕܡܬܝܬܐ) follows the definite early evidence of Origen, and accords with the other authorities of the highest importance. It may be worthy of remark, that *in this passage* the Peshito Syriac has actually been relied on, as though it was a witness the testimony of which could hardly be overcome. The argument, however, tells *really* against the antiquity of this reading of the Peshito.

In Matt. xx. 22., the clause *καὶ τὸ βάπτισμα ὃ ἐγὼ βαπτίζομαι βαπτισθῆναι* (and the corresponding words in the following verse) of the common Greek text, was clearly not recognised in the former part of the third century as being part of the *first* Gospel, or as being other than a peculiarity of that of St. Mark (see Orig. iii. 717. 719.). The oldest and best of the authorities which we possess, whether MSS. or versions, strongly preponderate against the insertion: indeed the words are found in no version which claims an antiquity prior to the fifth century; except indeed a few *revised* Latin copies and the Syriac Peshito. Here, then, the Curetonian Syriac comes to our aid, and furnishes us with Syriac authority which is compatible with the facts of the second or third century.

Matt. v. 4, 5. The *order* here of the beatitudes differs in the common Greek text from that which is supported by distinct early testi-

This process of comparative criticism might be carried on almost indefinitely: and thus, while nothing whatever is assumed,

mony. The canons of Eusebius, the statement of Origen, the citations of Tertullian and Hilary — all agree in placing *μακάριοι οἱ πενθῶντες*, κ. τ. λ. (verse 4.) *after* *μακάριοι οἱ πραεῖς*, κ. τ. λ. (verse 5.) The authorities by which this order is supported are not numerous, but they are of the highest character: and amongst them we are now able to place the Curetonian Syriac: that it should be found amongst the *few* which support this reading, must be considered an important point in the chain of proof of its antiquity and value.

The reading of Matt. i. 18. is one to which early attention was directed. Irenæus supplies us with such information as must suffice to show that, as far as his knowledge extended, the word *Ἰησοῦ* was not in the sacred text. It is not often that any one gives a statement of the non-existence of a reading of which he had never heard; but it so happens that Irenæus had to discuss the question, raised by certain of the early Gnostics, whether our Lord were *the Christ* from his birth, or whether he *became* the Christ by a subsequent union of the *son* Christ with the man Jesus. This leads him to notice the *absence* of the word *Jesus* in Matt. i. 18.: 'Now the birth of *Christ* was on 'this wise,' gives an absolute identification of Him who was born of the Virgin Mary, and the Christ. Now while it is true that *Jesus* has found its way into the existing copies, this is only what might almost have been expected in process of repeated transcription. Now it seems very clear that the common reading, *τοῦ δὲ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ*, could not have originated prior to the time when *Ἰησοῦς Χριστός* had become a sort of combined proper name; and it seems unlikely that this should have been the case when St. Matthew's Gospel was written, or when (before the close of the first century) it was translated into Greek. The position of the article, substantive, and adjective is at least peculiar; for, except on the supposition of a combined proper name, the meaning intended would not be conveyed: and such an anomalous use and position of the article with *Ἰησοῦς Χριστός* is not to be found in any *genuine* passage in the New Testament. The omission, then, of *Jesus* in the Curetonian Syriac, in contrast to its insertion in the Peshito, puts the former into a connexion with the known readings of the second century, from which the latter is, in this case at least, excluded.

Few verses in the New Testament have suffered more than Matt. v. 44. from the amplification so common on the part of copyists, who, by inadvertence or design, introduced into one gospel what rightly belonged only to another. That the passages to which we are about to refer *are* such amplifications we know on the united evidence of Irenæus, Clement, Origen, Cyprian, Eusebius, Hilary — all of whom accord entirely or partly in their testimony and citations. The verse in accordance with the earliest and best authorities will then stand thus (the words added by copyists being included in brackets, with the reference to the parallel Scriptures from which they

point after point is established by independent testimony; and the character of the text of manuscripts, of ancient versions, and of patristic citations is upheld by their accordance with facts attested by other witnesses, of known age and certain transmission. It is thus that a new claimant for a place in the list of critical authorities, such as was the Thebaic version in the last century, and such as is the Syriac version now before us, may make good its pretensions and establish its right to the foremost rank; even though its name and dignity had been forgotten, and that too 'before criticism was thought of as applicable to the sacred text. Indeed, we can hardly over-estimate the importance of witnesses coming to light that had before been unknown: for we are able thus to test conclusions previously arrived at; and even if in some cases they require modification, it is at least certain that in general those which had been formed on sound critical principles are confirmed and established. This has been remarkably the case with regard to the use of this Syriac version.

There is one class of passages to which in this connexion we must make a brief allusion:—we mean those which were read in the early ages in some peculiar manner; and which are still so found in some of the very early authorities that have come down to us. Now the fact that a document claiming to belong to the earlier ages of Christianity should contain *some* readings of this kind, is what should be *à priori* expected; and therefore the fact of their occurrence ought not to be used as ground of objection against the antiquity and general character of any newly discovered document. He who does this, acts as ignorantly as if he were to use the marks of age visible on some work of art as proofs which could controvert its claims to antiquity.

were introduced): ἐγὼ δὲ λέγω ὑμῖν, Ἀγαπᾶτε τοὺς ἐχθροὺς ὑμῶν [εὐλογεῖτε τοὺς καταρωμένους ὑμᾶς (vide Luke vi. 28.)] καλῶς ποιεῖτε τοὺς μισοῦντας ὑμᾶς (vide Luke vi. 27.)] καὶ προσεύχεσθε ὑπὲρ τῶν [ἐπηρεαζόντων ὑμᾶς καὶ (vide Luke vi. 35)] διωκόντων ὑμᾶς. Such, then, has been the amplification which is introduced into almost all the Greek MSS., except the Codex Vaticanus, and more or less fully into several of the versions, including (as might be expected by those who are acquainted with its true character) the Peshito. But here again the Curetonian Syriac vindicates its antiquity, by its not containing any of the three insertions from St. Luke. If the translator of this Syriac version had *omitted* these clauses from design or from carelessness, how marvellous would it have been that he should thus have *happened* to accord with early testimony in *three* such marked points! He might (on the supposition of omission) have just as well have left out any *other* parts of the verse which accord with St. Luke.

In the Curetonian Syriac it will, we believe, suffice to refer to a few instances of the kind. The long addition after Matt. xx. 28. is an example of the sort; the clause introduced was once widely though not universally diffused: and it savours of an addition to the words of Holy Scripture: its occurrence in Dr. Cureton's version certainly favours its claim to antiquity.

In Matt. xvi. the greater part of verse 2 (from *ὁ ψίλλος*), and the whole of verse 3 is absent: this may give to some the notion of a mere careless omission; but on inquiry it will be found that the same thing is met with in the Vatican MS. and in a few other authorities: the Curetonian Syriac must not therefore be blamed as though it were peculiar in the defect. This omission is indeed noticed by Jerome as occurring in several MSS. in his day, so that its antiquity is established. There need, however, we believe, be but little doubt that the omission originated from an assimilation of the words in this passage to those of xii. 38.; and thus the omission would be natural: their authority is maintained by the canons of Eusebius.

It may thus be seen that not only do the excellences of this version vindicate its supposed antiquity, but the same point is equally proved when we look at what may be regarded as its marked defects.

We can well understand that a reader of the Greek New Testament who has paid no attention to textual criticism, looking at the words or phrases which this version omits, or which it reads differently from that to which he has been accustomed, may feel astonishment almost amounting to indignation at what he must regard as daring corruption of the sacred text. We can suppose that he may turn over and over again the passages which he finds in a form somewhat new to him; and while he rises into indignation at such liberties having been taken with the text of Holy Scripture, he may turn to his Greek New Testament, there to note down the convincing proofs of the worthlessness of this newly found Syriac version. But if some unfeeling critic asks him, 'But how do you know that the passages which you have noted in Greek are really parts of the New Testament? How are you *sure* (in Matt. v. 44. for instance) that the version that you are condemning does not contain the true reading?' If any answer is vouchsafed to such an inquiry, it is likely to be but little more than that of taking up one of the neat, attractive editions of Bishop Lloyd's Oxford Greek Testament, and showing how the words there stand, according to the text adopted by Mill. But that scholar and diligent labourer in the field of textual criticism did not himself form

any Greek text; he simply printed that which was current in his own day; while he expressed his value for readings partly in his notes and more particularly in his *Prolegomena*. Thus the censor who would use what he calls 'Mill's text' as his standard, employs that which Mill would have reprobated; he acts on principles entirely opposed to those approved by that scholar. The censor will perhaps then uphold the notion that the Greek text that he has is one which has been so universally transmitted, that there need be no question about the matter amongst reasonable men; and that this text it is, to which the Curetonian Syriac must be brought as a kind of touchstone; then, without any profitless discussion, all variations from the standard are self-condemned: and this Syriac version, though *perhaps* a curiosity and *possibly* of great antiquity, is of no practical utility, and never can be employed as an authority towards settling the sacred text, which, to say the truth, does not in his opinion require to be settled.

It is easy for any one to be misled by plausible assertions:— it was thus in the last century that even Wetstein, laborious collator of Greek MSS. as he was, deceived himself and deceived others as to the value of the best and oldest of the documents of which he gave the readings: he condemned them as faithless witnesses because they did not accord with his own preconceived standard.

Or, we may suppose a Syriac scholar, one who is familiar with every word and phrase of the Peshito, taking up the Curetonian version; and after he has examined it well, he forms his conclusion that all the parts and readings in which it differs from the Peshito are corruptions, and that it can only be regarded as an imperfect attempt at revising that ancient version. This Syriac scholar, unless he has explored somewhat beyond the domain of his Aramæan studies, will be surprised at being told that the very points and readings in which the Peshito differs from this, are those which have caused the difficulty always felt by competent textual critics, as to the claim of that well-known version to be considered as a production of the second century. The known readings of that age must be the standard by which any version or document must be tried for which such an antiquity is claimed. A Syriac scholar who assumes the language of the Peshito to be the normal type of that tongue, might easily object to much that he finds in this version; and he might thus raise the charge of corruption: but let the phraseology be closely examined, and then it will rather appear that in the Peshito not only is there a revision as to the readings and renderings so as to be in parts a new trans-

lation, but also in what they have in common the Peshito exhibits the marks of the hand of a polisher. It would be as well to assume the Latin version of Jerome to be that from which the old Latin had been formed by corruption, as to make the Peshito to be the basis of the Curetonian Syriac. Happily, we have not to form our judgment of the Syriac phraseology, as here exhibited, as of a thing wholly unknown: we had instances of it before, and that in documents of extreme antiquity.*

The old Latin may rightly be judged to be a version of the second century; but if we were most familiar with the gospels in the Codex Brixianus, we should find it difficult to believe that its readings could really belong to that age. If when the Codex Vercellensis came to light, those who already knew the Brixianus might perhaps try it by that standard, while others might more rightly judge that *now* they possessed at last the Latin gospels in a form which might probably be a text of such extreme antiquity; and then whatever the upholders of the Brixianus might say, they would establish their point of the real antiquity of the Vercellensis, and henceforward the Brixianus would be rightly judged to be merely a revision.

Thus, while we can perfectly understand how the peculiarities of the Curetonian Syriac might cause some who are imperfectly acquainted with the principles, facts, and historical development of textual criticism, to regard it as a defective document, we believe that to any who comprehend the subject, it may be made most clear that the very grounds on which the objectors would rely, are those which *prove* the direct contrary of that for which they are advanced in order to disparage the version. It is by the assumption of a false standard—one that carries us below the third century—that the attempt can be made to impugn this version, which may well claim a much higher antiquity. Let this and the common Peshito be both tried by a criterion of the second century, (the age to which *some* Syriac version assuredly belongs,) and we have no doubt which of the two will stand the test, and which it is that will only occasion difficulty to him who tries to suppose that it is a sincere monument of that age.

If the conditions of a problem be well understood, and there be that by which those conditions are well and fully met, the connexion of the two things ought to be seen of necessity to follow. If there be a search for an unknown object, the existence and nature of which had been learned from a rigorous induction of circumstantial facts, and if anything be presented

which is found, point by point, to meet the terms of what had been learned *à priori*, then we may conclude that we have discovered the very object itself, if indeed in the nature of things there can be but one, or if at least it is highly probable that there is but one. That there is a coincidence is at all events evident; and he who can best appreciate the bearing and extent of such coincidence, will the most fully apprehend how far it carries us into the region of absolute identity between the requirements of the problem and the supposed solution.

Let certain perturbations of one or more of the heavenly bodies be noticed; let such perturbations be subjected to a long series of rigorous and minute observations, so that their reality and measurements may be most absolutely demonstrated; let mathematical science come in, applying as fully as possible the problem of the three bodies, so as to establish, by a series of approximations, the position, force, and varying motions of the unknown perturbing body;—and then let observation do her work afresh, and let it be shown that there is an unknown planet occupying the orbit and exercising the attraction such as *ought* to belong to the perturbing body whose existence had been predetermined by mathematical skill;—let observation be thus the handmaid of demonstration, and then no one who is capable of forming any judgment on the matter could doubt the identity of the new planet, as observed, with that which had been required to meet the terms of the problem.

We have dwelt thus long on the illustration of this point, because we know that it is necessary. It was a fact that a Syriac version existed in the second century; we were aware what kind of version it ought to be, and what the characteristics of its text; we also knew that the Peshito Syriac did not meet the requirements of the case; so that, let no other Syriac version ever be known older in character, still another was *wanted* in order to correspond to antecedent facts; the version might have been utterly lost, but still it must have existed; it might be the basis of the Peshito, but the Peshito, as we have it, does not and cannot meet the conditions of the problem. This conclusion had been arrived at, and had been stated, irrespective of any knowledge of the existence even of the Curetonian version.* Critical calculation had thus formed its

* In Dr. Davidson's 'Introduction to the New Testament,' vol. i. Bagsters, 1848, he gives in the Notes (p. 429.) the following communication from Dr. Fregelles relative to the Peshito Syriac as it has been transmitted: 'Whoever (says he) inserted in it the Eusebian Canons, as found in most or all the MSS., may have introduced

conclusion; and how surprisingly was this to be confirmed by the discovery of the object which met the terms of the inquiry. Not to identify the two objects would involve just as great a moral absurdity, as it would if we were to deny that the perturbing planet, whose place had been calculated, was the same that was afterwards observed.

But if this Syriac version be *not* that made in the second century? We must then suppose that some reviser of the Peshito knew in what respects that version did not accord with the certain readings of that age; that he anticipated the objections of later critics, and that he was so conversant with textual antiquity, and with the earliest Patristic teaching, as to extrude from the Peshito (if that were indeed his basis) just what would clash with that earlier age. You certainly would thus ascribe to him a wonderful sagacity; and you must almost go farther and regard him as anticipating the expressed thoughts and judgments of critics of the nineteenth century. To suppose all this is, in fact, to suppose that the Curetonian Syriac was made *because* criticism would demand that such a version must have existed; you thus prove that (in whatever age it was, on such suppositions, actually made) it *became* identical with what ought to have belonged to the second century.

We only add, on this part of the subject, that the character of any version itself is not essentially altered by the condition in which it has been transmitted to us; that this must specially be remembered when such a document has come down in very few MSS., or in one only: that in such an estimate, errors of transcribers must be left out of question as thoroughly as the errata should be in a printed book; and that due and proper allowance must be made for the mistakes into which every translator was liable to fall. Whoever pursues the unenviable task of gathering together all the mistakes (real or supposed) of any ancient version, may *seem* to make out such a list as to damage its character for ever; but it is only the unin-

'alterations from the Greek MS. before him. At all events, the Gospels have been made more harmonious and accordant, in the same way as in the later Greek MSS. *The Nitrian MSS., when collated, may exhibit perhaps an earlier text.*' We believe that this was written and printed without any information that such a version had been found by Dr. Cureton. That it might exist, was inferred on grounds such as have been stated above; that it might be found amongst the Nitrian treasures was thought not improbable, or at least possible, from what was even then known of their extent and antiquity. The coincidence of this suggestion, with the concurrent, but then unknown fact, is at least worthy of remark.

formed who will be deceived by such a list. A catalogue minutely detailing every error of fact mentioned by any historian might seem to prove that he was in no case worthy of credit, and thus it might be suggested that there are no facts on which we can rely; but how different is an intelligent and comprehensive estimate! We neither look for infallibility in the one case or the other; we know that there are attested facts; we can use to good purpose the records of our religion, even though we know that the manner in which some would assail and decry some one ancient document, might similarly be applied separately to discredit them all one by one. We do not think it needful to dwell in detail on the defects of this version; some of them may be referred to the condition of the text from which the translation was made; some to the manner of translation, in which it strikingly agrees with certain amplifications of the Peshito; some to errors of rendering, several to mistakes of transmission, and some (though these are probably few) to the transcriber of this one MS.

We have now to speak of Dr. Cureton's edition of this version, and the English translation and notes with which it is accompanied, and of one special point of inquiry suggested. It is very probable that Dr. Cureton might have gained a kind of celebrity for the work, and he might have succeeded in claiming for this Syriac version a great but undefined value, if he had contented himself with giving to the world the Syriac text, thus magnificently printed, unaccompanied by a single remark of his own. In the eyes of not a few a kind of sacred mystery would thus have attached to it, which, in *their* minds at least, would not have been dispelled by any more close acquaintance. But if Dr. Cureton had thus published this version, how few comparatively are there, especially in this country, to whom his volume would have been of real service.* He has sought to be useful to Biblical scholars, and not, therefore, to shroud this ancient version in any cloud, such as would render it a thing partially unknown, even though given to the world.

On this principle, then, it is evident that he acted in the

* An amusing estimate has been formed by Dr. Paul de Lagarde of Berlin, as to the extent to which Syriac literature is cultivated, and the number of readers likely to use a work published in that language. He says, in the concluding sentence of the Preface of '*Didascalia Apostolorum; Syriace*' (Lipsiæ, 1854), that he publishes '*quæ per Europam vix homines quinque intelligunt;*' and, indeed, by limiting the impression so much ('*l'ouvrage n'a été tiré qu'à cent exemplaires*') there may be some danger of its not reaching the hands of the select five.

English rendering which accompanies the Syriac text; the object was not to make an English New Testament, but to give such an English construing of the Syriac as might enable any student to use the ancient materials now for the first time brought before him. We are well aware that such a translation appears to be peculiarly exposed to criticism; those who are acquainted with Syriac may see fit to object that a literal construing does not show the force of Syriac expressions, but only that of single words; while the mere English reader may perhaps criticise the words and phrases employed, and he may raise objections on grounds wholly fallacious. Dr. Cureton himself thus describes his English version:—

‘It may perhaps be necessary to add a word respecting the English translation from the Syriac. My great object has been to make it as literal as I could, in order to enable those who may not be acquainted with the Syriac, to use the English for comparison with the Greek. For this purpose I have even retained the order of the Syriac words, so far as it seemed possible to do so without obscurity. It has been my intention also to render always the same Syriac term by the same English word’—of which he proceeds to give some examples.’ (*Preface*, p. xciv.)

This will be enough, we believe, for candid and intelligent readers; it will show them *what* they have to expect, and how they ought to use the translation from the Syriac with which they have been favoured. If such are acquainted slightly with Syriac, they will be considerably assisted; if ignorant of that ancient tongue, they will, if they know anything of philology, be able to discriminate between those things which indicate a variation of reading, and those which only represent some feature indicated in the Syriac. They will be enabled to compare the Curetonian Syriac version with Greek and other authorities, and thus they may form for themselves an independent judgment, instead of merely relying upon assertions, even though they may suppose them to be worthy of credit.

On these grounds we may truly say that Dr. Cureton has succeeded remarkably well in his endeavour to introduce his Syriac version in an English costume, and that for this he deservedly merits the thanks of all Biblical scholars.

Dr. Cureton's Introduction consists principally of two parts—general notes on the readings of the remains of these Syriac gospels, pointing out their coincidence, or the contrary, with other authorities;—and a special dissertation on St. Matthew's gospel as found in this Syriac version or recension.

The series of notes will save those who wish to use this version not a little time and trouble; it will supply those who

wish to verify our remarks on the characteristics of this Syriac text, as connected with comparative criticism, with the means of so doing to almost any extent; it will also (we are bound to say) enable those who wish to censure the text, and to cast discredit upon all who value it, to do so, if they please. Not a few of the notes of the editor contain suggestions which will probably lead to curious discussion; others give information which will be of real assistance to the student; and in all we feel that, whether we fully accord with the opinion expressed or not, still we have to do with a writer who is so thoroughly in earnest, that he gives forth his opinions freely, let the use made of them be what it may.

But the remarks on St. Matthew's gospel will be regarded by readers in general as touching on the most important inquiry with which the Introduction deals. The point which Dr. Cureton seeks to establish is a connexion between this Syriac text of St. Matthew, and the original Hebrew* of this first gospel as written by the apostle himself. This is a point which can neither be established, nor yet confuted, by mere dogmatism; it requires to be temperately and honestly discussed; and even if no conclusion be *absolutely* reached as a matter of demonstration, we may at least hope that some probability may be established.

We are quite aware that there is a large class of professed Biblical scholars who would meet such an inquiry *in limine* by denying that St. Matthew ever wrote a Hebrew gospel at all. For the benefit of such as might be misled by this assertion, we are glad that Dr. Cureton has re-stated the evidence on this point (though in parts we believe that it might be amplified), and thus the reader is compelled to see the weakness of the cause which requires for its support such a procedure, as that of ignoring a mass of united testimony. It is the custom with some to argue that as the chronological list of witnesses *begins* with Papias, a credulous man, all the rest must be supposed to be simply repeating *his* testimony; and thus they seek to make all depend on his single evidence. A strange mode truly of silencing witnesses! As if Irenæus, Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome were incapable of knowing anything about the matter. Now the fact remains that St. Matthew's Hebrew gospel was still extant in the early part of the fifth century — interpolated indeed, but still in existence; and if the witnesses who attest such facts are unworthy of credit here, how can any one show that St. Mat-

* Once for all, let us say that we use *Hebrew*, here and in our subsequent remarks, as signifying that form of Aramæan in which all ancient testimony agrees that St. Matthew wrote his gospel.

threw ever wrote a gospel at all? Unless we believe the competent witnesses who say that he wrote in that language, how do we know anything about the matter? There are, indeed, those who speak smoothly about 'ecclesiastical antiquity,' but so little do they know of what the Fathers teach on the subjects respecting which they dogmatise, that they could not bring forward a single ecclesiastical writer in proof of that which they seek to persuade themselves and others is upheld by 'catholic consent.' Now if real 'ecclesiastical antiquity' makes a single thing certain respecting the gospels, 'it is that the first was written by Matthew the apostle, and that its language was that then called Hebrew.

Of course, the discussion of the relation of the Gospel of St. Matthew in the Curetonian Syriac to that written in Hebrew by the apostle himself becomes impossible, if it be denied that such a document once existed; but this mode of cutting short an inquiry will not satisfy any who are not willing to place modern assertion in the place of ancient evidence. We say advisedly *modern* assertion, because we are not aware that any one doubted or denied that St. Matthew wrote in Hebrew prior to Erasmus. That scholar, who lived before much of the evidence on the subject had been properly brought to light, advanced the opinion that the Greek of St. Matthew is the very original of the apostle; he also maintained that the Latin that we have of Irenæus against heresies is the original of the work of that Father; this modern tradition is followed by some in the case of St. Matthew; but as to Irenæus, *who* upholds the opinion of Erasmus? And yet there is just as much reason in the one case as in the other.

This point ought, we believe, to be received as a demonstrated fact; and those who thus accept it may then proceed in the examination of the question. We think, however, that Dr. Cureton has introduced the consideration of details which complicate the inquiry. For the systematised theories of Bishop Marsh and others do not, we judge, present established facts on which we may rest as if it were proved that the evangelists used certain common documents, and that one of them introduced certain points from an enlarged document, while another had before him something additional of another kind. We feel that we must dismiss these considerations, because they would compel us to suppose that several such documents existed, not one of which was known even to the earliest writer who mentions the authorship of the gospels, and the existence of which was not suspected until modern times, when ingenious theorists sought to account for the correspondences of the gospels in a

most subtle manner; and yet after all, the theories present more points which would require to be explained, than do the phenomena, for the solution of which they were invented. By not introducing the supposition of such a complicated series of documents, we greatly simplify the present inquiry; and thus we also need not touch on the fact of scripture inspiration, or the theories which have been advanced as statements or expressions of that fact. The whole subject should be fully discussed without any more assertions being advanced; if it cannot be brought farther than the domain of probable opinion, let it at least be brought, if possible, thus far.

Dr. Cureton very rightly points out, what we suppose must strike every Syriac reader, that in this Syriac text there is a considerable difference of expression in St. Matthew's gospel from that found in the others. There appears to be a greater correctness of phraseology; whereas, if they were altogether one and the same version, we should expect to find the contrary; for a translator generally gains that kind of experience, which enables him to perform the latter portion of a work with a firmer and truer hand. This impression was strongly conveyed to our mind when reading this version through. Certainly this might be explained, if the supposition were established that the first gospel was taken from a cognate dialect, instead of being formed by translation from the Greek; but the existence of this fact, on the face of the document itself, makes the supposition far from improbable; even if we must admit, as Dr. Cureton himself does, that St. Matthew, as we have it before us here, has been compared with the Greek, and bears the marks of such comparison.

It must be at once admitted that we possess no sufficient data for instituting a thorough comparison between this Syriac St. Matthew and the lost Hebrew original. The early writers, who so fully mention the existence of that document, had no occasion to quote from it, unless it presented something remarkable; and thus the citations which they give us are such as bear in general most evident marks of interpolation. In fact, we have no reason to doubt that the original Hebrew of St. Matthew was fully and adequately represented by that Greek text formed from it, which was used by the churches in general, even back to the very age when they were under the authoritative guidance of inspired apostles and others who had been disciples of our Lord when on earth.

But is there any indication on the part of any Syriac writer of an acquaintance with a version of St. Matthew's gospel in that tongue from the Hebrew of St. Matthew? and can any information of a satisfactory kind be obtained from such a

source? There is: the well-known Syriac writer Bar Salibi, Bishop of Amida in the twelfth century, definitely mentions such a version. In treating of St. Matthew's gospel, he says that 'there is found occasionally a *Syriac copy made out of the Hebrew*.' This, then, may possibly, or even probably, be Dr. Cureton's text; but Bar Salibi then continues to say that the Syriac St. Matthew 'inserts there three kings [Ahaziah, Joash, and Amaziah, see Matt. i. 8.] in the genealogy, but that it afterwards speaks of fourteen, and not seventeen, generations, is because fourteen generations has been substituted for seventeen by the Hebrews,' &c. (*Cureton's Pref.* p. xi.) Let this testimony be clearly understood. If any one in that age was well informed on the subject of Syriac versions, it was surely Bar Salibi; and he distinctly tells us that at that time there were still in circulation copies of *St. Matthew in Syriac, translated from the Hebrew*. The citation that he gives is very curious; for he says that in Matt. i. 8. *three kings* are supplied in the genealogy, and yet that in verse 17. there is the number *fourteen*, which, with those names added, becomes incorrect. We turn, as did Dr. Cureton before us, to the text of *this* St. Matthew. *We find the two passages as Bar Salibi described them*, in all their marked inconsistency. If this coincidence does not serve to identify the Curetonian Syriac with that which was known in past centuries as the Syriac version from St. Matthew's own Hebrew or Aramæan, we do not know what would suffice. For this is not a mere coincidence of a few cited words, but it is identity in characteristic readings, and that, too, in points which would be hardly likely to be found in the same document. Many an ancient writing has been truthfully identified on the ground of a citation far less marked than this; we may, therefore, feel moral certainty that this is the St. Matthew referred to by Bar Salibi, and we may listen respectfully to his testimony as to its origin.

Let all points be weighed; let the probability be considered that the earliest Syriac version was made when St. Matthew's own Hebrew gospel was in circulation in that region; let the peculiar title be borne in mind; let the internal character of the phraseology be studied. All this may establish a strong case; and then let the testimony and identifying citation of Bar Salibi be added; and thus, we believe, will the considerate scholar be brought, step by step, to the settled judgment that this St. Matthew is really sprung from the Hebrew original of that apostle.

In studying it with this belief, we do not wish to overlook its features which may seem to militate against this opinion.

We quite acknowledge that in this one copy there are traces of the influence of the Greek gospel,—the authoritative version from the Hebrew, as we believe,—that there are more modern elements introduced; and that the other gospels have exercised a perceptible influence on the transmission and present readings of this. But those who know the Peshito of the Old Testament, are aware that the readings of the LXX have sometimes influenced the text; yet who doubts that it was made from Hebrew? The case is analogous to that of this St. Matthew; in each case the solution should be the same.

We were not hasty in forming our conclusion. It was long before we passed from the region of probable opinion into that of settled belief. In this the testimony of Bar Salibi aided us greatly; and to all Biblical scholars who prefer objective facts to subjective visions, who regard the testimony of ancients that St. Matthew *did* write in Hebrew, more highly than the peremptory assertion of moderns that he did *not*, do we commend the consideration of the subject. We believe that most considerate readers will be satisfied that Bar Salibi's testimony suffices to show that *this version* was the one which the Syrians themselves held to be that formed from the Hebrew. Their belief on the subject ought to be taken as a point proved, even if any hesitate in carrying a settled judgment any farther. In critical use we must remember that we have this version in but one MS., and also we must bear in mind the disturbances to which its text has been exposed. We do not rely infallibly on any of the ancient versions from the Greek as they have come down to us; we would use this in the same manner in which we employ those. We wish, however, to point out that the proved value of the Curetonian Syriac as an ancient Christian monument, shown as it has been by comparative criticism, is established apart from the opinions which may be formed as to the origin of this version of St. Matthew. If that be admitted, then it possesses an additional value; but even those who hesitate on that subject have no reason to doubt the positions previously and independently demonstrated. It has been Dr. Cureton's misfortune to be a discoverer, and thus to be exposed to the assaults of those who do not wish to learn and investigate the objective truth of facts. But if this has been his misfortune, his discoveries have been at least to the exceeding benefit of others; and this will remain, we doubt not, long after the attacks of ignorance and dogmatism are forgotten, or, perhaps, remembered with a smile. Many literary monuments have been brought to light in the present age, but we know of few that deserve to be placed in comparison with

this; and in the special department of Biblical learning we may advisedly say that we know of none equal in importance and interest to this version of the Syriac Gospels.

The field, however, of Biblical research seems to be by no means exhausted. Professor Tischendorf, who distinguished himself about eighteen years ago as the decipherer and publisher of the very valuable palimpsest of the Greek New Testament, the Codex Ephræmi at Paris, has continued his labours in the same department; not only has he published ancient Biblical texts (accomplishing far more than all his predecessors unitedly), but he has also been successful as the *discoverer* of precious MSS. previously unknown; some of the libraries of this country have been enriched with spoils that he has thus brought from the East. His repeated visits to Egypt and the neighbouring countries have been productive of valuable and remarkable results. We cannot now particularise the discoveries which he formerly made; we have, however, taken some pains to ascertain a few points relating to one, the mere rumour of which has of late peculiarly interested and surprised both Biblical scholars and antiquaries.

Professor Tischendorf's visit to the library of the monastery of Mount Sinai, several years ago, was productive of but little result; and he heard somewhat incredulously the report brought by Major Macdonald that the special treasures of that library had not been shown him; indeed there were persons in this country who were inclined to think that the statements were too highly coloured which that officer had made.

A few months ago, however, Professor Tischendorf again went in the employ of the Emperor of Russia to the Convent of St. Catharine at Mount Sinai, to examine a copy of the Scriptures which was reported to be there, designated as *the golden MS.* (the age of which was said to be very great), and also to investigate the other treasures of antiquity in the same library. He found the golden MS. to be less ancient than he expected; he was able to negotiate for its transmission to him to collate or copy at Cairo, and then for its transfer for sufficient consideration to the Imperial Library. But if the golden MS. were less important than Professor Tischendorf had expected, he has been able to describe *another* Greek MS., the value of which can hardly be estimated too highly, if the reality at all resembles the accounts in circulation. Professor Tischendorf, in writing to the Saxon Minister Von Falkenstein, says that this MS. is of the fourth century (contemporaneous therefore with *the Vatican MS.*), that it contains a large portion of the LXX, namely the greater part of the Prophets, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, and other portions of the Apocrypha,

the whole of the New Testament, followed by the Greek text of the Epistle of Barnabas, and a portion of the Shepherd of Hermas. The number of leaves is stated to be 346 of a large size. It is elsewhere mentioned that the number of *lines* in the MS. is about 132,000; and as we are informed from yet another source that the MS. is written in four columns, we find that there must be generally forty-eight lines in each. Those who have seen the 'Codex Friderico-Augustanus,' discovered by Professor Tischendorf several years ago, or the beautiful lithographed facsimile published under his superintendence, will at once see that this newly announced MS. so thoroughly coincides with that document, that they are either portions of the same MS., or else MSS. of precisely the same character. The 'Codex Friderico-Augustanus' has stood *alone* as divided into *four* columns. Until we have further information, we must suppose that Professor. Tischendorf has obtained another and most important portion of the 'Codex Friderico-Augustanus' itself. Its value is probably as great in the New Testament as it is in that portion of the LXX which has been available for some years in the lithographed facsimile.

We believe that no statement has been published as to where this MS. was obtained; it may have been one seen by former investigators at Mount Sinai; it may have been in some Egyptian monastery. Professor Tischendorf has always spoken with reserve on such points, intimating that too definite statements would have the effect of frustrating his further researches. It is to be hoped not only that this MS. may be secured for some European library in which it may be freely examined, but also that it may be published by the discoverer for the use of all Biblical scholars. The information that we have on the subject is as yet indefinite and incomplete.*

* Perhaps Biblical discoveries may yet be made, even in well-known libraries. Dr. Paul de Lagarde, of Berlin, drew Dr. Tregelles's attention a few months ago to a palimpsest MS. of part of St. Luke's gospel, in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society. This MS. was brought from the island of Zante by the late General Macaulay in 1820; but it had remained unread and unused until examined by Dr. Tregelles, who has deciphered the buried writing and prepared the text for publication. The readings of this MS. (designated \mathfrak{Z} for purposes of critical reference) are of the very best character. A description of this Codex Zacynthius \mathfrak{Z} is given in 'The Book of Revelation, translated from the ancient Greek Text, &c., by Dr. Tregelles,' p. 77. Whatever critical designation may be given to Prof. Tischendorf's new discovery for purposes of reference, it will be well for it to be observed that \mathfrak{Z} had been previously appropriated.

- ART. VIII.—1. *History of the Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington*. From the French of M. BRIALMONT, Captain on the Staff of the Belgian Army. With emendations and additions. By Rev. G. R. GLEIG, Chaplain General to the Forces. Vols. I. and II. London: 1858.
2. *Histoire de la Campagne de 1815*. Par Lieutenant-Colonel CHARRAS. 2 vols. Bruxelles: 1858.
3. *Supplementary Despatches and Memoranda of Fieldmarshal the Duke of Wellington, K.G.* India, 1797—1805. Edited by his son the Duke of Wellington. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1858.
4. *Recollections*. By SAMUEL ROGERS. London: 1859.

WHILE the predilections and antipathies which are strengthened by life and action necessarily lose in death and by time the sharpness of their contrast, the events of the last six years have, in the instance of the Duke of Wellington, served to wear away a habit of indiscriminate panegyric in this country, and to calm an inveterate animosity in France. That period has been marked by a great change in the Continental relations which he contributed to form, by a fresh divergence from the domestic policy which he upheld, and by the alliance of this nation with the dynasty which it was the chief object of his military career to overthrow. It is probable, therefore, that, in the interval, the proportions of some monuments of his European policy may have shrunk away, that in this country some errors of statesmanship may have risen more clearly into view, and that in France some atonement may have been accepted in the Second Empire for the deepest and most rapid humiliation of a great military power since the Carthaginian rule was stamped out on the field of Zama. But unless we are widely misled, the tendency of this change is rather to raise than to depress the general view of the Duke of Wellington's character in Europe.

The works of Captain Brialmont and Colonel Charras are the first elaborate and dispassionate criticisms of the Duke's military career that have appeared in continental literature. Neither, indeed, of these writers is an officer of the Empire. M. Brialmont, the author of the Biography, is a captain on the staff of the Belgian army; and M. Charras, who has published a work in three volumes on a campaign of three days, lives at Brussels a French exile. The value of such writings must, of course, be

determined, not by extrinsic circumstances of authorship and publication, but by their own internal merits. Nevertheless, there is a strong tendency in Paris to depreciate Colonel Charas on the ground of a presumptive hostility to the Bonapartes. If the incident of exile at this day be deemed inconsistent with a just view of the strategy of the first Napoleon, on the other hand it must be borne in mind that the most dispassionate conclusions prejudicial to his memory would not now be permitted to the French press. We must choose, therefore, between French criticisms published in similar circumstances, or no criticisms at all tending to discredit the traditions on which the existing Empire has been re-established.

Mr. Gleig has both translated M. Brialmont's *Life of the Duke*, and has added to the narrative from his own knowledge. The English edition is therefore a joint work. The French biographer has written the military details with which a civilian can hardly be thoroughly acquainted, and the English biographer has introduced political and domestic incidents which few foreigners could supply. This or some other division of labour was necessary, unless such a writer as Sir William Napier once was, were ready to assume the double task. Mr. Gleig, accordingly, was justified in his adoption of a course which gives us at any rate one tolerable history of the Duke of Wellington, without compromising the views of either author, in place of two eminently defective histories which those authors would singly have written. Had he translated such a biography by Soult or Talleyrand, he would no doubt have rendered it intact, because the public, though interested in the truth, would have been more interested in the views of Soult or Talleyrand, in which they would hardly expect to discover truth. Captain Brialmont, on the contrary, comes forward as an unbiassed foreign author previously unknown, and the staple of the English edition remains his own. The two first volumes of the work are at present before us; the third volume will contain Mr. Gleig's narrative of the Duke's Life subsequent to the close of his military career; and we do not hesitate to say that no publication of equal interest and authority has yet appeared on this truly national subject.

Nevertheless, this obviously cannot form the permanent record of the Duke of Wellington. Such a life as his was almost equally public and private. The former is not yet completely before the world; the latter is still very imperfectly known. It is strange that of all the writings on the Peninsular War, not one gives us much more insight into the private life of Wellington during nearly six years passed as much in inaction

as in hostilities, than the literature of antiquity has thrown upon the private life of Hannibal in Italy. M. Brialmont, whose biography is a military biography, does not attempt to fill this void. The required information must be sought from the Duke's associates and from his correspondence. His principal associates, indeed, are already dead; but the sensitiveness of survivors and successors long postpones the publication of confidential correspondence. We have as yet no Life, that can be called a Life, of Mr. Canning, who died a quarter of a century before the Duke of Wellington. We have but just seen the papers of Mr. Fox, who died twenty years earlier; and even his Life is not yet complete. It is possible that the materials for a complete biography may never be collected. When a great general survives his campaigns by nearly forty years, he ought to turn autobiographer. Had the Duke done so, he would have left us a record invaluable for its simple truth; and, indeed, that portion of his military despatches which was published by Colonel Gurwood does, in some degree, supply the deficiency: but the whole collection is of far greater extent, and many of the most important documents were withheld by the discretion of the Duke himself. But it can hardly be doubted that these additional despatches, (one early portion of which the present Duke has just given to the world,) as well as the Duke's private correspondence, not now accessible, will hereafter be forthcoming.

M. Brialmont assigns to the Duke of Wellington the second place in the generalship of his age, and we should hardly perhaps quarrel with a conclusion drawn with exemplary candour, were it not arrived at after ascribing too much to the commander, and too little to the army; for if such results were attained with means so insignificant, it would be hard to point out in any age the Duke's equal. This error (as Mr. Gleig has already indicated) arises from too literal an acceptance of despatches, in which the Duke wrote, as it was his habit to speak, more strongly than he calmly thought, and which sometimes remind us of the vehemence of that Sir Charles Napier, whom, in contradistinction to other heroes of that celebrated race, it seems necessary to term Napier Asiaticus. M. Brialmont's view of the high public principles of his hero are hardly less novel in the French language than his candid strategic criticism. M. Charras, equally without bias, has dissipated the fictions of the St. Helena Memoirs. We have here a striking contrast to the systematic misrepresentation of those French writers who for the last forty years, in dealing with the former enemies of their country, have laboured to surpass the elaborate

falsehoods of the memoirs and histories of the Roman Republic.

It is not difficult to detect the causes of the extreme indisposition, which has long appeared, to do justice to the Duke of Wellington's memory in France. That he defeated Napoleon himself in the last contest is but one of many reasons. No revolutionary career breathed stronger military instincts, or fiercer national antipathies, than the French. None arose with grander predictions and closed in worse disaster. It was consecrated in the national mind by the principle of liberty which it at first embodied, and the speedy loss of that liberty is condoned in retrospect by a sense of the glory for which it was exchanged. The still vivid tradition of its triumphs extinguishes and survives the tradition of the misery which attended those triumphs. By a strange but characteristic inaccuracy of mental vision, the Republic and the Empire are viewed as homogeneous parts of the Revolution, jointly representing the twin aspirations of the national mind, the domestic freedom of the people and the military glory of the nation. It was a necessary sequence to such a natural though illogical train of thought to associate the general who restored the Bourbon monarchy with the overthrow of the first principles of the Revolution.

The rancour reserved for the Duke exceeded his proportion in the victories of the restoration. Over him no battles had been reciprocally gained. If Schwarzenberg triumphed at Leipsic, he had just before been routed at Dresden; if Blücher succeeded at Montmartre, he had just before been beaten on the Marne. Wellington, too, by his pre-eminence, represented England in the popular view much more distinctly than Schwarzenberg or Blücher could represent Germany; and independently of Waterloo, the French military jealousy of this country greatly exceeded that jealousy of Austria or Prussia. Austerlitz and Auerstadt might well fortify French pride against the reverses of 1814. But there was no single set-off against the victories of Wellington in any engagement with the English arms.

The Duke, also, was equally identified with the return of this country to the rank of a military power. As he renewed by land that series of defeats which the French had already sustained by sea, he destroyed the complacent theory of the preponderance of either Power on its own alleged element. It was as bitter a reverse to the French that their armies should be beaten at Salamanca and Vittoria, as it would have been to ourselves had our fleets been defeated at the Nile and Trafalgar.

This ground of antipathy may be permanent and inevitable, but M. Brialmont's work is certainly calculated to dissipate the superficial association of the Duke with the suppression of the Revolution itself. We must, indeed, merge facts in sentiment to be oblivious of the immense change in events between the victories won by France in the name of the Republic, and the victories won by Wellington in the name of the monarchy. In that interval, the French champions of European liberty not only lost their own liberty under a despotism of their own; but, by the instrumentality of that despotism, they had extended the oppression under which they laboured to the very nations they had professed to free. There had been added therefore to the undue authority of Government over people, the unnatural thralldom of race over race. It was not only that freedom, unattained by France for foreign nations, had been lost by that nation herself; the same despotism that had usurped at Paris usurped beyond the Alps, beyond the Pyrenees, and beyond the Rhine. The honest but mistaken zeal of the first Republicans to diffuse the freedom they thought they had secured for their own country, had grown into an iron centralisation which represented nothing but indigence, tyranny, and rapine from the banks of the Niemen to the straits of Gibraltar and Messina.

It was this principle — not the principle of the Revolution — that Wellington was brought forth to combat. The antagonist of Napoleon, he was in no sense the antagonist of the principles represented by the victories of Dumouriez. He is described, indeed, by Byron with some truth, as the 'repairer of Legitimacy's crutch,' and he took the field in 1815 in support of the principles of a General Congress, which is happily likened by Lord John Russell to an 'assembly of mediæval barons convened to agree on the disposal of their serfs.' But France at any rate obtained from the restoration a qualified freedom which had been unknown since the fall of the Directory, as well as a state of peace unknown since the outbreak of the Revolution. The astute policy of the Hundred days revived, indeed, the tradition of Napoleon's connexion with the Republican party; but there can be no doubt that if Napoleon had succeeded at Waterloo, the Republicans would at once have been turned adrift.

Hence the want of originality in the political design of the wars which the Duke of Wellington carried out is another extrinsic ground of his disadvantageous comparison with Napoleon. This contrast, overdrawn perhaps in itself, is apt to lead to false deductions. A comparison of the capacity of different

generals can of course only be drawn subject to a comparison of their opportunities. Any such emprise as that of Napoleon was obviously beyond the scope of Wellington's mission. Napoleon rose by his own genius and energy to a position without example for ten centuries, because no prescription, no institutions, and no morality existed to limit the success of his genius and energy. Wellington, aided by his connexions not much further than to afford him the scope of action which such a Revolution would in itself have afforded, was restrained not more by his own disposition, than by that prescription, those institutions, and that morality, which were wanting in France. A vast difference in achievement must therefore have been predicated in the abstract between the general at liberty to construct on the face of Europe the castles he had already built in the air, and the general who took the field to restore the *status quo ante bellum*.

Though it is with Napoleon that nearly all comparisons of the Duke's military genius have been drawn, yet it is precisely between the Duke and Napoleon that comparisons are most difficult; for (if we except the early Italian campaigns of Bonaparte in the last century) no two great generals ever based their tactics on a wider dissimilarity of means. It is impossible to criticise the strategy of a commander who, before the battle of Vittoria, could never bring 50,000 troops into the field, by the strategy of a commander who, after losing an army of 400,000 men in a single winter, could recross the Rhine with another army of 400,000 men in the following summer. It is clear that if Wellington could have levied troops at his will, he would not have retreated before the legions of Massena in 1809; and that if he had held authority at the English War Office, he would not have been forced to retire from Burgos for want of a siege train. It will be acknowledged also that the generals to whom he was opposed were chiefly of a very different character to those over whom Napoleon triumphed, and that he could never have captured Badajos on the terms on which Napoleon captured Ulm. Napoleon, if we except his victories over Blücher and the Archduke Charles, certainly never defeated a single commander of even second-class eminence, and his most brilliant successes were obtained over such generals as Melas and Mack, the Emperor Alexander at Austerlitz, and the Duke of Brunswick at Jena.

In comparing the campaigns of the Duke of Wellington with those of other generals, it is hardly less necessary to bear in mind the nature of the military organisation with which each has acted, and to which each has been opposed. There can be no

doubt that most of the great captains of continental history, though the imagination is more apt to be led captive by the wide theatre of their operations than by those of our own countrymen, possessed in this respect great advantages. The chief victories of the Roman Empire and of the Roman Republic, if we except the Punic wars, were gained by a vast superiority of military organisation. In modern times, Charles the Fifth possessed an inherited sovereignty of three empires. Charles of Sweden gained victories over a people who were to the Swedes nearly what the Gauls of the age of Cæsar were to the Romans. Gustavus and Wallenstein scarcely conducted their brilliant campaigns under any very marked inequality of means and opportunities. Condé, Turenne, and Vendôme, who rarely met generals of celebrity, fought also in the name of the most powerful, and the most military, state of Europe. But the only men we can call to mind who, with a striking inequality of means and opposed to a superior military organisation and a nation of warriors, successively struck down the greatest generals of their respective ages, were Hannibal and Wellington.

Before we consider, with the aid of information imparted by the works before us, the Duke of Wellington's character, let us glance at the light which they throw on the manner in which that character was formed. The Duke's talents seem never to have developed themselves until some practical and active field for their display was placed immediately before him. Perhaps, indeed, like many other great men, so far as we can judge of them, he really did not in very early life possess talents; for men of eminence might be pointed out who, as boys, and even at twenty, were remarkable for positive stupidity. Be this as it may, he was long described by his Spartan mother, who thought him a dunce, as only 'food for powder.' He gained no sort of distinction either at Eton or at the French Military College of Angers; at eighteen he got his commission, at twenty-one he became member for Trim in the Irish parliament; he was at the same time aide-de-camp to Lord Camden, then Lord-lieutenant, and down to twenty-five all that we learn of his career in the Senate and at Court is, that he was an ordinary man of the world, who got more than ordinarily into debt. Such was Arthur Wellesley, at an age at which most characters are formed. Not a single political suggestion is recorded of his parliamentary life, at an age at which the younger Pitt had been prime minister; nor a single military suggestion of his life in the army at an age at which Condé had gained half his fame.

But at that juncture his regiment was ordered to join

the Duke of York's expedition to the Low Countries. He at once threw away all the joyous frivolity of the vice-regal lodge, and being thrown to the rear of a retreating army, hotly pursued by the French through a flat country, in which the frost rendered even the passage of rivers indefensible, he appears to have protected the movements of his own army, amid every circumstance of misery, with extraordinary vigour and judgment. This striking instance of ability, evoked by the first necessity for its display, is thought by Colonel Gurwood to have influenced his subsequent appointments.

Nearly the same contrast presents itself in the Duke's life for the three following years. Mr. Gleig has inserted in the biography an interesting letter signed 'A. Wesley,' in which the future Duke, on his return from Holland, requests Lord Camden to give him a civil office in one of the revenue departments, for which he proposed to exchange his prospects in the army. He was then as nearly retiring from his service as Nelson was on another occasion. His military ambition, if he ever entertained any, which there is nothing to show, had entirely escaped him. But no sooner does he reach India, two years afterwards, in a field of energy again, than we find him actively engaged in the affairs of the army, and not less occupied during peace in promoting administrative and material reforms. The activity of Arthur Wellesley from the moment that he reached India, is strikingly shown in the 'Supplementary Despatches,' which are now published. These incidents equally imply that while he was greatly indebted to nature, he was under very slight obligations to example.

The only mental characteristic which Mr. Gleig is able to assign to the Duke in very early life, is that of being remarkably observant and discriminating, in spite of desultory habits and a careless manner.

'He was addicted,' Mr. Gleig writes, 'in early life to a habit which adhered to him in extreme old age, that of making himself acquainted in all manner of odd ways with everything worth notice which passed around him. No exhibition of a new discovery, no display of ingenuity or skill, be it ever so absurdly applied, failed to number him among its investigators; and he was not only quick in calculating and drawing inferences, but in a marked degree addicted to both practices. Indeed, the writer of this paragraph has more than once heard him say that "he considered the power of rapid and "correct calculation to be his special talent; and that if circumstances "had not made him a soldier, he would have probably become distinguished in public life as a financier."'

Much has been said touching the advantages which Wellesley

derived from his connexions. We come upon M. Brialmont's remark, 'That Mr. Wellesley's promotion (until he became 'colonel) went on with great rapidity; and it is past dispute 'that he neither earned, nor had any opportunity of earning it, 'by the display of conspicuous military talent in the field.' It appears that he rose from ensign to colonel in nine years, that he was lieutenant-colonel at twenty-four and full colonel at twenty-seven. If we except the latter promotion, which his services in Holland deserved, this criticism may be just; but M. Brialmont forgets the system of promotion by purchase under which Wellesley rose. The Duke also became major-general at thirty-three. This promotion, again, was no more than a fair reward for his services at Seringapatam. In its capture he had probably had an equal share with Harris, his commander-in-chief, who had been made a peer. At the same time many persevering officers would have been neglected in those days but for family influence. The appointment of his brother to be Governor-general but a few months after he went to India, was one of the luckiest coincidences that ever fell to the fortune of an ambitious officer. Lord Mornington placed every advantage in his way. On one occasion he gave him, when only a colonel, an even invidious preference over Sir David Baird, a general officer, by investing him with the governorship of Seringapatam; and favouritism was loudly complained of in the camp. But one of the results of the publication of the Duke's Indian despatches, is that of showing that Lord Mornington's desire to aid his brother coincided with an extraordinary confidence in him. No one can read the correspondence interchanged between the two brothers, and resist the conviction that when the Governor-general entrusted Colonel Wellesley with an important civil or military charge, he did so in the belief that no one else could execute it better. Probably Lord Castlereagh placed Wellesley in command of the force sent to Portugal in 1808, because he was the brother of a Tory marquis as well as because he was victor of Assaye. Castlereagh's selection of agents for other appointments was certainly not tempered with judgment; and M. Brialmont's assumption may be true, that Wellesley's connexions alone enabled him to weather the popular storm which broke indiscriminately over the heads of the subscribers to the convention of Cintra. But it is obvious that such advantages were but opportunities for the play of abilities, put by those very opportunities to the fiercest trial.

If there was favouritism in the earlier stages of his career, he expiated it by the difficulties he had to encounter. Viewed

by the light of our national history, the fame of Wellington assumes larger proportions than if it be compared and judged of solely by the military annals of continental states. He came forward in an age of English oratory and an age of English naval victory, to represent, in his own person, an age of English generalship. For a whole century no considerable success had been attained by the British armies in Europe, and each of our military undertakings on that continent during the French war had deplorably failed. In India and in Egypt only had any military success been gained. The Duke of York had been sent with an army to Holland, Lord Cathcart had been sent with another army to Hanover, Lord Chatham had been sent with a third army to Walcheren, Sir John Moore had been sent with a fourth army to Sweden, and finally to the Peninsula; and the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807, in which Wellesley held a conspicuous command, was the first break upon habitual misfortune. Well-chosen expeditions under incompetent commanders, and ill-chosen expeditions under tolerable commanders, had naturally produced a common result.

On the other hand it is to be borne in mind that while Napoleon's campaigns were usually conducted in a hostile country, those of Wellington were chiefly conducted in a country nominally friendly, and at any rate less hostile to him than to his opponents. When we read, for instance, M. Brialmont's statement that on one occasion it was found impossible to transmit a French military despatch between two of the Peninsular armies without an escort of 4000 men, we are forced to conclude that, in spite of the difficulties sustained by the English troops, those experienced by the French largely exceeded them. Indeed it is only on this supposition that we can account for the successes of the Duke over an immense inequality of numbers which no genius could singly countervail.

Much has been said by French writers, and even by M. Brialmont, on the divisions prevailing between the marshals in command of the French Peninsular armies. It is certain, however, that these divisions were not equal to the divisions between the armies of the allies. Moreover, if such divisions as those of Soult and Marmont in the Peninsula, which facilitated the triumph of Wellington at Salamanca, are introduced into a direct comparison between him and Napoleon, such divisions as those of the Archdukes Charles and John, which produced the triumph of Napoleon at Wagram, must not be forgotten.

The new light which has been thrown on the Indian campaigns of the Duke of Wellington tends to destroy his association with that cautious policy which is popularly held to form

his essential contrast with Napoleon. A comprehensive view of his whole military career warrants the conclusion that, instead of his tactics being confined within very cautious preconceptions, they were so elastic as to adapt themselves to whatever enemy he had to deal with. No campaign in history exhibits more caution than that in which he opposed the French army, led by the astute Massena into Portugal in 1809. Yet no movements are bolder and more rapid than those which he carried out against the Mahratta princes. Fabius and Marcellus, it was his great merit that he knew precisely when to be Fabius and when to be Marcellus. What strikes us in the breadth of this contrast is the unerring judgment which enabled him to adapt his own operations with the force and capacity and resolution of each enemy.

The rapidity of his marches in the East, and the odds against which he fought, are equally remarkable. The Duke told Mr. Rogers that once in India he marched his troops seventy-two miles in one day. Of his pursuit of Dhoondiah, a new Hyder Ali, who was attempting the overthrow of the British rule in 1800, M. Brialmont says, 'Wellesley moved all this while with a degree of rapidity of which there had been no previous example in India. His troops made from twenty-five to thirty miles a day under a burning sun, and through a succession of arid and sandy plains. But the enemy retreated with not less celerity on his approach, and appeared determined to protract the war to the uttermost.' At length Wellesley, when with only a part of his force, comes up with Dhoondiah, who has 5000 horse. Wellesley, who has 'four weak cavalry regiments (the number of which is not computed) charges the enemy without awaiting the rest of his own force, kills Dhoondiah in action, and disperses his army.' On another occasion Wellesley learns that Amrat Rao is about to evacuate Poonah, and to set it on fire before he quits it. Wellesley instantly divides his force, marches upon Poonah, sixty miles distant, with only 400 cavalry, compasses the sixty miles through a difficult country in thirty hours, comes suddenly before Poonah and delivers it. These are fair instances of the manner in which the Duke's minor expeditions were conducted, though they simply afford evidence of rapidity and vigour.

Wellington's principal Indian victories were the result of the same precipitation. Take the battle of Argaum. At this place Scindia and the Rajah of Berar were posted with 40,000 men, on ground of their own choice. On the morning of the battle, Wellesley's army, 14,000 troops and 4000 irregular horse, was twenty-six miles from Scindia's camp. This distance, more

than a day's march in a European climate, was made under a burning sun, and when Wellesley's army reached Argaum, 'night,' says M. Brialmont, 'was fast approaching.' It may be questioned whether even Charles of Sweden, after a forced march in the tropics, which must have exhausted his whole army, and especially the European troops on whom the chief reliance was commonly placed, would have ventured on the attack of an encamped army of 40,000 men. But the impetuous Arthur Wellesley would not brook a moment's delay. He gave battle on the instant, along a line extending for five miles, with a water-course^o intervening between him and his enemy. 'At the first discharge three battalions of Sepoys,' writes M. Brialmont, 'were taken by a sudden panic and fled.' Wellesley contrived to restore order, as he afterwards restored order in similar circumstances at Talavera, and declared that, 'if he had not been there, he was convinced the day would have gone against us.' He drove the enemy from the field, captured all their artillery, a large part of their baggage, camels, and elephants, pursued them, in spite both of the march and the battle, during several hours of moonlight, and dismounted at midnight from the horse he had ridden since sunrise.

Take next the battle of Assaye. This battle was fought as a necessity arising out of a species of surprise, as Argaum was fought in self-confident precipitation. It is agreed that the Mahratta army numbered 50,000, and every other writer than Sir A. Alison, who computes Wellesley's army at 8000, computes that army at 4500, of whom 1500 only were Europeans. The Mahrattas had 128 guns and the Anglo-Sepoys had seventeen. Wellesley, while acting on the offensive, suddenly found himself in presence of the whole Mahratta army, drawn up in a strong position. He judged that retreat would be as disastrous as a defeat in action, and at once gave battle, in his own language, as 'a desperate expedient.' Victory, long contended for on both sides, and at one time nearly lost to the English, turned at length in their favour; the Mahratta army was routed, and most of its artillery remained in Wellesley's hands. M. Brialmont shows that the alleged design of a part of the Mahratta army to betray their chief in battle, and Wellesley's alleged fore-knowledge of it, are equally contrary to all the authoritative evidence which exists. 'General Wellesley,' he adds, 'whose veracity cannot be questioned, and who in his correspondence carries frankness so far as to reveal errors with which nobody else would have thought of charging him, asserts that Scindia's infantry fought well, and defended its cannon to the last extremity.'

If either of these battles had been lost to the English, Wellesley would at once have been disgraced as a rash general, unfit to be trusted with command. Nor would it, in that event, have been easy to defend him against such a charge; and the detail of both actions shows that the enemy's force was long nicely poised against his own skill. Albuquerque and Clive before Wellesley's day, and after Wellesley's day Napier and Havelock, have fought battles against equal odds. But the defeated armies of Ormus and of Plassey were not possessed of the same organisation with the defeated armies of Assaye and Argaum; nor do they appear to have yielded to troops, like those of Wellesley, overmarched in the one case and surprised in the other. And whatever judgment may be formed of later victories on the Indus and the Ganges, the victories of Wellesley were certainly the glorious precedents which mainly established the prestige of British military enterprise and invincibility in the East.

If the Duke of Wellington is justly characterised in his European campaigns as a general pre-eminently cautious, it is clear, then, that he was not cautious by predisposition. Many circumstances which M. Brialmont brings to view will suggest to the most hasty reader, that much of that caution which has been set down even for timidity, was more political than strategic. A single reverse threatened to terminate the English share in the Peninsular war. Cintra, in fact, in spite of Vimiera, very nearly did so. From first to last, Wellington, with only an insecure derivative authority from home, had no support but in his own genius. All the consolation that he got from Castlereagh, as Minister of War, after his success at Talavera, was, 'We are powerless; be prudent, and above all run no risks.' All the steadfastness with which he imbued Lord Liverpool, just after he had again freed Portugal in 1810, was casually revealed to him in a despatch of that minister to one of Wellington's subordinates, beginning, 'As it is probable that the British army will embark in September!' The Whig party in opposition, who, when briefly in office during 1806 and part of 1807, had done more than the Tories, in their whole career, to reorganise the army, found it impossible at one time to discriminate between the thwarted commander and the incapacity of the administration. The English Government had neither the moral courage to support the general, nor the vigour to supply his army. The Portuguese Regency intrigued against him, the Spanish Juntas mistrusted him, the Spanish generals deceived him. The Archduke Charles harassed by a military council too distant to follow his operations, Marlborough controlled by im-

pertinent Dutch civilians on the field ignorant of the first principles of warfare, Raglan anticipated and criticised with some show of plausibility by newspaper correspondents whom the first Napoleon would have surely hung, Varro compelled, in the face of the Carthaginian army, to share the command with Æmilius on alternate days, scarcely experienced such difficulties as these. A battle lost, or a retreat not crowned ultimately with triumph, Talavera or Torres Vedras reversed, and all would have been over.

It appears to us that the character of caution has been impressed upon the Duke's motives much more deeply than his tactics warrant. It is very certain that the tactics of his Peninsular opponents, all pupils in the school of Napoleon, and the chief instruments with which Napoleon's most amazing strokes were dealt out, were characterised by incomparably more caution than his own. Except as against the half-disciplined troops of Spain, no bold measure is recorded of any one of the French marshals. Recollect how ruefully M. Thiers admits the French armies concentrated on the footsteps of the retreating allies under Wellington in 1812, to have mustered nearly double those allies, when they did not offer to invade Portugal. In no instance did the French armies act on the offensive against the Duke without a great numerical superiority, with the exception of Waterloo, and there they lost all in the incredibly short period of three days. In no instance did the Duke decline the offensive but when his numbers were greatly inferior, and he is even censured by Napier for rashness in engaging Massena at Fuentes Oñoro.

Analyse for a moment the Duke's principles of defensive and offensive war. Torres Vedras and Waterloo will best illustrate the former; the Indian campaigns and the Peninsular campaigns of 1809, 1812, and 1813, are the most striking instances of the latter. We must deal, however, separately with Waterloo, in justice to the length to which that subject has been treated by MM. Charras and Brialmont. Let us take first the Duke of Wellington's offensive strategy.

There is quite enough of rapidity in the Duke's Peninsular tactics to identify their author with the conqueror of the Mahrattas. His first campaign in Portugal was spoilt, indeed, by the senseless intervention of Burrard and Dalrymple. But it happens that in the next, in which he was free to act after his own judgment, he is censured, by nearly every French writer on that war, for the rashness of his operations. When he landed at Coimbra in May, 1809, he was threatened with hostilities in two distinct quarters. Two

French marshals had just annihilated two armies in Portugal and in the west of Spain, on two successive days. Victor, with 16,000 men, had destroyed on the 28th of March Cuesta's army of 25,000, the greater part of whom, by his own admission, he had butchered with extraordinary barbarity. Soult, with 20,000, had captured Oporto on the 29th from a force of 40,000 Portuguese, who were mostly dispersed by the attack. Six weeks after the west of the Peninsula had been thus left defenceless by the slaughter or dispersion of two armies, Wellington found himself at Coimbra with 25,000 of all nations and of all arms. He resolved to strike at once at both enemies in succession. Soult, with 20,000 French veterans, was in quiet possession of Oporto, defended against Wellesley by the mouth of the Douro in his front, and the strong tract of *Tras-os-Montes* on his flank. Wellesley sent one-third of his army through *Tras-os-Montes*, and marched on the Douro with 16,000, resolving to cross the river at once in front and flank of Soult, as Hannibal passed the Rhone in front and flank of the Gaulish army. Capturing four undefended barges, as the Carthaginian constructed rafts, he made the passage at two points, turned and expelled the astonished French army, who had looked on such a manœuvre as impossible. Meanwhile Victor was concentrating on the Tagus an army which in July mustered 50,000, and, but for a division of authority, would have numbered 70,000. Wellesley joined Cuesta, marched to anticipate their union, and crush Victor's army corps by corps. This design was in part thwarted by the refusal of Cuesta to co-operate until after the concentration of the French; and the result was that the battle of Talavera was fought against 50,000 French by 20,000 English, aided by 30,000 Spaniards, who were so inefficient that one-third of them took instantly to flight. This battle, as nearly lost as Assaye and Argaum through inferiority of strength, was retrieved by the same presence of mind, and seventeen guns remained with Wellesley to indicate its issue.

Wellington, indeed, though long restrained by necessity within defensive tactics, carried on offensive war, when he once assumed it, with extraordinary vigour. It was thus that in 1812 he stormed Ciudad Rodrigo in eleven days, almost in the face of the army of the Duke of Ragusa; then marched into the south, in twenty days stormed Badajos, almost in the face of the army of the Duke of Dalmatia; next counter-marched into the north, routed Marmont's army at Salamanca, with 40,000 men threw himself into Madrid, still encircled by 200,000 French, finally advanced into Asturias and laid siege to Burgos. It was thus that in 1813 he forced the French to a

decisive battle at Vittoria, which transferred the dominion of Spain to Ferdinand from 150,000 foreign troops, within three weeks after the campaign began.

One of the chief characteristics with which the detail of these operations seems to invest the Duke of Wellington, is the celerity and secrecy of his combinations. He concentrated from various directions and in mid winter, his whole army and *matériel* in front of Ciudad Rodrigo, and stormed the fortress before Marmont had time to concentrate his forces for its relief; and, in 1813, while Joseph and his marshals were assuming the probability of his continued inaction, he suddenly brought 80,000 men to converge on either bank of the Douro, which instantaneously destroyed the elaborate defences of the French. Another characteristic rests in the desperate expedients which he would adopt in moments of emergency. In defiance of the recognised principles of war, he supplanted the engineering operations, while still incomplete, before Rodrigo and Badajos, by a murderous storming, lest the advancing French armies should raise the siege. A third characteristic is to be found in the sudden inspirations by which he realised preconceived schemes. It was thus that the battle of Salamanca was the resolution of an instant, and that, as the opportunity arose, he changed in a moment the preparations he was dictating for retreat in order to secure provisions, into what has been termed 'the beating of forty thousand men in forty minutes.' An hour after his arrangements had been in progress for retreat, he was in full march on Madrid. No other general was probably at once so elaborate in his designs and so spontaneous in his resolves. The Duke, too, from the greatest incident to the smallest, never lost an opportunity. The general who won Waterloo and Salamanca by an instantaneous change from defensive to offensive tactics, was also the general who, when he had driven the French army out of Oporto by a surprise, quietly sat down to eat Marshal Soult's breakfast.

On the other hand, certain criticisms, whatever they may be worth, on the Duke's tactics, even in offensive war, cannot be disputed. His first attempt often failed, though he singularly effaced failure by success in the same design, almost in every instance. He retreated from before Badajos in 1811, but he carried it in 1812. He retreated from before Burgos in 1812, but it was evacuated on his approach in 1813. He failed to force Madrid by Talavera in 1809, but he forced it by Salamanca three years afterwards. It is acknowledged that his means, in the first instances, were inadequate to success, and that success in the second instances was chiefly the result of his own energy.

The French condemn the Duke for remaining five weeks before Burgos with no other means of capture than by blockade; but he had found Ciudad Rodrigo, which he had just before stormed, short of provisions, and the greatest of all the captains of antiquity lay for eight months before Saguntum. He is also criticised for completing the long siege of St. Sebastian before he drove Soult through the Pyrenees; and his resolution not to leave a hostile fortress in his rear is, perhaps, the chief instance of his caution in conducting offensive war. He is charged, by M. Brialmont, with compromising the retreat of his army in 1809; by Napier, as we have said, for rashly engaging at Fuentes Oñoro. But the results may be held to prove that he never got into difficulties without knowing how to get out of them.

Let us now glance at the Duke's defensive strategy.

The cardinal point of contrast between the Duke of Wellington and every other general of equal eminence, appears to us to rest in his simultaneous preconception of a plan of offensive and of defensive tactics. He thus passed from one to the other in nearly equal reliance on ultimate victory. A confusion of his two distinct systems of warfare has, perhaps, exaggerated his character for caution in offensive war. Here is certainly his most conspicuous originality. This characteristic is expressed in the fine antithesis of Lord Brougham: 'Mighty captain, 'who never advanced but to be victorious; mightier captain, 'who never retreated but to eclipse the glory of his advance.' Torres Vedras and Waterloo, as we have said, are the chief instances of his defensive tactics; and their striking merit rests in the manner in which they served the ends of the most vigorous strokes of active war. They were marked less by the object of recoiling from the danger, than by that of disabling the antagonist. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether the term 'defensive war' is correctly applied to tactics which, though never played out but from necessity, were nevertheless concerted before the necessity arose, as a less direct road to victory. In this respect Wellington certainly deserves much more than Soult the title of 'vieux reynard.'

If we take singly the instance of Torres Vedras, we are equally struck by the military foresight which conceived, and the moral ascendancy which executed, that campaign. A general flushed by victory at Oporto, about to enter on the campaign of Talavera, aware that the Austrian war had suspended the increase of the French legions in the Peninsula; and yet anticipating his offensive movements by the fortification of a chain of hills enclosing but Lisbon and a few square miles of territory in the angle formed by the sea and the Tagus; pre-

pared, if necessary, to retreat within those lines, not only with his army, but with the mass of the Portuguese population intervening between them and the frontier; prepared even to lay waste and desolate the friendly territory through which his enemy would follow him; prepared to rest on the basis of the sea and depend upon maritime supplies, thus devising the starvation of the very enemy which professed to blockade him, and within a few months forced withal to carry out the tactics he had designed, must certainly gain credit for an extraordinary prevision of contingencies which came to pass. And few other commanders could have gained the acquiescence of a people in the voluntary sacrifice of their hearths. We readily concur with Mr. Gleig that no achievement of Wellington is so brilliant as Napoleon's passage of the Alps in 1800; but it will perhaps be allowed that, as that passage indicated the extreme of military self-reliance, Torres Vedras indicated the extreme of military foresight.

Colonel Charras has treated the Waterloo campaign,—the other principal instance of the Duke's defensive strategy,—with a care and precision which call for its discussion by ourselves in some detail. Captain Brialmont has dealt with it, with less elaboration indeed, but with equal justice, and Mr. Gleig has published at the end of the biography a memorandum by the Duke himself, written in vindication of his tactics with extraordinary perspicuity and force. These writings form a fair criticism on the misstatements of Napoleon, of the French memoir writers, and on the history by General Clausewitz who claims for the Prussians the chief part of the credit which the French will assign to neither of the allies. Nearly every other controversy in regard to the campaigns of that age has been set at rest. But the Waterloo campaign remains almost as active a problem as when Napoleon was dictating to his generals at Longwood.

The battle of Waterloo has been commonly described as a battle not of strategy but of force, yet it happens that nearly every movement in the campaign is made a ground of strategic criticism. A great number of contradictory impeachments have been brought against the tactics of the Duke. By some he is criticised for making defensive war, and for awaiting attack. By others, for not pursuing tactics yet more defensive, for not awaiting the co-operation of the armies beyond the Rhine. He is, again, charged—and by M. Charras among the rest—with too widely extending his cantonments, with thus rendering the rapid concentration of his army impossible, and with exposing it to the danger of being beaten in detail.

At Waterloo itself he is criticised for fighting with the forest of Soignies in his rear, and for undue reliance on the contingent if not illusory co-operation of the Prussians. The Austrians, after Austerlitz, were wisely content with being beaten, and offered no such unremitting strictures on their victors, in a campaign which Napoleon acknowledges to have involved great hazard to himself. But the French have failed to remember that, unless they can prove the issue of Waterloo to have been independent of the strategy of the allied commanders, every depreciation of those commanders involves a corresponding depreciation of their own chief.

The questions in dispute lie, after all, in very narrow compass. Let it be once acknowledged that the Duke and Blücher were compelled on the one hand to remain on the defensive, and on the other were authorised to make a stand in advance of Brussels in order both to maintain their communications with England and Germany, and to defend the chief cities of the Low Countries from the enemy. It then follows that it was their duty first to guard all the great roads by which these cities and those communications could be threatened, and, secondly, to concentrate the bulk of their force upon the line by which they actually were threatened. It is not disputed that the two allied armies were so cantoned, on the 15th of June, as to check the advance of the enemy on any one of those lines, and it is matter of history that on the night of the 18th the two armies were concentrated at Waterloo to the number of perhaps 140,000.

The Duke of Wellington's Memorandum is the best exponent of the necessity of the two allied armies for waging defensive war. It is true that the forces nominally constituting those armies numbered 220,000, while the invading French army did not exceed 130,000. But while not more than three-fourths of the allied armies were actually available in the field even in Belgium, the force with which they could have invaded Franco (before a decisive battle had been fought) would have been still less. The numbers, on the other hand, which the French could have opposed to them in their own territory, would have been considerably greater than those with which they entered Belgium. Moreover the army in command of the Duke was very inferior in organisation to the French, which was composed of veterans. The Hanoverian troops were chiefly militia, the Belgians would rarely cross swords or bayonets with the French, and the British, in themselves only 30,000, were principally either recruits or militiamen. M. Charras, indeed, describes our own soldiers as Peninsular veterans; but the bulk of our

Peninsular army had been sent across the Atlantic after the peace of 1814.

In Mr. Rogers' *Recollections of the Conversation of Eminent Men*, recently published in a small volume by one of his nephews, we find some interesting and authentic particulars collected from the Duke's own lips. Thus he said :—

‘At Waterloo, Bonaparte had the finest army he ever commanded ; and everything up to the onset must have turned out as he wished. Indeed he could not have expected to beat the Prussians, as he did at Ligny, in four hours. But two such armies as those at Waterloo have seldom met, if I may judge from what they did on that day. It was a battle of giants ! a battle of giants ! Many of my troops were new ; but they fought well, though they manœuvred ill — better perhaps than many who have fought and bled. As to the way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants braved danger—the boys just come from school—it exceeds all belief. They ran as at cricket.’ (*Rogers' Recollections*, p. 208.)

The Duke, then, maintains that the initiative, up to the 15th of June, rested with the enemy — first, because the allies, if they had taken the offensive, would have been inferior to the French in the field ; secondly, because they could not have assumed it without the means, which in the face of the enemy they obviously had not, for simultaneously laying siege to several of the strong fortresses on the French frontier ; and thirdly, because they were designed to cover the advance of the other allied armies. The war being thus defensive on their part, the next disputed question arises, whether battle was to be hazarded in advance of Brussels ? It is here alleged by the Duke that the alternative to such a battle was both to surrender the coast line, and with it the communication with England, on the one hand, and on the other to surrender the cities and resources of Belgium to the enemy, and to encounter the adverse moral impression which would arise from an abandonment of kingdoms created by the Congress of Vienna. Perhaps a yet stronger argument may be found in the fact (which the Duke does not notice) that his resolve to offer decisive battle at Waterloo was based on a reasonable expectation — which by misadventure was not realised until the close of the day — of bringing double the number into the field which Napoleon could there array against him.

Almost innumerable strictures have been offered on the manner in which these general principles were carried out. M. Charras himself adds to their number, while he freely criticises those offered by Napoleon on the same points. The *St. Helena Memoirs* must be acknowledged by candid readers to be in

great degree their own refutation, and we shall confine ourselves to the arguments of M. Charras and others who have written without apparent bias. M. Charras entirely misconceives the scope of the Duke's defensive liabilities. He describes him as contemplating attack by two lines only; and arguing on this basis, he censures the extension of his army over twenty leagues in front, and twenty leagues in depth. He refers this dispersion to a difficulty of supply; he next shows that such a difficulty was at any rate surmountable — and all this proved, how is the Duke to escape his censure?

The Duke, on the contrary, shows in his Memorandum, that as the enemy held a position in which his fortresses concealed his movements until the last moment, so it was necessary to guard each line of attack in order to be able to concentrate on the line chosen by him. Now, instead of there being but two such lines of attack, the Duke enumerates not less than five principal lines, and every map of that period will show that the allied positions in advance of Brussels might have been threatened by other lines. Each of those mentioned by the Duke (which Sir A. Alison, by the way, has described as 'by-ways') were great roads adapted to the rapid passage of artillery, and ill defended by the field works which had hastily been thrown up. The censure offered by M. Charras is thus far, therefore, founded in error; and in blaming also dispositions extended twenty leagues in depth, he forgets that Antwerp was the Duke's necessary base, though in point of fact very few troops were stationed in the rear of Brussels.

M. Charras's next position is, that at any rate the cantonments were too wide to admit of the acknowledged necessity of rapid concentration, since it took twenty-four hours to concentrate one half of the Duke's force, and two days to concentrate the bulk of it. The Duke has anticipated this criticism also. He shows, what, indeed, is well-known fact, that he was in line at Quatrebras in sufficient time, and with sufficient force, to drive back the enemy in his attack of the 16th. If Blücher had maintained himself at Ligny on that day, Wellington would have done the same at Quatrebras, and the two generals would probably have given decisive battle on that parallel line with fully 150,000 men, on the 17th. The Duke considered the Prussian Marshal in force sufficient to have done so; his numbers were about equal to those brought against him; and the Duke detected the vicious disposition of the Prussian army immediately before the action at Ligny. 'If I am not much mistaken,' he said when he had ridden back to Quatrebras, 'the Prussians will get an awful thrashing to-day.' He then described their exposure to the French artillery.

Lord Hardinge says in Mr. Rogers' Recollections :—

‘Before the battle of Ligny, in which I lost my arm before noon, Blücher, thinking that the French were gathering more and more against him, requested that I would go and solicit the Duke for some assistance. I set out ; but I had not proceeded far for the purpose, when I saw a party of horse coming towards me ; and observing they had short tails, I knew at once that they were English, and soon distinguished the Duke. He was on his way to the Prussian headquarters, thinking that they might want some assistance, and he instantly gave directions for a supply of cavalry. “How are they forming?” he inquired. “In column, not in line,” I replied. “The Prussian soldier,” says Blücher, “will not stand in line.” “Then the artillery will play upon them, and they will be beaten damnably.” So they were.’ (*Rogers' Recollections*, p. 214.)

It requires, therefore, no national predilection to acknowledge that a battle was preconcerted by the Duke on this parallel with a probability of success to both the allied armies, which was disturbed by incidents beyond the Duke's control. That this expectation was disappointed, was no doubt a point gained by Napoleon, and he is of course entitled to the merit of forcing the allies to retire by defeating the Prussian army. But Napoleon could neither prevent the allies from falling back on another concerted parallel, nor from making a decisive junction upon it. Wellington, it is said, exposed himself to the contingency of fifteen hours of battle on the 18th, before the Prussians arrived in force. But it appears that, had not a fire broken out at Wavre on that morning, the Prussians, due at noon, would not have been very unpunctual, notwithstanding the condition of the roads. Napoleon accordingly is censured by M. Brialmont for losing four hours, since his officers of artillery declared it possible to manœuvre guns at eight, and he did not begin battle until noon. Those who maintain that this delay caused the loss of Waterloo to the French, are forced to acknowledge with M. Brialmont that Napoleon did not foresee the junction of the two armies on that field. They, therefore, who assert that the Duke might have been beaten by a more rapid attack, acknowledge that the Duke in fact outgeneralled Napoleon in that junction of all arms which formed the consummation of the Duke's strategy.

The assertion that the Duke of Wellington was surprised by the irruption of the French, falls therefore to the ground. Every preparation of which time admitted was complete, and no movement could be made until Napoleon had indicated its direction. The Duke's correspondence previous to the 15th intimates an expectation of attack. The only colour which could

be given to the hypothesis of a surprise with many commanders, is drawn from the coincidence of the military attendance at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the night of the 15th. But the Duke knew of the attack on Charleroi some hours before the ball began, and those best acquainted with his character would here draw the very contrary conclusion. With him, there was never relaxation till every duty was discharged. A curious illustration of this habit was told us by an English statesman, who had it from General Alava. On the night previous to one of the Duke's Peninsular victories, another officer came up to Alava and asked in much alarm, 'What will become of us? We shall have a great battle to-morrow, and Lord Wellington is doing nothing but flirting with Madame de Quintana!' 'I am very glad to hear it,' replied Alava, 'if we are to have a great battle to-morrow; for it is quite certain that all his arrangements are made, if he is flirting with Madame de Quintana.'

The tactics of Napoleon are at least as freely criticised as those of the Duke. It is singular that a general whose aim was to destroy either enemy by a *coup de main*, is censured for a want of due activity. This criticism has never been answered. It is acknowledged on all hands that Grouchy received no orders, until after noon on the 17th, to pursue the Prussians defeated before sunset on the 16th; and an order from Napoleon to Ney, dated noon on the 17th, requiring him to stand on the defensive at Quatrebras until fresh troops arrived, shows that Wellington up to that time had concealed from him his retreat on Waterloo. The French pursuit is described as very languid. Napoleon asserts in his Memoirs that he despatched two couriers to Grouchy during the night of the 17th, ordering him to march on Waterloo with part of his force in any event, and with the rest so soon as Blücher should appear to pursue his retreat. But these despatches, which still do not anticipate the junction of the Prussians, did not reach Grouchy; they were not known of by Napoleon's staff; their bearer is not named; and their existence is disbelieved.

It is acknowledged that the concealment of the French movements up to the moment of invasion, the punctual concentration of the French army before Charleroi, and the *coup de main* aimed at each enemy in succession, rank among the finest combinations of Bonaparte's career. And that censure on his tactics, 'for risking everything on a *coup de main*,' which is in almost every one's mouth, is certainly blind; for his existence depended, not only on victory before Russia and Austria should reach the Rhine, but on the attack of the two allied armies in Belgium.

before their concentration. The alternative was gradual, but certain, annihilation; and his choice, which held out contingent victory, was beyond just criticism, though he was beaten back with a ruin and rapidity of which there had been no example. Whether by despatching a smaller division after Blücher than that which in fact proved almost useless, and by beginning battle at Waterloo four hours earlier and in greater force, he might have changed the fate of the world, we do not presume to say. But it is obvious that this would be simply to suppose him a greater commander than he really showed himself, and to assume that he had anticipated the Duke's cardinal aim in the junction of the allies at Waterloo, which he did not foresee.

The choice of Waterloo itself by the English general is equally criticised by the French. Napoleon censures him for fighting with the forest of Soignies in his rear. Victory commonly extinguishes criticism. Napoleon himself (not quite qualified to pronounce the censure) is freely criticised for fighting, with a river in his rear, the battles he lost at Leipsic and Aspern. Now it happens that Soignies was no 'defile,' as Napoleon terms it; and it is a singular fact that Marlborough has left on record the same testimony as Wellington to the advantages of that forest for a retreating army. The only difference between Soignies in the age of Malplaquet and Soignies in the age of Waterloo, consists in the superiority of its roads, and in a consequently increased facility of retreat, as time advanced. It is acknowledged that the roads in 1815 were fit for baggage and artillery, and that the wood would have stopped the action of pursuing cavalry.

The Duke is censured, again, for leaving a division at Hal, in groundless fear that he would be turned by his right. To separate the two armies was clearly Napoleon's object, and to have turned Wellington by Hal would have favoured their union. This would also have contravened Napoleon's usual tactics, although in beating Blücher at Brienne he threw him back on Schwarzenberg at La Reutière. But the Duke himself, who insists that if he had not left this force at Hal, Napoleon might have taken Brussels in his rear and have cut off his base at Antwerp, regards it as a nice question which of the two movements would most have profited the French.

M. Brialmont describes the battle as more critical to the English than most English writers conceive it to have been. He tells us that the crisis was most formidable to the British centre; and attempts to show how Napoleon might have forced it. Napoleon himself seems at the commencement of the action, and notwithstanding the delays which had occurred,

to have considered success certain; nor did his confidence waver until he saw the movement vainly and unsuccessfully attempted by Ney against the British line. Turning to one of his aide-de-camps (from whom we have the anecdote) the Emperor exclaimed, 'Look at Ney, turning to a risk what was a certain victory'—'*Voilà Ney, qui met en péril une victoire certaine,—mais il faut l'appuyer.*' He then gave the necessary orders to support the attack, though not, as is contended by Colonel Charras, in sufficient force. That, no doubt, was the turning point on the field of battle, and we know more than one British officer who has since achieved high renown in arms, who felt the full peril of that tremendous crisis. If, from the extraordinary mischance of a fire at Wavre, the Anglo-Netherlands army had been beaten before the Prussians arrived, Wellington would hardly be censurable; for he acted on as fair a probability as strategic movements can generally be based on. It is said by M. Brialmont, also, (quoting from Jomini,) that he felt it needful 'to conquer or die;' whereas it is clear that the alternative was a retreat on Antwerp, through the sheltered avenues of Soignics.

General Clausewitz, as we have said, has also claimed nearly the whole credit of the result to the Prussians. Now it appears that Bülow's advanced division, though the Duke asserts that he had seen their cavalry since daybreak, first threatened the French at half-past four. This division, held in check by the very inferior one of Lobau in another quarter, certainly drew off a portion of Napoleon's force from the attack on the Duke's position. But it must be remembered that the allied army, before Waterloo, slightly inferior to the French in numbers, was vastly inferior to it in organisation and in artillery. Blücher, who, with the next Prussian reinforcement, did not arrive until half-past seven, is described by M. Brialmont as then attacking La Haye, and by the Duke as merely 'touching the Allied line at Ohain,' when the Duke's final attack was made. A moral impression was no doubt produced by his approach. But those who regard victory as due only to the intervention of the Prussians, forget that the last attack of Napoleon was repelled by the Duke without any other than the indirect support lent by the approach of Blücher and the diversion of Bülow, and that the battle was terminated by an attack, in the Duke's words, in which 'no Prussian troops joined, because, in point of fact, none were in that part of the field of battle.' And, as it is beyond dispute that this attack was made by 50,000 organised infantry and cavalry, and that the French line fell to pieces in the first onset, it must be presumed that the progress of the battle had been in the Duke's favour.

Thus far we have attempted to show what were the Duke's chief strategical characteristics. But some other characteristics are wanting to a just view even of his military life. His coolness in danger, and his personal escapes, are as striking attributes of the individual man as his tactics are attributes of the general. During the battle of Talavera, Albuquerque sent him by a staff officer a letter informing him that Cuesta, the commander of the Spanish army in the action, was a traitor, and was actually playing into the enemy's hands. He was intently watching the progress of the action, as the despatch reached him; he took the letter, read it, and turning to the aide-de-camp, coolly said, 'Very well, Colonel, you may go back to your brigade.' On another occasion, just before the siege of Rodrigo, when the proximity of the allies to Marmont's army placed them in considerable danger by reason of the non-arrival of their flank divisions, a Spanish general was astonished to find the English commander lying on the ground in front of his troops, serenely and imperturbably awaiting the issue of the peril. 'Well, General,' said the Spaniard, 'you are here with two weak divisions, and you seem to be quite at your ease; it is enough to put one in a fever.' 'I have done the best,' the Duke replied, 'that could be done according to my own judgment, and hence it is that I don't disturb myself, either about the enemy in my front, or about what they may say in England.'

On several instances he very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Once at Talavera in the midst of the action; once just before the battle of Maya, being surprised by a party of French while looking at his maps; once at Quatrebras, again during the battle. In the latter action, as he was carried away on the tide of a retreating body of young troops, the French lancers suddenly charged on its flank, and his only chance was in his horse's speed. 'He arrived,' Mr. Gleig writes, 'hotly pursued, at the edge of a ditch, within which the 92nd Highlanders were lying, and the points of their bayonets bristled over the edge. He called out to them as he approached, "Lie down men!" and the order was obeyed, whereupon he leaped his horse across the ditch, and immediately pulled up with a smile on his countenance.'

Wellington, it is well known, was conspicuous among the generals of his age for moderation in victory, and for the morality within which he circumscribed war. In this he differed as widely from the self-supporting military system of Bonaparte as from the gratuitous atrocities of Pappenheim and Tilly. Nor was his conduct in this respect any mere reflex, as

it were, of English opinion and English habits. In India, where oppression had not been uncommon in the English name, he was as firm an opponent of pillage as he was afterwards in Europe. In three distinct relations to the countries over which he carried his arms—in India where he aimed to subdue, in Spain and Portugal where he aimed to befriend, in France where he aimed to conciliate,—the same justice was almost always if not invariably dealt out. It is true that one or two exceptional incidents have been left without explanation. The Duke appears to have given the order for the storming of Badajos without first summoning the garrison to surrender; and his order, published in the Supplementary Despatches, for the capture of a mud fort in India (in which there is nothing to show that the garrison were disentitled to the rights of war) terminates, laconically enough, with the direction, ‘Every man found in the fort is to be put to death!’ The Duke, however, had just before summoned Ciudad Rodrigo, and had received the discouraging answer, that the governor would rather blow up both fortress and garrison than surrender. And he had exerted himself to arrest the sack of Ciudad Rodrigo until he was threatened even by his English troops. The present Duke may perhaps find some explanation of the Indian order. Wellington was as moderate in India as in Europe, in dealing with the Governments he subdued. Thus, unlike Napoleon carrying away the car of Triumph from the Brandenburg gate, unlike Blücher desiring to blow up the bridge of Jena, (and answering the interceding Talleyrand with a request that he would meanwhile take his station upon the bridge!) Wellington at Seringapatam preserved and even repaired the pictures commemorative of the tortures inflicted on the English detachment under Colonel Bailey, which he found in the palace of the fallen Sultan Dowlat. And thus when the chief Dhoondiah had fallen in action, he charged himself with the education of Dhoondiah’s son.

The extraordinary honours which resulted from his moral characteristics as much as from his military triumphs, might be thought, but for his example, a climax of romance too complete to be realised in life. The general to whom his country ultimately voted pecuniary rewards without example in modern times, had been almost Quixotic in self-abnegation. Every allurements of fortune was first submitted to the test of his fine sense of honour and of his stern sense of right. ‘Besides that,’ he writes to his brother while both are in India, after relating the stores of money and supplies he had provided for Lord Harris’s army, ‘I paid into the general’s hands a sum of money for the public service,

‘which other officers had always heretofore taken to themselves.’ Again, after complaining when in Mysore that he had been sent into garrison with a large staff and no more pay than he had had in Fort St. George, he writes to Lord Mornington, ‘The consequence is that I am ruined. . . . I should be ‘ashamed of doing any of the dirty things that I am told are ‘done in some of the commands in the Carnatic.’ In the same letter he expresses his satisfaction in the prospect of prize money that will enable him to pay a debt to his brother.

In 1803 we find him earnestly negotiating to prevent the outbreak of the Mahratta war, from which he could hardly fail to anticipate much of the glory that he attained in it.

No man could exhibit these fixed principles without exhibiting also great moral courage. Thus, in a storm of unpopularity in 1808, he undertook the defence of Dalrymple’s convention, to which he was not committed; and thus, in another such storm in 1832, he attempted to assume the government, obviously in opposition to his interests, as the Tory leader. ‘I ‘should have been ashamed,’ he said, ‘to show my face in the ‘streets if I had refused to assist my sovereign in the distressing ‘circumstances in which he was placed.’

Moral influence, wherever he was not deliberately misrepresented, was naturally the immediate fruit of these qualities. He had the gratification to find that his motives and exertions were generally appreciated, but certainly the gratification was sometimes onerous; for the general whose civil government gained the thankfulness of the native inhabitants of the capital of Mysore, which he had conquered, was also the general who was embraced by nearly the whole fair sex of Madrid, who came forward to greet his victorious advance from Salamanca. It is true that his motives were not always rightly construed, and the Junta of Madrid could not be dispossessed of the notion that he was ambitious of the Spanish crown. In those king-making days, the existence of this belief was not so surprising as it would be now. And this instance of distrust was very exceptional. We have already adverted to the influence displayed by him over the Portuguese nation in the campaign of Torres Vedras. From the Congress of Paris in 1814 to the Congress of Verona in 1822, both sovereigns and ministers appreciated the massiveness of his character, though, from a habit of chicane, some continental diplomats were at first amazed by a simple truthfulness which his victories alone prevented them from ascribing to positive stolidity. It cannot be doubted that he largely shared with other English statesmen in raising diplomatic morality. In his own country, during thirty-seven years

of peace, he certainly overshadowed every other name under the Crown; but what was termed his 'dictatorship' in the House of Lords has, in our judgment, been overrated. He had, it was said, sixty proxies in his pocket, but the Tories twice broke away from his lead; and the Whigs in no instance preferred his counsels to the far clearer political vision of the late Lord Grey and of Lord Lansdowne.

The Duke's success no doubt was largely owing to his special mastery of details. In camp and on the march equally methodical, he relied for victory on the preparations he had made. From the smallest incident to the greatest he made himself acquainted with all that could affect the organisation of his army, and the comfort of his men individually. Even the cooking of mess dinners was his constant care; in the Crimea he would almost have supplanted Soyer. Upon the first publication of his 'Despatches,' one of his friends said to him on reading the records of his Indian campaigns, 'It seems to me, Duke, that your chief business in India was to procure rice and bullocks.' 'And so it was,' replied Wellington, 'for if I had rice and bullocks I had men, and if I had men I knew I could beat the enemy.' Like Napoleon, though with a vast difference in scale, his army was the work of his own hands. 'Its staff,' Mr. Gleig writes, 'its commissariat, its siege apparatus, its bridge equipment, its means of transport, its intelligence department, its knowledge of outpost and other duties, were all of his creation.' This mental activity of course widened the range of his achievements. Like Cæsar, who is said to have written an essay on Latin rhetoric as he was crossing the Alps, Wellington passed the night previous to one of his battles in devising a scheme for a Portuguese bank.

If we turn from the Duke's military to his civil administration, and distinguish between means and ends, we shall trace a marked contrast between the foresight of his Indian and of his English policy. Throughout his parliamentary life he cannot be said to have done more than accept facts and principles already forced upon him. But in India, near a quarter of a century before the commercial monopoly of the Company had expired, he clearly sets forth the advantages of an entire system of free trade, then one of the most startling of conceivable innovations in the East. The cause of this contrast probably is, that in new countries men instinctively free themselves from the trammels of usage, and that where there are no fixed political principles, which, when originally founded in the interest of parties, are more likely to be false than true, they are freer to form just as well as bold conclusions. Albuquerque certainly

had no pretensions to the scientific political economy of Mr. Ricardo. But more than three centuries elapsed between the rise of political economy in Europe, and the astute principles of commercial interchange which Albuquerque in the fifteenth age laid down in the Eastern seas.

But while the Duke's vision in English politics was not comprehensive, his mastery of details was universal. As he had no such scope as Napoleon for administrative display, we have no right to assert him in that respect Napoleon's equal. In other respects, however, the popular contrast is overdrawn; for neither can Napoleon, who in fourteen years ruined an empire in commerce as well as by war, be deemed a statesman. The Duke was as conversant with facts relating to politics as with facts relating to war. We remember asking a minister who had long sat with him in the Cabinet, what he thought of the Duke as a politician. 'He did not see very far,' his former colleague answered, 'but he had great power of detail; give him an object, and no one knew so well how to attain it.'

The same activity extended to his civil administration in India. He would pass in a moment from the general to the civil governor, and from the civil governor to the model landlord. As soon as he had conquered Mysore, he set about the task of civilising it. He made roads through the jungles, and established British authority where it had not penetrated before. Where conciliation would not serve, he was quite prepared with a system of subjugation. He writes in 1802, 'We are now trying a new system of government there, which we are resolved to force on the people, whether they like it or not.' Probably a large part of his Indian correspondence has been lost: but enough remains to have involved a considerable amount of daily labour at his desk. An Irishman, he resolved to cultivate potatoes in Mysore, as they were cultivated in his native country. He sent presents to English ladies in Mysore of the cabbage-plants and celery, plants that he had reared around the blood-stained walls of Seringapatam, and seemed as proud of his gardening in peace as of his generalship in war.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the Duke's social character has been very differently judged, not only between our own and foreign nations, but as between the public of this country and those with whom the Duke was thrown into personal intercourse. To the world in general he was reserved; he thought probably as much of caste as any man of his order, and this habit necessarily invested him, in the public estimate, with aristocratic coldness. The Duke was also a stern disciplinarian: he is known to have acted rigidly on a sense of

right and wrong in war; to prevent suffering beyond the camp he punished severely in the camp, and his despatches do not blink a fair amount of 'flogging and hanging.' And though probably no Englishman will refer the penalties he inflicted to any other motive than inexorable justice, it has certainly been not uncommon to regard him as a cold, hard man, in whom a strong sense of duty extinguished sensibility. But we believe this view of the Duke's private character is a very unfounded one.

'The Duke of Wellington,' says Mr. Rogers, who lived much in his intimacy, 'has naturally a great gaiety of mind. He laughs at almost everything, as if it served only to divert him. Not less remarkable is the simplicity of his manner. It is, perhaps, rather the absence of everything like affectation. In his account of himself, he discovers, in no instance, the least vanity or conceit, and he listens always readily to others. His laugh is easily excited, and it is very loud and long, like the whoop of the whooping cough often repeated.' (*Rogers' Recollections*, p. 217.)

He attached to him those who were thrown into connexion with him, just as his conversation impressed, and it may be said even fascinated, in more casual society. He spent little and saved largely; but though his name seldom appeared in a public subscription, Mr. Gleig, who was once favoured with a sight of his account book when visiting him at Walmer, learnt that he had given 4000*l.* in charities during that year. The justice that mingled with kindness was instanced toward the end of his life in his appearance at a police court to prosecute a begging impostor to whom he had at different times given 300*l.* under representations at length disproved. Perhaps the terms on which a general lives with his staff are as fair an indication as any of his social character. An anecdote on this point was told us by a friend of the Duke, who went from this country to Paris to witness the last review held by the great man in France, before the withdrawal of the Allied army of occupation in 1818, under the third treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. The Duke was starting early for the field, and several of his staff were lounging beside his carriage. 'Is anybody coming with me?' said his Grace, in his curt way and looking out of the carriage window. 'I am sorry I can't come, for I haven't had breakfast yet,' replied Captain Fremantle, one of his aides-de-camp. 'And I,' said another, 'I shall come on with Fremantle to join you on 'the field.' 'Very well,' answered the good-natured Duke, drawing up the window, 'I suppose I can go by myself.' And thus the commander-in-chief of 150,000 men went to the review alone. Our informant of this anecdote, which he had himself witnessed, observed, 'If it had been a Russian general, and his

'aides-de-camp had had nothing to eat for four-and-twenty hours, they would have had to go on the instant.'

The difficulty of general comparison between the Duke of Wellington and other captains results chiefly from his three salient characteristics, uncommon in their union,—that he was the greatest general, the most tried servant, and the most uniformly fortunate subject of the State. He was this and no more than this. His distinction from Napoleon in historic eminence springs, not so much from a broad difference in the intellectual stature of the two men, as from an immeasurable difference in their respective positions. The one was essentially the child and champion of the French Revolution—the other the representative of the principles and institutions of England. But the contrast between the two great military commanders of their respective nations may be pursued in a still more pleasing and instructive form in those details of character and life, which biography collects and records. The love of truth, the entire patriotism, the unflinching sense of duty of the Duke of Wellington—his simplicity and his manliness—are, after all, the qualities which will preserve his memory fresh in every English home, and endear his name to thousands who never studied his Peninsular campaigns, and who will have forgotten his political mistakes. It is, after all, by Character that the world is governed; and it is the character of the Duke of Wellington which will recommend the study of his life to future generations of his countrymen. For these reasons the work of Captain Brialmont has a great and permanent interest; and the more so as it is a candid tribute to the fame of this great Englishman from a foreign pen.

ART. IX.—1. *Adam Bede*. By GEORGE ELIOT. 3 vols. 1859.
2. *Scenes of Clerical Life*. By GEORGE ELIOT. 2 vols. 1858.

THERE are a certain number of people in this dull world who boast that they ‘very seldom read a novel,’ looking on such reading as a hybrid error, something between a positive offence against morality and a mere waste of time. But the majority of men, even of very clever men, have agreed to hold novels in high favour; and though we do not quite believe rough-spoken Dr. Johnson, when he paid Miss Burney the smooth compliment of assuring her he had ‘sat up all night to finish “*Cecilia*,”’ yet we have no doubt that, even to the great lexicographer, a good novel was a very refreshing thing. A good novel: for a bad novel will pass neither with the learned nor the ignorant; and that it is good or bad, is felt by the latter class quite as quickly as by the former, though they might not be able to explain why; as discords in music wound the ear of those who could not correct them by thorough bass. A novel is good in proportion to its truth to nature; no matter where the scene is laid, or what the characters may be. Paradoxical as it may sound, that which is false in fiction never pleases; we accept a novel as an imaginary biography, we require from it a certain consistency and unity, and we grow weary, as was wittily observed by an author of our own day, when characters are so ill sustained that we are left to puzzle over ‘the tenderness of the blood-thirsty bandit, and the ‘never-dying revenge of the humble Christian.’ Given a thread of some story, we only require the personages engaged to act as they would act in real life. That which is common need not be common-place; that which is strange need not be untrue. When ‘*Jane Eyre*’ had startled the reading world out of all tameness, and inquiry was made respecting the book and the authoress, it turned out that the scenes and many of the persons described were within the scope of her actual experience. Whenever great success has attended any novel, the root of that success will be the same; either the so-called work of fiction is the result of positive experience, or the consummate skill of the author so perfectly avoids ‘discords of character’ in his imaginary personages, that they appear to have true existence. ‘I am sure that character is meant for so and so,’ is not so bad a compliment as it sounds; for it means that the author has drawn to the life the ideal of his brain, as the great masters in

painting might sketch groups of men without requiring actual models and sitters.

If one merit predominates above the rest, where all is so excellent, this merit of reality is conspicuous in 'Adam Bede.' There is not a single character in the book that does not stand out distinct in its own consistent individuality, impressing us with the conviction that we are hearing of persons with whom we might become acquainted, rather than of imaginary beings. The story is as nothing in comparison. A young gentleman with a good estate is tempted to a brief connexion with a 'simple farmer's girl, to whom a gentleman with a white hand 'was dazzling as an Olympian god.' This 'simple farmer's 'girl' is beloved by Adam Bede the carpenter, who is the hero of the book; and she is comforted in disgrace and ruin, and the dreary prospect of execution for child murder, by Dinah Morris, a pious Methodist maiden, who eventually marries Adam Bede herself. There are no incidents but such as serve to fill this scanty outline; yet a book of more intense and absorbing interest has not refreshed the reading world for years; nor one in which the useful and holy purpose of showing what a wide-spread wreck one careless sin may make, is pursued without tedious homilies, and combined with writing of such varied kinds, graphic, humorous, and poetical, that it is difficult to decide what extracts to give, for, to write out the passages worthy of note, would be almost to re-write the three volumes.

We will begin, however, as the author begins, with the description of his hero, in 'the roomy workshop of Mr. Jonathan Burge, carpenter and builder in the village of Hayslope, 'A.D. 1799.'

'The afternoon sun was warm on the five workmen there, busy upon doors and window-frames and wainscoting. A scent of pine-wood from a tent-like pile of planks outside the open door mingled itself with the scent of the elder-bushes which were spreading their summer snow close to the open window opposite; the slanting sunbeams shone through the transparent shavings that flew before the steady plane, and lit up the fine grain of the oak panelling which stood propped against the wall. On a heap of those soft shavings a rough grey shepherd-dog had made himself a pleasant bed, and was lying with his nose between his fore-paws, occasionally wrinkling his brows to cast a glance at the tallest of the five workmen, who was carving a shield in the centre of a wooden mantelpiece. It was to this workman that the strong barytone belonged which was heard above the sound of plane and hammer singing—

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth. . . ."

Here some measurement was to be taken which required more concentrated attention, and the sonorous voice subsided into a low whistle; but it presently broke out again with renewed vigour—

“Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear.”

Such a voice could only come from a broad chest, and the broad chest belonged to a large-boned muscular man nearly six feet high, with a back so flat and a head so well poised that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeve rolled up above the elbow showed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength; yet the long supple hand, with its broad finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill. In his tall stalwartness Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified his name; but the jet-black hair, made the more noticeable by its contrast with the light paper cap, and the keen glance of the dark eyes that shone from under strongly marked, prominent, and mobile eyebrows, indicated a mixture of Celtic blood.’ (Vol. i. pp. 1–3.)

This is the hero of the book: and a true model he is of the noble, simple, self-relying type to be found—as Wordsworth’s lines in the epigraph to this remarkable novel expresses it—among

‘Nature’s unambitious underwood
And flowers that prosper in the shade.’

Frank, manly, patient, and resolute, his one fault is a certain degree of hardness in his judgment of others from the pedestal of his own strength and integrity; as if to prove the truth of the fine French maxim,—‘*Il faut avoir les défauts de ses qualités.*’ How this harshness in the otherwise generous and tender mind of Adam is softened by the events which bring him to indulgence, is one of the under currents of skill which run in every direction through the fair fresh field of Mr. Eliot’s pages. The drunken father, whose unpunctual hand leaves a neighbour’s coffin unfinished, and for whom the wife and mother querulously pleads to her indignant son,—

“Thee mun forgie thy feyther—thee munna be so bitter again’ him. He war a good feyther to thee afore he took to th’ drink. He’s a cliver workman, an’ taught thee thy trade, remember, an’ ’s niver gen me a blow nor so much as an ill word—no, not even in ’s drink. Thee wouldstna ha ’m go to th’ workhus—thy own feyther—an’ him as was a fine-growed man an’ handy at iverythin’ amost as thee art thysen, five an’ twenty ’ear ago, when thee wast a babby at the breast.” (Vol. i. p. 71.)

“But thee’t allays so hard upo’ thy feyther, Adam. Thee think’st nothing too much to do for Seth: thee snapp’st me up if iver I find faut wi’ th’ lad. But thee’t so angered wi’ thy feyther, more nor wi’ anybody else.” (Vol. i. p. 72.)

—this loved and reckless father, is drowned, and his body found in the stream by his sons, as they walk out in the early morning with the finished coffin which should have been his work.

‘This was what the omen meant, then! And the grey-haired father, of whom he had thought with a sort of hardness a few hours ago, as certain to live to be a thorn in his side, was perhaps even then struggling with that watery death. This was the first thought that flashed through Adam’s conscience, before he had time to seize the coat and drag out the tall heavy body.’ (Vol. i. p. 91.)

‘The two sons lifted the sad burthen in heartstricken silence. The wide-open glazed eyes were grey, like Seth’s, and had once looked with mild pride on the boys before whom Thias had lived to hang his head in shame. Seth’s chief feeling was awe and distress at this sudden snatching away of his father’s soul; but Adam’s mind rushed back over the past in a flood of relenting and pity. When death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.’ (Vol. i. p. 93.)

The same strain of reflection recurs at the old man’s funeral, when the psalm sung in that quiet village church seemed even more applicable than usual.

‘Thou sweep’st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams.’

‘Adam had never been unable to join in a psalm before. He had known plenty of trouble and vexation since he had been a lad; but this was the first sorrow that had hemmed in his voice, and strangely enough it was sorrow because the chief source of his past trouble and vexation was for ever gone out of his reach. He had not been able to press his father’s hand before their parting, and say, “Father, you know it was all right between us; I never forgot what I owed you when I was a lad; you forgive me if I’ve been too hot and hasty now and then!” Adam thought but little to-day of the hard work and the earnings he had spent on his father: his thoughts ran constantly on what the old man’s feelings had been in moments of humiliation, when he had held down his head before the rebukes of his son. When our indignation is borne in submissive silence, we are apt to feel twinges of doubt afterwards as to our own generosity, if not justice: how much more when the object of our anger has gone into everlasting silence, and we have seen his face for the last time in the meekness of death?

‘“Ah, I was always too hard,” Adam said to himself. “It’s a sore fault in me as I’m so hot and out o’ patience with people when they do wrong, and my heart gets shut up against ’em, so as I can’t bring myself to forgive ’em. I see clear enough there’s more pride nor love in my soul, for I could sooner make a thousand strokes with th’ hammer for my father than bring myself to say a kind word to him. And there went plenty o’ pride and temper to the strokes, as the devil *will* be having his finger in what we call our duties as well

as our sins. Mayhap the best thing I ever did in my life was only doing what was easiest for myself. It's allays been easier for me to work nor to sit still, but the real tough job for me 'ud be to master my own will and temper, and go right against my own pride. It seems to me now, if I was to find father at home to-night, I should behave different; but there's no knowing—perhaps nothing 'ud be a lesson to us if it didn't come too late. It's well we should feel as life's a reckoning we can't make twice over; there's no real making amends in this world, any more nor you can mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right."

'This was the key-note to which Adam's thoughts had perpetually returned since his father's death'—(Vol. ii. pp. 49–51.)

and God knows how well it would be for us if it could be the key-note to all our thoughts, while yet those we love are in life. Those we love, and yet whose faults provoke us, and whom our faults provoke; those we love, and whom yet we sometimes have to struggle against scorning. It is the key-note that makes music on earth from the unknown harmonies of heaven; and there is a plaintive truth, in spite of a certain grotesqueness of diction, in the sentence spoken by one of the most remarkable characters in the book on this subject:—

'“It's poor work allays settin' the dead above the livin'. We shall all on us be dead some time, I reckon—it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, istid o' beginnin' when we're gone. It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crop.”' (Vol. ii. p. 54.)

And after the burst of noble anger with Arthur, 'the gentleman,'—

'“No, it'll not be soon forgot, as you've come in between her and me, when she might ha' loved me—it'll not soon be forgot, as you've robbed me o' my happiness, while I thought you was my best friend, and a noble-minded man, as I was proud to work for. And you've been kissing her, and meaning nothing, have you? And I never kissed her i' my life, but I'd ha' worked hard for years for the right to kiss her. And you make light of it. You think little o' doing what may damage other folks, so as you get your bit o' trifling, as means nothing. I throw back your favours, for you're not the man I took you for. I'll never count you my friend any more. I'd rather you'd act as my enemy, and fight me where I stand—it's all th' amends you can make me.”' (Vol. ii. p. 244.)

After this,—beautiful is the tenderness that yearns towards miserable little Hetty, when she is accused of child-murder:

'“She can't ha' done it,” he said, still without moving his eyes, as if he were only talking to himself; “it was fear made her hide it . . . I forgive her for deceiving me . . . I forgive thee, Hetty . . . thee

wast deceived too . . . it's gone hard wi' thee, my poor Hetty . . . but they'll never make me believe it." (Vol. iii. p. 83.)

"Mr. Massey," he said at last, pushing the hair off his forehead, "I'll go back with you. I'll go into court. It's cowardly of me to keep away. I'll stand by her—I'll own her—for all she's been deceitful. They oughtn't to cast her off—her own flesh and blood. We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves. I used to be hard sometimes: I'll never be hard again. I'll go, Mr. Massey—I'll go with you."

'Nerved by an active resolution, Adam took a morsel of bread, and drank some wine. He was haggard and unshaven, as he had been yesterday, but he stood upright again, and looked more like the Adam Bede of former days.'

"I'm hard—it's in my nature. I was too hard with my father for doing wrong. I've been a bit hard t' everybody but *her*. I felt as if nobody pitied her enough—her suffering cut into me so; and when I thought the folks at the Farm were too hard with her, I said I'd never be hard to anybody myself again. I felt I'd been too harsh to my father when he was gone from me—I feel it now, when I think of him." (Vol. iii. pp. 120, 121.)

Of his gentleman rival there is less to say. This English Arthur is very like the French Arthur of Emile Souvestre's touching story '*Riche et Pauvre*;'—very like many other Arthurs in many other novels, as one good-looking gentleman-like young man is like many others of his class in the same society. But the hand of the master is seen even in this less salient portrait. Incomparable is the description of the hour of hesitation, which the young man flatters himself is a struggle against passion; of the easy yielding when, after his first appointment in the wood with Hetty,—with a sentence like the immortal line spoken by Dante's Francesca,—

'Quel giorno più non vi legemmo avante.'

Arthur and Hetty part, looking at each other 'not quite as they had looked before,—*for in their eyes there was the memory of a kiss.*'

After that, the 'agreeable confidence' of Arthur 'that his faults were all of a generous kind; impetuous, warm-blooded, leonine,—never crawling, crafty, reptilian,'—crumbled away, and he lies, as men must lie who set out in the path of betrayal, and faces honest Adam Bede with mean shifts of equivocating denial, till nothing but the marvellous power with which the author narrates his arrival in unconscious gladness to take possession of his hereditary estate, full of plans for the comfort and happiness of those who are to depend on him, and for the improvement of all things round him,—until suddenly

met by the awful news that his one sin has 'found him out' in that hour of secure prosperity, and that Hetty is in prison to be tried for murder,—can retain for him the sympathy of the reader.

One of the most masterly scenes in the book is the description of this return, immediately after we ourselves have been put in possession of the news which as yet Arthur knows not. We pity him all through his exultant hour, for we know the horror that awaits him,—the sudden blight that shall wither down the green panoply of leaves, that as yet seems to shut out the arid world, and make his corner of it all spring and freshness—musical with the multitudinous singing of birds.

Of sweet Dinah Morris, the preaching Methodist maiden, who moves among all these troubles as if she glided like a calm angel above the earth which others tread with struggling and uncertain feet—the author has drawn a picture lovely in itself, and lovelier by contrast. The meek, pure, steadfast soul, with its belief in a holy mission of help to others, and the necessity of entire denial of self, stands out in serene light by the purposeless, frivolous, erring existence of Hetty Sorrel, the worldly activity and energy of Mrs. Poyser, and the querulous dependence of Lisbeth Bede. Her description of her own eloquence, that 'speech came without will of her own, and 'words were given her that came out as the tears come when 'our hearts are full and we cannot help it,' is the secret of her influence over all who come within the reach of her pleading voice and 'mild, grave eyes.' We are glad to rest on her peaceful nature in the midst of all the turmoil of careless sin, baffled hope, passion and remorse, and we are more than glad when at last, to the inexpressible brightening of Adam Bede's future, the prophecy of kindly disappointed Seth, in answer to a doubt as to her ever loving any man 'as a husband,' proves true.

' "She's made out of stuff with a finer grain than most o' the women; I can see that clear enough. But if she's better than they are in other things, I canna think she'll fall short of 'em in loving.' (Vol. i. p. 227.)

But if these characters and others in the book are deeply interesting, what shall we say of Mrs. Poyser; or how express the extent of our esteem for that notable female? Mrs. Poyser is not the heroine of the story, yet we feel her to be of more importance to us than all the other characters: they retire into the background while we listen to the vigorous good sense of her conversation; their destinies are interesting to us chiefly

because they are Mrs. Poyser's neighbours. She is the very sunlight by which we read the story of 'Adam Bede': we are glad to have heard something about the other personages, but we thirst to *know* Mrs. Poyser. We would willingly set out on a journey to Hayslope in hopes of finding her, but for the fear that Donnithorne, like 'George Eliot,' may be an illusory name.

Those who are familiar with the pages of George Herbert's 'Jacula prudentum,' may have a faint idea of the charm of Mrs. Poyser's conversation; full of sentences, yet never sententious, and full of the wisdom that is not preached, but seems to drop with the ease of a summer shower to fertilise more barren minds. Take any of George Herbert's sayings at random: — 'Light burdens, long borne, grow heavie.' — 'Benefits please, like flowers, while they are fresh.' — 'Love and a cough cannot be hid.' — 'God oft hath a great share in a little house.' — 'Were there no hearers, there would be no backbiters.' — 'The chicken is the country's, but the city eats it.' — 'Slander is a shipwreck by a dry tempest.' — 'There would be no great ones if there were no little ones.' — 'The comforter's head never aches.' — 'Building is a sweet impoverishing.' — 'A great ship asks deep waters.' — 'Hope is the poor man's bread.' — 'Forbear not sowing because of birds.' — 'Lawyer's houses are built on the heads of fools.' — 'He that will learn to pray let him go to sea.' Read these sentences, and such as these, and then meditate on Mrs. Poyser's superiority: for many a man wishing to back his own opinion by some wise saw, quotes *one* of these old adages, but Mrs. Poyser creates and multiplies proverbs for her own use, as the occasion demands; nor do they come singly, but are hatched by the fervency of argument in healthy groups, like the chickens in her well stocked poultry-yard. Mrs. Poyser could have stood a 'competitive examination' with Solomon himself. Was the general hypocrisy of a deceiving world ever so finely commented upon as in her sighing and regretful remark, 'Ah! it's fine talking. *It's hard to tell which is Old Harry, when everybody's got boots on.*' Or did any other strong-minded woman ever conceive such an inspired reply to the accusation of her sex's folly, as that made by Mrs. Poyser to grumpy Bartle Massey, the schoolmaster: — 'I am not denying the foolishness of women; *God Almighty made 'em to match the men?*' Biting is the rough scorn with which she meets Adam Bede's speech that he thought Dinah was settled amongst her friends: — 'Thought! yes; so would anybody else ha' thought that had got their right end up'ards. But I suppose you must be a Methodist to know what a

'Methodist 'ull do. *It's ill guessing what the bats are flying after.*' Most original and graphic is the description she gives to her future landlord, young Captain Donnithorne, of the bucolic state of her mind, when urging the necessity of repairs, and new gates to the farm:—

"Not as I wish to speak disrespectful o' them as have got the power i' their hands, but it's more than flesh and blood 'ull bear sometimes, to be toiling and striving, and up early and down late, and hardly sleeping a wink when you lie down for thinking as the cheese may swell, or the cows may slip their calf, or the wheat may grow green aguin 'i the sheaf—and after all, at th' end o' th' year, it's like as if you'd been cooking a feast and had got the smell of it for your pains."

'Mrs. Poyser, once launched into conversation, always sailed along without any check from her preliminary awe of the gentry. The confidence she felt in her own powers of exposition was a motive force that overcame all resistance.' (Vol. i. pp. 148, 149.)

Her capacity to make an Amazonian struggle for such interests is manifested at a later period by a conversation with the actual landlord, part of which we cannot forbear transcribing:—

'As she was standing at the house door with her knitting, in that eager leisure which came to her when the afternoon cleaning was done, she saw the old Squire enter the yard on his black pony, followed by John the groom. She always cited it afterwards as a case of prevision, which really had something more in it than her own remarkable penetration, that the moment she set eyes on the Squire, she said to herself, "I shouldna wonder if he's come about that man as is a-going to take the Chase Farm, wanting Poyser to do something for him without pay. But Poyser's a fool if he does." (Vol. ii. p. 326.)

"Good-day, Mrs. Poyser," said the old Squire, peering at her with his short-sighted eyes—a mode of looking at her which, as Mrs. Poyser observed, 'allays aggravated her: it was as if you was a insect, and he was going to dab his finger-nail on you."

'However, she said, "Your servant, sir," and curtsied with an air of perfect deference as she advanced towards him: she was not the woman to misbehave towards her betters, and fly in the face of the catechism, without severe provocation.' (Vol. ii. pp. 326, 327.)

But that 'severe provocation' arises in the wheedling conversation which follows, and in which even the compliments to her dairy seem tinged with suspicious over-reaching to the clear vision of the farmer's notable wife. Her husband is there, 'red, rotund, and radiant,' civil and expectant, listening to his landlord, who has just praised Mrs. Poyser's management at the expense of a certain Mrs. Satchell:—

"Indeed, sir, I can't speak to that," said Mrs. Poyser, in a hard voice, rolling and unrolling her knitting, and looking icily out of the window, as she continued to stand opposite the Squire. Poyser might sit down if he liked, she thought: *she* wasn't going to sit down, as if she'd give in to any such smooth-tongued palaver. Mr. Poyser, who looked and felt the reverse of icy, did sit down in his three-cornered chair.

"And now, Poyser, as Satchell is laid up, I am intending to let the Chase Farm to a respectable tenant. I'm tired of having a farm on my own hands—nothing is made the best of, in such cases, as you know. A satisfactory bailiff is hard to find; and I think you and I, Poyser, and your excellent wife here, can enter into a little arrangement in consequence, which will be to our mutual advantage."

"Oh," said Mr. Poyser, with a good-natured blankness of imagination as to the nature of the arrangement.

"If I'm called upon to speak, sir," said Mrs. Poyser, after glancing at her husband with pity at his softness, "you know better than me; but I don't see what the Chase Farm is t' us—we've cumber enough wi' our own farm. Not but what I'm glad to hear o' anybody respectable coming into the parish: there's some as ha' been brought in as hasn't been looked in i' that character."

"You're likely to find Mr. Thurle an excellent neighbour, I assure you: such a one as you will feel glad to have accommodated by the little plan I'm going to mention; especially as I hope you will find it as much to your own advantage as his."

"Indeed, sir, if it's anything t' our advantage, it'll be the first offer o' the sort I've heard on. It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world, I think: folks have to wait long enough afore it's brought to 'em."

"The fact is, Poyser," said the Squire, ignoring Mrs. Poyser's theory of worldly prosperity, "there is too much dairy land, and too little plough land, on the Chase Farm, to suit Thurle's purpose—indeed, he will only take the farm on condition of some change in it: his wife, it appears, is not a clever dairy-woman, like yours. Now, the plan I'm thinking of is to effect a little exchange." (Vol. ii. pp. 330, 331.)

The argument continues: —

Mr. Poyser was leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, his head on one side, and his mouth screwed up—apparently absorbed in making the tips of his fingers meet so as to represent with perfect accuracy the ribs of a ship. He was much too acute a man not to see through the whole business, and to foresee perfectly what would be his wife's view of the subject; but he disliked giving unpleasant answers: unless it was on a point of farming practice, he would rather give up than have a quarrel, any day; and after all, it mattered more to his wife than to him. So after a few moments' silence, he looked up at her and said mildly, "What dost say?"

“Mrs. Poyser had had her eyes fixed on her husband with cold severity during his silence, but now she turned away her head with a toss, looked icily at the opposite roof of the cow-shed, and spearing her knitting together with the loose pin, held it firmly between her clasped hands.

“Say? Why, I say you may do as you like about giving up any o’ your corn land, afore your lease is up, which it won’t be for a year come next Michaelmas Lady Day, but I’ll not consent to take more dairy work into my hands, either for love or money; and there’s nayther love nor money here, as I can see, on’y other folks’s love o’ themselves, and the money as is to go into other folks’s pockets. I know there’s them as is born t’ own the land, and them as is born to sweat on’t,”—here Mrs. Poyser paused to gasp a little—“and I know it’s christened folks’s duty to submit to their betters as fur as flesh and blood ’ull bear it; but I’ll not make a martyr o’ myself, and wear myself to skin and bone, and worret myself as if I was a churn wi’ butter a-coming in’t, for no landlord in England, not if he was King George himself.”

“No, no, my dear Mrs. Poyser, certainly not,” said the Squire, still confident in his own powers of persuasion, “you must not overwork yourself; but don’t you think your work will rather be lessened than increased in this way? There is so much milk required at the Abbey, that you will have little increase of cheese and butter making from the addition to your dairy; and I believe selling the milk is the most profitable way of disposing of dairy produce, is it not?”

“Ay, that’s true,” said Mr. Poyser, unable to repress an opinion on a question of farming profits, and forgetting that it was not in this case a purely abstract question.

“I daresay,” said Mrs. Poyser bitterly, turning her head half-way towards her husband, and looking at the vacant arm-chair—“I daresay it’s true for men as sit i’ th’ chimney-corner and make believe as everything’s cut wi’ ins an’ outs to fit int’ everything else. If you could make a pudding wi’ thinking o’ the batter, it ’ud be easy getting dinner. How do I know whether the milk ’ull be wanted constant? What’s to make me sure as the house won’t be put o’ board-wage afore we’re many months older, and then I may have to lie awake o’ nights wi’ twenty gallons o’ milk on my mind—and Dingall ’ull take no more butter, let alone paying for it; and we must fat pigs till we’re obliged to beg the butcher on our knees to buy ’em, and lose hulf of ’em wi’ the measles. And there’s the fetching and carrying, as ’ud be welly half a day’s work for a man an’ hoss—that’s to be, took out o’ the profits, I reckon? But there’s folks ’ud hold a sieve under the pump and expect to carry away the water.”

“That difficulty—about the fetching and carrying—you will not have, Mrs. Poyser,” said the Squire, who thought that this entrance into particulars indicated a distant inclination to compromise on Mrs. Poyser’s part—“Bethell will do that regularly with the cart and pony.”

“O, sir, begging your pardon, I’ve never been used t’ hâving gentlefolks’s servants coming about my back places, a-making love to

both the gells at once, and keeping 'em with their hands on their hips listening to all manner o' gossip when they should be down on their knees a-scouring. If we're to go to ruin, it shanna be wi' having our back kitchen turned into a public."

Here the Squire drops in a mild but insidious hint that the renewal of Poyser's lease may depend on his assent to the proposal, and that in the event of refusal 'Thurle, who is a man of some capital, would be glad to take both the farms, as they 'could be worked so well together.'

'To be thrust out of the discussion in this way would have been enough to complete Mrs. Poyser's exasperation, even without the final threat. Her husband, really alarmed at the possibility of their leaving the old place where he had been bred and born—for he believed the old Squire had small spite enough for anything—was beginning a mild remonstrance explanatory of the inconvenience he should find in having to buy and sell more stock, with—

"Well, sir, I think as it's rether hard" . . . when Mrs. Poyser burst in with the desperate determination to have her say out this once, though it were to rain notices to quit, and the only shelter were the workhouse.

"Then, sir, if I may speak—as, for all I'm a woman, and there's folks as thinks a woman's fool enough to stan' by an' look on while the men sign her soul away, I've a right to speak, for I make one quarter o' the rent, and save th' other quarter—I say, if Mr. Thurle's so ready to take farms under you, it's a pity but what he should take this, and see if he likes to live in a house wi' all the plagues o' Egypt in 't—wi' the cellar full o' water, and frogs and toads hoppin' up the steps by dozens—and the floors rotten, and the rats and mice gnawing every bit o' cheese, and runnin' over our heads as we lie i' bed till we expect 'em to eat us up alive—as it's a mercy they hanna eat the children long ago. I should like to see if there's another tenant besides Poyser as 'ud put up wi' never having a bit o' repairs done till a place tumbles down—and not then, on'y wi' begging and praying, and having to pay half—and being strung up w' the rent as it's much if he gets enough out o' the land to pay, for all he's put his own money into the ground beforehand. See if you'll get a stranger to lead such a life here as that: a maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon. You may run away from my words, sir," continued Mrs. Poyser, following the old Squire beyond the door—for after the first moments of stunned surprise he had got up, and waving his hand towards her with a smile, had walked out towards his pony. But it was impossible for him to get away immediately, for John was walking the pony up and down the yard, and was some distance from the causeway when his master beckoned.

"You may run away from my words, sir, and you may go spinnin' underhand ways o' doing us a mischief, for you've got Old Harry to your friend, though nobody else is; but I tell you for once as we're not dumb creatures to be abused and made money on by them as ha'

got the lash i' their hands, for want o' knowing how t' undo the tackle. An' if I'm th' only one as speaks my mind, there's plenty o' the same way o' thinking i' this parish and the next to 't, for your name's no better than a brimstone match in everybody's nose—if it isna two-three old folks as you think o' saving your soul by giving 'em a bit o' flannel and a drop o' porridge. An' you may be right i' thinking it'll take but little to save your soul, for it'll be the smallest savin' y' iver made, wi' all your scrapin'."

'There are occasions on which two servant-girls and a waggoner may be a formidable audience, and as the Squire rode away on his black pony, even the gift of short-sightedness did not prevent him from being aware that Molly, and Nancy, and Tim were grinning not far from him. Perhaps he suspected that sour old John was grinning behind him—which was also the fact. Meanwhile the bulldog, the black-and-tan terrier, Alick's sheep-dog, and the gander hissing at a safe distance from the pony's heels, carried out the idea of Mrs. Poyser's solo in an impressive quartett.

'Mrs. Poyser, however, had no sooner seen the pony move off than she turned round, gave the two hilarious damsels a look which drove them into the back kitchen, and unspearing her knitting, began to knit again with her usual rapidity, as she re-entered the house.' (Vol. ii. pp. 332-9.)

It is a comfort, at the close of this scene, to remember the description of Mrs. Poyser on her first introduction to the readers of *Adam Bede*, and to know that though she thus chased her landlord before her like a turkey cock, she made Poyser happy, and dealt kindly with all at home.

'Do not suppose, however, that Mrs. Poyser was elderly or shrewish in her appearance; she was a good-looking woman, not more than eight-and-thirty, of fair complexion, and sandy hair, well-shapen, light-footed: the most conspicuous article in her attire was an ample checkered linen apron, which almost covered her skirt; and nothing could be plainer or less noticeable than her cap and gown, for there was no weakness of which she was less tolerant than feminine vanity, and the preference of ornament to utility. The family likeness between her and her niece, Dinah Morris, with the contrast between her keenness and Dinah's seraphic gentleness of expression, might have served a painter as an excellent suggestion for a Martha and Mary. Their eyes were just of the same colour, but a striking test of the difference in their operation was seen in the demeanour of Trip, the black-and-tan terrier, whenever that much-suspected dog unwarily exposed himself to the freezing arctic ray of Mrs. Poyser's glance.' (Vol. i. pp. 133, 134.)

But Mrs. Poyser had kindly glances too: she did not belong to that race of strong-minded women of whom we think with a goose-skinned shudder: she was merely of the opinion expressed in another of the '*Jacula prudentum*,' that 'a gentle housewife

'mars the household,' and 'a sleepy master makes his servant a lout:' and if, in her shrewd wisdom, she understood the full value of the defensive proverb — 'Love your neighbour, yet pull not down your hedge,' — she also admitted to her heart that tenderest of mystic mottoes — 'To a child all weather is cold;' and performed her part in the blessed charities of life with a zeal and kindliness, that many a milder-spoken female might copy with advantage. Great is the habitual skill with which Mr. Eliot softens the picture for us with continual touches of love, by giving to this erect thistle of a woman the cheery little bud, 'Totty,' blooming sunnily, coaxed and indulged in the atmosphere of all that well-wielded authority; and by making the gentle Dissenter, quiet Dinah Morris, an orphan, dependent on the tenderness of a disposition always strict but never stern.

Equal, if not superior, is the skill with which the whole delineation of Hetty Sorrel's character moderates our pity for her fate. When Dickens drew his picture of the 'Child-Wife,' he seems to have had an instinct that it would be necessary to nip that pretty blossom before it reached maturity. In the spring-tide of youth and beauty she was bewitching, but what sort of wife in after years would the child-wife have made? What sort of wife would any one have made who remained so childish in spite of womanhood? To die, was the only way to retain the interest excited by the story. Mr. Eliot seems in like manner to have felt that his Hetty should not obtain too great a hold over the heart of the reader; — should not be too interesting. He has given us an intense and vivid perception of her beauty, but all else is as a check and a drag on the power of that one attraction. She falls so easily, she loves so coldly, there is so much of blind vanity and apathy in her nature, that she commands sympathy neither as a bad man's victim, nor as a good man's love. And this was necessary to the story. Had Hetty been different, how could those two men ever have shaken hands again, noble Adam Bede the carpenter, and Arthur Donnithorne the gentleman? Or how could we feel so satisfied that 'all is for the best,' when the green hue of a new hope springs like grass over her grave, and a better reality consoles Adam for the lost dream of her love? Let any one read the artist-like description of her beauty, and he will feel vaguely enamoured of the image conjured up, as Pygmalion of the work of his chiselling hands. But reading on and on, the impression that after all she was but a toy fit for a sensual fancy, overbears all others. Here is Hetty standing in Mrs. Poyser's cool fresh dairy, before the days of sin and sorrow darken down on her young head: —

‘It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty’s cheek was like a rose-petal, that dimples played about her pouting-lips, that her large dark eyes hid a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all pushed back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark delicate rings on her forehead, and about her white shell-like ears; it is of little use for me to say how lovely was the contour of her pink and white neckerchief, tucked into her low plum-coloured stuff bodice, or how the linen butter-making apron, with its bib, seemed a thing to be imitated in silk by duchesses, since it fell in such charming lines, or how her brown stockings and thick-soled buckled shoes lost all that clumsiness which they must certainly have had when empty of her foot and ankle;—of little use, unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders, for otherwise, though you might conjure up the image of a lovely woman, she would not in the least resemble that distracted kitten-like maiden. Hetty’s was a spring-tide beauty; it was the beauty of young frisking things, round-limbed, gambolling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence—the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog.’ (Vol. i. pp. 152, 153.)

Unable to see the merit, or feel the worth, of noble Adam Bede:—

‘Always when Adam stayed away for several weeks from the Hall Farm, and otherwise made some show of resistance to his passion as a foolish one, Hetty took care to entice him back into the net by little airs of meekness and timidity, as if she were in trouble at his neglect. But as to marrying Adam, that was a very different affair! There was nothing in the world to tempt her to do that. Her cheeks never grew a shade deeper when his name was mentioned; she felt no thrill when she saw him passing along the causeway by the window, or advancing towards her unexpectedly in the footpath across the meadow; she felt nothing when his eyes rested on her, but the cold triumph of knowing that he loved her, and would not care to look at Mary Burge: he could no more stir in her the emotions that make the sweet intoxication of young love, than the mere picture of a sun can stir the spring sap in the subtle fibres of the plant. She saw him as he was—a poor man, with old parents to keep, who would not be able, for a long while to come, to give her even such luxuries as she shared in her uncle’s house. And Hetty’s dreams were all of luxuries: to sit in a carpeted parlour and always wear white stockings; to have some large beautiful ear-rings, such as were all the fashion; to have Nottingham lace round the top of her gown, and something to make her handkerchief smell nice, like Miss Lydia Donnithorne’s when she drew it out at church; and not to be obliged to get up early or be scolded by anybody. *She thought, if Adam had been rich and could have given her these things, she loved him well enough to marry him.*’ (Vol. i. pp. 181, 182.)

And here is Hetty on the road to temptation and ruin ; trying on ear-rings with the eagerness but not with the unselfish purity of Margaret in Goethe's Faust.

'No eyelashes could be more beautiful than Hetty's, and now, while she walks with her pigeon-like stateliness along the room and looks down on her shoulders bordered by the old black lace, the dark fringe shows to perfection on her pink cheek. They are but dim ill-defined pictures that her narrow bit of an imagination can make of the future ; but of every picture she is the central figure, in fine clothes ; Captain Donnithorne is very close to her, putting his arm round her, perhaps kissing her, and everybody else is admiring and envying her—especially Mary Burge, whose new print dress looks very contemptible by the side of Hetty's resplendent toilette. Does any sweet or sad memory mingle with this dream of the future—any loving thought of her second parents—of the children she had helped to tend—of any youthful companion, any pet animal, any relic of her own childhood even ? Not one. There are some plants that have hardly any roots : you may tear them from their native nook of rock or wall, and just lay them over your ornamental flower-pot, and they blossom none the worse. Hetty could have cast all her past life behind her and never cared to be reminded of it again. I think she had no feeling at all towards the old house, and did not like the Jacob's Ladder and the long row of hollyhocks in the garden better than other flowers—perhaps not so well. It was wonderful how little she seemed to care about waiting on her uncle, who had been a good father to her : she hardly ever remembered to reach him his pipe at the right time without being told, unless a visitor happened to be there, who would have a better opportunity of seeing her as she walked across the hearth. Hetty did not understand how anybody could be very fond of middle-aged people. And as for those tiresome children, Marty and Tommy and Totty, they had been the very nuisance of her life—as bad as buzzing insects that will come teasing you on a hot day when you want to be quiet. Hetty would have been glad to hear that she should never see a child again ; they were worse than the nasty little lambs that the shepherd was always bringing in to be taken special care of in lambing time ; for the lambs *were* got rid of sooner or later. As for the young chickens and turkeys, Hetty would have hated the very word "hatching," if her aunt had not bribed her to attend to the young poultry by promising her the proceeds of one out of every brood. The round downy chickens peeping out from under their mother's wing never touched Hetty with any pleasure ; that was not the sort of prettiness she cared about, but she did care about the prettiness of the new things she would buy for herself at Treddlestone fair with the money they fetched. And yet she looked so dimpled, so charming, as she stooped down to put the soaked bread under the hen-coop, that you must have been a very acute personage indeed to suspect her of that hardness. Molly, the housemaid, with a turn-up nose and a protuberant jaw, was really a tender-hearted girl, and, as Mrs. Poyser said, a jewel to look after the poultry, but her stolid

face showed nothing of this maternal delight, any more than a brown earthenware pitcher will show the light of the lamp within it.' (Vol. i. pp. 286-9.)

And here, yet later, going to the festival on Arthur's birthday:—

'Sec! she has got a beautiful pair of gold and pearls and garnet, lying snugly in a pretty little box lined with white satin. O the delight of taking out that little box and looking at the ear-rings.' (Vol. ii. p. 144.)

'Ah, you think, it is for the sake of the person who has given them to her, and her thoughts are gone back now to the moment when they were put into her hands.' (Vol. ii. p. 144.)

'No, she was not thinking most of the giver when she smiled at the ear-rings, for now she is taking them out of the box, not to press them to her lips, but to fasten them in her ears, — only for one moment, to see how pretty they look, as she peeps at them in the glass against the wall, with first one position of the head and then another, like a listening bird. It is impossible to be wise on the subject of ear-rings as one looks at her; what should those delicate pearls and crystals be made for, if not for such ears? One cannot even find fault with the tiny round hole which they leave when they are taken out; perhaps water-nixies, and such lovely things without souls, have these little round holes in their ears by nature, ready to hang jewels in. And Hetty must be one of them: it is too painful to think that she is a woman, with a woman's destiny before her.' (Vol. ii. pp. 145, 146.)

When Arthur writes to explain that he cannot marry her, beautifully true to nature is the account of the dreary reading, and the dreary rising to her first forsaken day!

'But when she took up the crushed letter and put it in her drawer, that she might lock it out of sight, hard smothering tears, having no relief in them as the great drops had that fell last night, forced their way into her eyes. She wiped them away quickly: she must not cry in the day-time: nobody should find out how miserable she was, nobody should know she was disappointed about anything; and the thought that the eyes of her aunt and uncle would be upon her, gave her the self-command which often accompanies a great dread. For Hetty looked out from her secret misery towards the possibility of their ever knowing what had happened, as the sick and weary prisoner might think of the possible pillory. They would think her conduct shameful; and shame was torture. That was poor little Hetty's conscience.

'So she locked up her drawer, and went away to her early work.

'In the evening, when Mr. Poyser was smoking his pipe, and his good-nature was therefore at its superlative moment, Hetty seized the opportunity of her aunt's absence to say,

'“Uncle, I wish you'd let me go for a lady's maid.”’ (Vol. ii. pp. 314, 315.)

Mr. Poyser, however, suggests matrimony instead.

‘And when she was in her bedroom again, the possibility of her marrying Adam presented itself to her in a new light. In a mind where no strong sympathies are at work, where there is no supreme sense of right to which the agitated nature can cling and steady itself to quiet endurance, one of the first results of sorrow is a desperate vague clutching after any deed that will change the actual condition. Poor Hetty’s vision of consequences, at no time more than a narrow fantastic calculation of her own probable pleasures and pains, was now quite shut out by reckless irritation under present suffering, and she was ready for one of those convulsive, motiveless actions by which wretched men and women leap from a temporary sorrow into a life-long misery.

‘Why should she not marry Adam? She did not care what she did, so that it made some change in her life.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 320, 321.)

But Hetty does not marry Adam; she goes away to seek her former lover and *avoid shame*, after having allowed Adam to fix the day for their marriage. We will not weaken by extracts the effect produced by the account of that mournful journey, or Hetty’s after wanderings, or the attempt to nerve herself to commit suicide. Truly Shaksperian is the power Mr. Eliot possesses of adapting his thoughts to every nature and to every situation; and in the struggles of this weak soul to come to some strong resolution, in the contrast of the clinging love of life, and the desire *somehow* to end the inextricable difficulties of her position, he has shown as great a mastery as ever any author displayed, whether in prose or verse. Still, when all is over, a sense predominates of the utter inferiority of poor Hetty’s nature, and to the last our sensations follow the lead the author takes in his first description of her, and it is rather as for some pet animal tortured and crushed, than as a conscious suffering woman, that our painful pity dwells on the end.

Apart from all delineations of character, apart from all progress in the story, stand passages of wit which charm us by their poetry, or make us smile by their humour. In this last quality Mr. Eliot resembles Hawthorne, the American author, more than any other writer with whom we are acquainted. The sentence describing Mr. Craig the gardener, the ‘man of ‘sober passions,’ who is also one of Hetty’s suitors (though not a very eager one), and who, after an extra glass of grog, had been heard to say of her, that ‘the lass was well enough,’ and that ‘a man might do worse,’ *but on convivial occasions men are apt to express themselves strongly* (vol. ii. p. 56.), has all the scent of the Hawthorne bough.

And so have many others, more especially in his earlier work, the 'Scenes of Clerical Life.' In a certain minute, yet not tedious, habit of description he also resembles Hawthorne; the Clerical meeting at Milby Vicarage,—the description of Knebly Church,—the delightful narrowness of Mrs. Patten's soul,—the account of Miss Pratt,—of large fair mild-eyed Milly and the lithe dark thin-lipped Countess,—the wonderful account of the pauper audience Milly's husband endeavours to enlighten,—all seem written under the same vigorous yet blossomy shade, and to be flowers of the Hawthorne species. Mr. Eliot has been compared to Thackeray; but Thackeray's chief power lies in describing the sort of world we live in, and the author of *Adam Bede* leads us into the world we do *not* live in. Nor are the women of his story otherwise than immeasurably superior to the heroines of Thackeray's stories, who (to the despair of the sex that were 'made to match the men') are uniformly represented by that great writer either as foolish and good, or intelligent and wicked. In Thackeray's hands Hetty would have been the only virtuous woman, by divine right of her inferiority, and Mrs. Poyser's shrewdness would have been turned to the worst account, instead of raising, as at present, 'her price above rubies' in our own private estimate of proverbial philosophy.

Mr. Eliot's descriptions of scenery are perfect: witness his graphic picture of the succession of the seasons ('Scenes of Clerical Life,' vol. i. p. 248.); and so are his descriptions of children. We forbear (from dread of bachelors) to dwell on Totty's ways, or to give more than one Gainsborough representation of 'the sturdy fellow of five, in knee breeches and red legs, who had a rusty milk-can round his neck by way of drum.' We forbear (though with regret) the introduction to our readers of Totty's bald doll, ignominiously 'topsy turvied' by her insulting brother. We forbear the account of the festival and village games in '*Adam Bede*,' worthy the pen of the Author of '*Tom Brown's Schooldays*' and the '*Scouring of the White Horse*.' We forbear any notice of *Adam Bede's* agony, except the marvellous coincidence of description which tallies with Dickens's account of the Jew's trial, when the man wonders who will mend the broken rail of the dock where he stands; proving what small things will occupy the soul in moments of supreme anguish.

'Adam sat looking at the clock: the minute-hand was hurrying along the last five minutes to ten, with a loud hard indifferent tick, and Adam watched the movement and listened to the sound as if he had had some reason for doing so. In our times of bitter suffering,

there are almost always these pauses, when our consciousness is benumbed to everything but some trivial perception or sensation. It is as if semi-idioty came to give us rest from the memory and the dread which refuse to leave us in our sleep.' (Vol. iii. p. 78.)

But we cannot forbear touching lightly on Mr. Eliot's curious theory of inherited looks, as a new page in the science of metaphysics and the study of physiognomy, and a specimen of the extreme delicacy of analysis and observation with which he handles all the mysteries of human character.

'Family likeness has often a deep sadness in it. Nature, that great tragic dramatist, knits us together by bone and muscle, and divides us by the subtler web of our brains; blends yearning and repulsion; and ties us by our heartstrings to the beings that jar us at every movement. We hear a voice with the very cadence of our own uttering the thoughts we despise; we see eyes—ah! so like our mother's—averted from us in cold alienation; and our last darling child startles us with the air and gestures of the sister we parted from in bitterness long years ago. The father to whom we owe our best heritage—the mechanical instinct, the keen sensibility to harmony, the unconscious skill of the modelling hand—galls us, and puts us to shame by his daily errors; the long-lost mother, whose face we begin to see in the glass as our own wrinkles come, once fretted our young souls with her anxious humours and irrational persistence.' (Vol. i. pp. 67, 68.)

'Nature has her language, and she is not unvarnished; but we don't know all the intricacies of her syntax just yet, and in a hasty reading we may happen to extract the very opposite of her real meaning. Long dark eyelashes, now: what can be more exquisite? I find it impossible not to expect some depth of soul behind a deep grey eye with a long dark eyelash, in spite of an experience which has shown me that they may go along with deceit, peculation, and stupidity. But if, in the reaction of disgust, I have betaken myself to a fishy eye, there has been a surprising similarity of result. One begins to suspect at length that there is no direct correlation between eyelashes and morals; or else, that the eyelashes express the disposition of the fair one's grandmother, which is on the whole less important to us.' (Vol. i. pp. 285, 286.)

Nor can we omit, in concluding this notice of a most remarkable book, some notice of the disputes as to its authorship. The newspapers have been full of them. Mr. Anders, Rector of Kirkby, writes early in April of this year to assure the world that 'the Author of Adam Bede is Mr. Liggins of Nuneaton, Warwickshire,' and the characters whom he paints in 'Scenes of Clerical Life' are 'as familiar there as the twin spires of Coventry.'

But just as we have satisfied our minds that this is the true

state of the case, and are feeling greatly obliged to Mr. Anders, a wrathful letter from 'George Eliot' disturbs us; asking (not unreasonably) whether 'the act of publishing a book deprives a man of all claim to the courtesies usual amongst gentlemen?' And adding—

'If not, the attempt to pry into what is obviously meant to be withheld—my name—and to publish the rumours which such prying may give rise to, seems to me quite indefensible, still more so to state these rumours as ascertained truths.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

• 'GEORGE ELIOT.'

Then comes a letter from the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne, insisting on knowing the truth; more especially as some gentleman is 'receiving subscriptions' as the ill-used author of 'Adam Bede.' Finally, the Messrs. Blackwood, turning at last to throw a stone,—like men who have been too long barked at in the street,—declare that,

'Those works are not written by Mr. Liggins, or by any one with a name like Liggins, and if any person is receiving charitable contributions on the ground of being the author of the said works, he is doing so under false pretences.'

Now upon all this we have only to remark, that we cordially agree in the dictum of Mr. George Eliot that 'the attempt to pry into what is obviously meant to be withheld,—his name,—is quite indefensible,' but it is clear that in this case the truth is not yet before the public. The latest suggestion we have received attributes the authorship of 'Adam Bede' to a lady, also a native of that part of Warwickshire with which internal evidence connects the work. However this may be, the publication of another work on which the alleged author is said to be engaged may clear up the mystery. But how ludicrous would it seem if, on seeing some handsome specimen of human nature—some tall graceful man walking harmlessly down St. James's Street, we were to run after him, and suddenly address him with wild compliments on his appearance, and a request to know to what family he belongs, what has been his past history, and what are his future prospects? Yet this is not in fact a whit more absurd than the conduct pursued by a portion of the reading public towards those who excite mingled curiosity and admiration by the production of a popular book. Why is the inner man to be so much less sacred than the outward man? Why is the 'gentle public' to feel hurt at not being immediately gratified with an account of the birth, parentage, and education of a successful author, and yet be con-

tent to go to the grave without knowing whether a gentleman wears a beard because he fought in the Crimea, or because it is his good pleasure not to shave? Why does the authorship of one man immediately confer on hundreds of his fellow-creatures a supposed right to address him without an introduction—to ask him for his autograph and a lock of his hair? Why should a man who has made proof of excellent occupation of his time by sending to press clever printed works, be forthwith and for ever set to write manuscript sentences for any stranger who desires to have ‘one line from his gifted pen?’ Surely this monomania of the public is as illogical as it is provoking.

Authors have published anonymously, and the authorship of works has been disputed, from all time. Moore says, that an elaborate work was written in German ‘to prove that the *Iliad* was not written by that particular Homer the world supposes, but by some other Homer. According to such *Qui tam* critics, Aristotle must be referred to one Ocellus Lucanus, Virgil must make a *cessio bonorum* in favour of Pisander, and the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid must be credited to the account of Parthenius of Nicæa.’ Between twenty and thirty pamphlets and letters were written disputing the authorship of ‘Junius;’ a secret probably all the better kept because the writer, if known, might have had his head broken for the work of his brains. Dr. Swift wrote *Gulliver’s Travels* in retirement at Quilca, confiding the secret only to Dr. Sheridan; a letter appeared after the book was published, from some person who declared he was personally acquainted with the supposed author, Captain Gulliver, but that the said captain ‘lived not at Wapping but at Rotherhithe.’ A book of a similar nature to *Gulliver’s Travels* was published in 1727, as an original work, entirely plagiarised and translated from a French work, entitled ‘*Histoire des Sévérambes*,’ which had been suppressed on account of its deistical principles, and which the plagiarist therefore supposed was unknown. The authorship of ‘*Waverley*’ in the case of Sir Walter Scott, was not avowed till thirteen years after the date of its publication. It was attributed meanwhile to various persons, especially to William Erskine, and to Walter Scott’s own brother, to the last of whom the great author wrote advising him not to deny the imputation, but on the contrary to ‘look knowing when “*Waverley*” is mentioned.’ Scott’s ‘*Bridal of Triermain*’ was at first attributed to Mr. R. P. Gillies, who had published an imitation of Lord Byron’s *Romance*, entitled ‘*Childe Alarique*.’ The Wizard of the North, so far from insisting on his own right, humours the supposition that the poem is by Gillies, and in a letter to Lady Louisa Stuart, dated April

28th, 1813, offers to convey to Mr. Gillies 'her ladyship's very 'just strictures on the introduction to the second canto,' and expresses a belief that Gillies will 'avail himself of her friendly 'hint.' Moore's 'Exile of Erin' has been claimed more than once for an unknown Irish gentleman. Sheridan's 'School 'for Scandal' was gravely affirmed by one of his biographers to be in reality written by a young lady, 'the daughter of a 'merchant in Thames Street,' who, soon after placing her manuscript in the hands of the dramatist, died of a decline, at Bristol Hot Wells. The famous poem beginning, 'Not a drum 'was heard nor a funeral note,' on Sir John Moore's burial, was attributed first to one celebrated poet then to another, and now remains a solitary laurel-leaf on the brow of a very mediocre writer, whose posthumous claim is undisputed. Henry Mackenzie's 'Man of Feeling' was claimed by the Rev. Mr. Eccles, an Irish clergyman, afterwards drowned near Bath in the attempt to save the life of a boy. In the Gentleman's Magazine of September 1777, are some verses on him, with an epitaph, of which the first line runs thus:—

'Beneath this stone the "Man of Feeling" lies.'

Dr. Hugh Blair and his cousin Mr. George Ballantine, when students, wrote a poem called the 'Resurrection,' of which some manuscript copies were circulated. A Dr. Douglas assumed the work as his own, and printed a pompous edition in folio, with a dedication to the Princess of Wales. The Rev. Dr. Campbell of St. Andrews wrote an 'Inquiry into the Origin 'of Moral Virtue,' and sent the MS. to his countryman Mr. Innes, a clergyman in England, who published it with his own name, and obtained considerable promotion on account of it, before the cheat was discovered. When Akenside's 'Pleasures of 'Imagination' first came out, one Richard Rolt went to Dublin and published an edition there, and lived for several months on the fame of it at the best tables. 'His conversation did not 'discover much of the fire of a poet, but it was remembered that 'both Addison and Thomson were equally dull till excited by 'wine.' Akenside having been informed of the imposition, vindicated his rights by publishing the poem with his name. Croker says the story of Rolt has been refuted, but Croker set the same value on a contradiction that other men set on a fact. An endless list of such instances might be given, proving only that while an author has clearly the right to deny his authorship and conceal his name, if such be his pleasure, he must take his chance of intrusive conjecture and stolen laurels.

Under all circumstances the right to remain anonymous is indisputable. Some have exercised that right from pride, some from timidity; some from a belief that it added to the importance of their works; some from sheer love of mystery. And mystery has its charm. If we knew, or at least if we were presently conscious, that a pungent article in last Saturday's journal were only Gruffy's angry attacks on his hateful rival Huffy, instead of an impartial criticism on the conduct of one of our public men, should we read it with the same attention? We deceive ourselves willingly as to the great 'we' of a paper, as children accept for a fact the inextricable concealment of the friend who cries 'bo-peep' from a corner. We do not always like to know that our oracle of Delphi is in reality only the voice of a priest speaking in a tube of metal passed through the body of the statue god. Some years ago an ingenious representation of the destruction of a Swiss village by an avalanche was exhibited at the Diorama in the Regent's Park, the effect of which was greatly increased by a clever vocal imitation of the dreary winter wind whistling through the mountains; but this sound ceasing whilst the exigencies of the scene still demanded its continuance, Theodore Hook, who was present, exclaimed, '*Bless me, Mr. Thompson is tired,*' which set the spectators laughing, nor could they at all resume the awe-struck gravity with which they had previously witnessed the tragic picture. Not that they had doubted the means by which their illusion was heightened, but that the mind readily lends itself to such illusion as an additional charm, and that there was a grotesque contradiction to that state of mind in this sudden prosaic suggestion. With respect to the excellent work which has formed the subject of this notice, we sincerely trust Mr. Thompson is *not* tired; and that whether his name be Liggins or Higgins, or, as Messrs. Blackwood resolutely affirm, some name *not the least like* Liggins; and whether the authorship be concealed from timidity, pure love of mystery, or any other motive, he will continue to speak these pleasant oracles; for we, as readers, have every reason to be grateful to the writer for giving us such a book; and he has every reason to feel proud that the universal question in men's mouths in the pause between topics of war and politics, is—'Have you read "*Adam Bede*"?'

ART. X.—*Four Idylls of the King*. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: 1859.

MR. TENNYSON has returned to that form of poetic composition in which he proved himself, long ago, to be without a modern rival. The first essentials of idyllic character are simplicity of incident and simplicity of manner in the narration. A good idyll is consequently one of the most rare, although it may not be the highest of poems. Dramatic vigour, lyrical passion, complicated and stirring incidents, are capable of making their effect, notwithstanding the presence of many shortcomings and faults in the details of execution. The idyll, however, is nothing if not perfect in expression. Its simplicity becomes mere baldness and vacuity, in the absence of an equable flow of language of unimpeachable truthfulness, beauty, and melody. Now, the particular power by which Mr. Tennyson surpasses all recent English poets is precisely that of sustained perfection of style. Others have equalled or excelled him in other respects, but we look in vain among his modern rivals for any who can compete with him in the power of saying beautifully the thing he has to say; and this, not only in single sentences and passages, but for page after page, and poem after poem, without flagging, and apparently without effort. We must, however, acknowledge our inability to discover by what authority or analogy Mr. Tennyson has applied the term 'idyll' to these fragments or episodes of the great Romaunt of Arthur. The expression, as is well known, was first applied by the artificial writers of the Alexandrian School to their bucolic poetry. The word (*εἶδη, εἰδύλλια*), meant 'little pictures of common life,' and it was the fashion of the day to describe the rural pastimes and sentimental loves of Sicilian shepherds in the polished Doric of Theocritus and Moschus. Mr. Tennyson himself has, in his poem of 'the Brook,' given us a charming example of the class. But, except in the peculiar structure of the blank verse which he affects, it is impossible to trace any resemblance between these legends of British chivalry and the poems which have hitherto been known as Idylls. Far from being pictures of common life, they belong entirely to that faëry land where everything is strange and impossible, and where the imagination disguises every object in fantastic shapes. If human nature approached these revels in its ordinary garb, on the instant the spell would be broken and the illusion vanish. To try them by any other test

would be unjust to Mr. Tennyson himself, but by adopting this fragmentary treatment, he has attempted to solve the difficulty which has hitherto deterred our poets from dealing with one of the most striking of our national subjects. The disproportion and incoherence of the materials among themselves were fatal to their fitness for a single epic; and the critical traditions which, until lately, connected epic character with epic magnitude, have prevented our poets from treating separately what are, in fact, separate, although mutually related, subjects. There were also other difficulties in the way of the modern rendering of the legends of the Round Table. There is scarcely one of them which does not turn upon some outrageous violation of modern manners and morals, and which does not contain innumerable improbabilities and impossibilities in its necessary sequence of events. These impediments Mr. Tennyson has overcome in the only possible way, namely, by accepting them as we accept the extravagances of classical mythology. He has treated the legends as so many fairy tales, concerning the probability and propriety of the details of which it would be absurd to dispute, the total absence of circumstantial verisimilitude constituting the sufficient correction, from an artistic point of view, of their otherwise objectionable representations of humanity. We do not see how the poet could have done otherwise, without destroying the whole costume and individuality of his theme. If we have any objection to make on this score, it is that Mr. Tennyson does not always accept the situation with sufficient boldness, but sometimes palliates, with modern reasons, certain points in a course of conduct, which, in its whole character, belongs to and is only made tolerable by a mythical antiquity, and which is not repulsive to our feelings only because it is inexplicable or incredible to them. In these poems, moral beauty—without which there is no true work of art—is to be found rather in the pervading tone of heroic simplicity and magnanimity, and in the general symbolic tendency, which Mr. Tennyson has succeeded in transferring from the legends to his poems, than in the actual events represented. The principles, passions, and actions of all the characters, good or bad, are alike extravagant and inconceivable; their virtues would be as fatal to any imaginable condition of society as their vices; but we agree to sink the consideration of their motives of action in our enjoyment of the primitive freshness and large-hearted simplicity which pervade these strange and savage tracts like the sweet and wholesome mountain air.

These *Idylls* being thus, as far as regards incident and character, as nearly as possible reproductions of the letter or spirit

of the Arthurian legends, there is little to be said of them, except with reference to the style in which they have been reproduced. In the history of the English language these poems will occupy a remarkable place as examples of vigorous, unaffected, and almost unmixed Saxon, written at a time in which all the ordinary walks of literature are becoming rapidly vulgarised with bastard Latinity. We think we can safely say, that since the definitive formation of the English language, no poetry has been written with so small an admixture of Latin as the '*Idylls of the King*;' and, what will sound still stranger to the ears of those who have been in the habit of regarding the Latin element as essential to the majesty of poetry in our tongue, that no language has surpassed in epic dignity the English of these poems.

A slight notice of each idyl, with extracts, will give our readers a better notion of what these poems are than can be derived from any abstract description of their qualities.

'Enid,' who gives her name to the first of the four stories, is a heroine of the Griselda type, suffering with absolute amiability the outrages of her husband, Prince Geraint, who falls from the one extreme of uxoriousness to the other of a severity only equalled, among modern heroes, by that of Peter Grimes, because one morning as he was asleep, and Enid sat beside the couch, admiring

'The knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone
Running too vehemently to break upon it,'

she began to upbraid herself for not having had the courage to reprove him for his idle and effeminate devotion to herself, to the exclusion of all knightly enterprises, and concluded her lament with the exclamation—

'O me, I fear that I am no true wife!'

These last words, Geraint, 'by great mischance,' overheard, and, without waiting for further proof or explanation,

'Right through his manful breast darted the pang
That makes a man, in the sweet face of her
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.
At this he snatched his great limbs from the bed,
And shook his drowsy squire awake, and cried,
"My charger and her palfry," then to her :
"I will ride forth into the wilderness ;

For though it seems my spurs are yet to win,
 I have not fall'n so low as some would wish.
 And you, put on your worst and meanest dress,
 And ride with me!" And Enid ask'd amaz'd,
 "If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault."
 But he, "I charge you ask not, but obey."
 Then she bethought her of a faded silk,' &c.

Of this silk the poet proceeds to give the history, which is also that of the first acquaintance of Geraint and his wife. One day, when the knight was watching a hunt, in the company of Queen Guinevere, another knight, with a dwarf, came riding by the knoll where they stood. The dwarf refused to disclose the name of his master to a damsel who was sent by the Queen to obtain it, and even struck the fair messenger with his whip, on her persisting in the inquiry. This affront to the Queen, through her servant, Geraint swears to avenge, and he pursues the knight and dwarf until he

'Beheld the long street of a little town
 In a long valley, on one side of which,
 White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose;
 And on one side a castle in decay.'

The knight and dwarf enter the fortress, and Geraint finds a lodging in the decayed castle, which is thus finely painted —

'Then rode Geraint into the castle court,
 His charger trampling many a prickly star
 Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.
 He looked and saw that all was ruinous.
 Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern;
 And here had fallen a great part of a tower,
 Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
 And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:
 And high above a piece of turret stair,
 Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
 Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy stems
 Clasp'd the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
 And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd
 A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.'

Geraint, while yet in the castle court, hears Enid, daughter of Earl Yniol, singing,

'And as the sweet voice of a bird,
 Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
 Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
 That sings so delicately clear, and make
 Conjecture of the plumage and the form;
 So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint.'

The song she sang is one of several which are skilfully incorporated with the blank verse of these poems. It is, perhaps, the best of them.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

'Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.'

Geraint, on being invited to enter, finds —

• 'An ancient dame in dim brocade;
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk.'

Geraint learns from Earl Yniol that he has been despoiled in former times of his wealth by the knight of the white fortress, who annually holds a joust, at which a golden sparrow-hawk is to be fought for by any who will choose to bring his lady, and to maintain by force of arms the superiority of her beauty. 'But you,' he says, 'who have no lady, cannot fight.' Hereupon Geraint begs to be allowed to fight for Enid:

'Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart
Danced in his bosom, seeing better days.
And looking round he saw not Enid there,
(Who, hearing her own name, had slipped away)
• But that old dame, to whom full tenderly
And fondling all her hand in his, he said, —
"Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,
And best by her that bore her understood.
Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest;
Tell her, and prove her heart toward the Prince."
So spake the kindly-hearted Earl, and she
With frequent smile and nod departing, found,
Half disarray'd as to her rest, the girl;
Whom first she kissed on either cheek, and then
On either shining shoulder laid a hand,
And kept her off, and gazed upon her face,
And told her all their converse in the hall,
Proving her heart: but never light and shade

Coursed one another more on open ground
 Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale
 Across the face of Enid hearing her ;
 While slowly falling as a scale that falls,
 When weight is added only grain by grain,
 Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast ;
 Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,
 Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it ;
 So moving without answer to her rest,
 She found no rest, and ever failed to draw
 The quiet night into her blood.'

Accordingly Geraint and Enid appear the next morning at the lists. The master of the sparrow-hawk is overthrown, and is compelled to give up the earldom to Yniol, and to go in person to Arthur's court to beg the Queen's pardon. Even before he is married, Geraint shows what Enid has to expect of him, by submitting her to the humiliation of making her appearance at the court of Guinevere in her 'faded silk,' instead of an appropriate dress, which her mother had provided for the occasion. Enid's fears at having to undergo this ordeal give occasion to the following picturesque passage:—

' She let her fancy flit across the past,
 And roam the goodly places that she knew ;
 And last bethought her how she used to watch,
 Near that old home, a pool of golden carp ;
 And one was patch'd and blurr'd and lustreless
 Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool ;
 And half asleep she made comparison
 Of that and these to her own faded self
 And the gay court, and fell asleep again ;
 And dreamt herself was such a faded form
 Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool ;
 But this was in the garden of a king ;
 And though she lay dark in the pool, she knew
 That all was bright, that all about were birds
 Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work ;
 That all the turf was rich in plots that looked
 Each like a garnet or a turkis in it ;
 And lords and ladies of the high court went
 In silver tissue talking things of state ;
 And children of the king in cloth of gold
 Glanced at the doors or gambol'd down the walks ;
 And while she thought "They will not see me," came
 A stately queen, whose name was Guinevere,
 And all the children in their cloth of gold
 Ran to her, crying, "If we have fish at all
 Let them be gold, and charge the gardeners now

'To pick the faded creature from the pool,
 And cast it on the mixen that it die."
 And therewithal one came and seized on her,
 And Enid started waking, with her heart
 All overshadow'd by the foolish dream,
 And lo! it was her mother grasping her
 To get her well awake; and in her hand
 A suit of bright apparel.'

The suit of 'faded silk' patiently submitted to, the twain return to the court. The queen makes friends with Enid, and the poet endeavours to shape a shadow of 'excuse for his hero's ready suspicions of his wife, on the plea that she might be supposed to have suffered from the society of Guinevere, whose reputation was not perfect. We are now again at the point at which the poem opened.

Geraint bids his wife not to ride at his side, but a good way on before him, and charges her, whatever happens, not to speak a word to him. This, the poet says, was,

'Perhaps because he loved her passionately,
 And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,
 Which, if he spake at all, would break perforce
 Upon a head so dear in thunder.'

We should prefer, however, to interpret Geraint's conduct for ourselves, and must altogether reject the above plea, when we find, as we do, that, by riding 'ever a good way on before,' Enid falls in with all the dangers of the wilderness the first. The knight's proceedings are, we suppose, in keeping with the vagaries of the primitive chivalry, but they neither require nor admit of the excuses and explanations which might be applicable to the eccentricities of modern passion.

After riding some hours through the wilderness, Enid breaks her lord's command,—

"My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock
 Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast
 That they would slay you, and possess your horse,
 And armour, and your damsel should be theirs."
 He made a wrathful answer: "Did I wish
 Your silence or your warning?"

Geraint, of course, slays the three hostile knights, and three afterwards, each time upbraiding his wife for the warning, without which he and she would have been lost, and each time taking the three horses and making Enid drive them on before her.

'The pain she had
 To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,
 Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,
 Together, served a little to disedge
 The sharpness of that pain about her heart.'

After certain other adventures of minor note, they come by chance into the territory and town belonging to Limours, an old suitor of Enid, who, finding her and Geraint in his power, and apparently not on the best terms with each other, plans an assault upon Geraint, from which his wife again saves him, by breaking his command to observe silence. They depart from the town and are pursued by Limours and an armed band, against whom Geraint tries his always invincible, and therefore somewhat uninteresting, prowess, with the effect which is described in the following exquisitely worded passage:—

'But at the flash and motion of the man
 They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal
 Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
 Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
 Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
 But if a man who stands upon the brink
 But lift a shining hand against the sun,
 There is not left the twinkle of a fin
 Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower.'

Geraint finds himself wounded in this conflict, and, after riding awhile, drops from his horse, and while Enid is tending him by the way side, Doorm, the 'bandit-earl,' comes by, with a hundred followers, and, seeing that Enid is fair, commissions some of his men to remove her and the seeming dead man to his castle, where, after the lapse of several hours, Geraint revives from his swoon, and finds 'his own dear bride'

'Propping his head
 And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him;
 And felt the warm tears falling on his face;
 And said to his own heart, "She weeps for me:"
 And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,
 That he might prove her to the uttermost,
 And say to his own heart, "She weeps for me."'

He continues this somewhat ungenerous dissimulation until Earl Doorm enters with his riotous followers, and his and their 'gentlewomen.' Doorm offers to marry Enid, supposing that Geraint lies dead.

'He spoke; the brawny spearman let his cheek
 Bulge with the unswallow'd piece, and turning stared;

While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn
Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf
And makes it earth, hiss'd at each other's ears.'

Doorm, not catching her reply, but taking it for granted that it was satisfactory, bids her eat, but she refuses, declaring she will neither eat nor drink until her 'dear lord arise.' The earl is further irritated by her positive refusal to put on a fine gown instead of her faded silk, and, to cure her obstinacy, 'however lightly, smote her on the cheek.'

'Then Enid, in her utter helplessness, •
And since she thought, "he had not dared to do it,
Except he surely knew my lord was dead,"
Sent forth a sudden, sharp, and bitter cry
As of a wild thing taken in a trap,
Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood.'

Geraint's manhood is sufficiently near the modern type to make it impossible that he should stand this, so he jumps up and strikes off Doorm's head at a blow, and the others, under the fortunate delusion that he is the dead man's ghost, all run away, and leave him and Enid to make it up. He apologises for his behaviour, and very truly says:—'Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man.'

' "You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,
I heard you say that you were no true wife:
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:
I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will—henceforward rather die than doubt."
And Enid could not say one tender word,
She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart.
. . . . Then Geraint upon the horse
Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot
She set her own and climbed; he turn'd his face,
And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms
About him, and at once they rode away.
And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived through her, who in that perilous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart.'

The human interest and moral significance of the incidents of this poem, which is nearly two thousand lines long, are considerably below the average of the legends to which those incidents belong, and greatly below the interest and significance of the stories of the other poems in this volume. When we come to put the narrative into vulgar prose, we are struck with

increased admiration for the power of a writer who renders such dull improbabilities into language of such lofty and picturesque vigour, that not only we can read, but we read delighted.

'Vivien' has a much finer and more properly idyllic foundation. The range of incident in 'Enid' is almost epic in its extent, but 'Vivien' turns upon the single event of the destruction of Merlin by the Lady of the Lake, — perhaps the most famous and significant of all the Arthurian legends.

'A storm was coming, but the winds were still,
And in the wild woods of Broceliande,
Before an oak so hollow, huge and old
It look'd a tower of ruin'd masonwork,
At Merlin's feet the wileful Vivien lay.'

Vivien, having failed to obtain any satisfaction of her vanity from 'the blameless king,' and finding the court unpleasant to her, for

'She hated all the knights, and heard in thought,
Their scornful laughter when her name was named,'

determines to try her wiles upon 'him, the most famous man of all those times,'

'Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
Had built the king his havens, ships, and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;
Men call'd him Wizard.'

Merlin tells Vivien that he possesses a charm 'of woven paces' and of waving hands,' by which he, or any one knowing certain words, can obtain entire power 'upon the life, and use, and name, and fame,' of another.

'There lived a king in the most Eastern East,
Less old than I, yet older, for my blood
Hath earnest in it of the springs to be.
A tawny pirate anchor'd in his port,
Whose bark had plunder'd twenty nameless isles;
And passing one, at the high peep of dawn,
He saw two cities in a thousand boats
All fighting for a woman on the sea.
And pushing his black craft among them all,
He lightly scatter'd theirs and brought her off,
With loss of half his people arrow-slain;
A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
They said a light came from her when she moved:
And since the pirate would not yield her up,
The king impaled him for his piracy;
Then made her queen: but those isle-nurtur'd eyes

Made such unwilling though successful war
 On all the youth, they sicken'd; councils thinn'd,
 And armies waned, for magnet-like she drew
 The rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts;
 And beasts themselves would worship; camels knelt
 Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back
 That carry kings in castles, bow'd black knees
 Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,
 To make her smile, her golden ankle-bells.
 What wonder, being jealous, that he sent
 To find a wizard who might teach the king
 Some charm, which being wrought upon the queen,
 Might keep her all his own.'

At last they found 'a little, glassy-headed, hairless man,' who
 taught the king to charm the queen

'In such wise that no man could see her, more,
 Nor saw she save the king, who wrought the charm,
 Coming and going, and she lay as dead,
 And lost all use of life.'

The bulk of the poem is taken up with the gradual seduction of Merlin by Vivien, whose persistence and subtle wiles at last overcome the wisdom of the Wizard. He is long proof against her persuasions, and pays no regard to her imprecations of heaven's wrath against herself, should she ever use the charm to his damage. But, in the midst of these imprecations,

'Out of heaven a bolt
 (For now the storm was close above them) struck,
 Furrowing a giant oak and javelining
 With darted spikes and splinters of the wood
 The dark earth round.'

Vivien flies into Merlin's arms for protection, and does not forget her purpose in her fright.

'Overhead
 Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten branch
 Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain
 Above them; and in change of glare and gloom
 Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;
 'Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
 Moaning and calling out of other lands,
 Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
 To peace; and what should not have been had been,
 For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,
 Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.
 Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
 Of woven paces and of waving hands,
 *And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
 And lost to life and use, and name and fame.'

In the third idyll we find ourselves again somewhat too far removed from the region of human interests and probabilities. 'Elaine,' like 'Enid,' is a long story, told in language which is uniformly pure and dignified, and often magnificent, and which of itself amply rewards the reading. But the love of Elaine for Lancelot is too much mixed up with the marvellous and improbable in incident to be effective as a human passion, — not to say that it takes the least attractive form of love in woman, namely, that in which she becomes the suitor. Not all the skill and delicacy of Mr. Tennyson's language, nor all the 'extenuating circumstances' brought to bear, are sufficient to render this inversion of right order altogether pleasing. We quote the following passage from the poem as, at once, an illustration of the freedom assumed by the poet in the treatment of his subjects, and of the power by which that freedom is justified : —

'For Arthur when none knew from whence he came,
 Long ere the people chose him for their king,
 Roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse,
 Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.
 A horror lived about the tarn, and clave
 Like its own mists to all the mountain side :
 For here two brothers, one a king, had met
 And fought together ; but their names were lost ;
 And each had slain his brother at a blow,
 And down they fell, and made the glen abhorred :
 And there they lay till all their bones were bleached,
 And lichen'd into colour with the crags :
 And one of these, the king, had on a crown
 Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside.
 And Arthur came, and labouring up the pass
 All in the misty moonshine, unawares
 Had trodden that crown'd skeleton, and the skull
 Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown
 Roll'd into light, and turning on its rims
 Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn ;
 And down the shingly scaur he plunged, and caught,
 And set it on his head, and in his heart
 Heard murmurs, "Lo ! thou likewise shalt be king."

Many of our readers will be surprised when we inform them that there is not the slightest foundation for the above incident in any of the Arthurian romances ; and that the poet has, in all cases, allowed himself unbounded liberty in the invention, suppression, or modification of incident, limiting himself only to the conditions of unity of tone, and the traditional characters of the personages introduced. Those who know most of the

strange and conflicting chaos of Arthurian tradition, having studied it not only in Sir Thomas Malory's famous epitome, but also in its various developments in Welsh, French, and German literature, will be most ready to excuse the poet-laureate for assuming the freedom which seems to have been taken by all the early romancers themselves in dealing with the heroes of the Round Table.

The story of 'Elaine,' denuded of the noble language in which it has been clothed by Mr. Tennyson, would scarcely interest our readers. We must confine ourselves to an extract or two. Here is a touch of sea-scenery which has never been surpassed.

'They couch'd their spears and prick'd their spears, and thus,
Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind they made
In moving, all together down upon him
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,
And him that helms it.'

Elaine tends Lancelot in his sickness, and knows not of his love for Guinevere.

'Had he seen her first,
She might have made this and that other world
Another world for the sick man; but now
The shackles of an old love straighten'd him,
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made
Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.
These, as but born of sickness, could not live:
For when the blood ran lustier in him again,
Full often the sweet image of one face,
Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,
Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.
Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace
Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he answer'd not,
Or short and coldly, and she knew right well
What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant
She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd her sight.

She murmur'd "Vain, in vain: it cannot be.
He will not love me: how then? must I die?"
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,
'That has but one plain passage of few notes
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er

For all an April morning, till the ear
 Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
 Went hulf the night repeating, "Must I die?"

The last of the four idylls, and certainly the finest, describes the disgrace and repentance of Queen Guinevere, and the destruction of the fellowship of the Round Table, through her guilt. We are disposed to look upon this short poem—it is not seven hundred lines—as the highest as well as the last of the poet's efforts. It is perfect in form, which is more than can be said of the longer idylls, and the interest is, from beginning to end, simple, intelligible, human, and lofty. The circumstances of this poem are the commencing repentance of the queen; the confirmation of her resolutions, by the disgrace of the first public proof of her guilt; her flight to a convent; and her interview with Arthur on his way to his last battle-field. Sir Mordred, who discovers and betrays the queen on the occasion of her last farewell with Lancelot, is thus shown to us, as he

'Climb'd to the high top of the garden-wall
 To spy some secret scandal if he might,
 And saw the queen who sat between her best
 Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court
 The wildest and the worst; and more than this
 He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by
 Spied where he couch'd, and as the gardener's hand
 Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,
 So from the high wall and the flowering grove
 Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the heel,
 And cast him as a worm upon the way;—
 But when he knew the prince, tho' marred with dust,
 He, reverencing king's blood in a bad man,
 Made such excuses as he might, and these
 Full knightly without scorn
 But, over after, the small violence done
 Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,
 As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long
 A little bitter pool about a stone
 On the bare coast.'

The awakenings of remorse in Guinevere are thus beautifully described:

'Henceforward, too, the Powers that tend the soul
 To help it from the death that cannot die,
 And save it even in extremes, began
 To vex and plague her. Many a time for hours,
 Beside the placid breathings of the king,
 In the dead night grim faces came and went

Before her, or a vague spiritual fear—
 Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors
 Heard by the watcher in a haunted house
 That keeps the rust of murder on the walls—
 Held her awake : or, if she slept, she dream'd
 An awful dream ; for then she seem'd to stand
 On some vast plain before a setting sun,
 And from the sun there swiftly made at her
 A ghastly something, and its shadow flew
 Before it, till it touched her, and she turn'd—
 When lo ! her own, that broadening from her feet,
 And blackening, swallow'd all the land, and in it,
 Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke.'

She tells Lancelot they must never meet but once again to say farewell. It is at this farewell that Mordred surprises them, and brings the long increasing rumours of the queen's infidelity to public proof. Lancelot and she fly from the court in company, and it is for some time supposed that he has taken her to his castle, where he is besieged by the king, until the latter learns that Guinevere is in the convent at Almesbury. Here she is compelled to listen to the abuse which is heaped upon her name by the nuns, who are not aware that they are speaking to herself. When the king comes :—

'Prone from off her seat she fell,
 And grovell'd with her face against the floor :
 There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
 She made her face a darkness from the king :
 And in the darkness heard his armed feet .
 Pause by her.'

He relates to her the glorious work which she has overthrown ; how he had founded a society to be an example to the world :—

'“I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
 . To reverence the king as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
 To ride abroad redeeming human wrongs,
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble deeds,
 Until they won her ; for indeed I knew
 Of no more subtle master under heaven ,
 Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
 Not only to keep down the base in man,
 But teach high thought, and amiable words
 And courtliness, and the desire of fame,

And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
 And all this throve until I wedded thee!
 Believing, "lo! my helpmate, one to feel
 My purpose and rejoicing in my joy."
 Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;
 Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
 Then others, following these my mightiest knights,
 And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
 Sinn'd also.
 Lo! I forgive thee, as eternal God
 Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
 But how to take last leave of all I loved?
 O golden hair with which I used to play
 Not knowing!
 Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
 Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
 And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
 Hereafter in that world where all are pure
 We too may meet before high God, and thou
 Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
 I am thine husband — not a smaller soul,
 Nor Lancelot, nor another."

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
 Rose the pale queen, and in her anguish found
 The casement: "Peradventure," so she thought
 "If I might see his face, and not be seen."
 And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
 And near him the sad nuns with each a light
 Stood, and he gave them charge about the queen,
 To guard and foster her for evermore.
 And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
 To which for crest the golden dragon clung
 Of Britain; so she did not see his face,
 Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
 Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
 The dragon of the great Pendragonship
 Blaze, making all the night a stream of fire.'

Such poetry as this requires no comment, and the specimens we have been enabled to give in these pages will satisfy our readers that the volume from which they are taken constitutes an accession of no small importance to the classical literature of England, and will be read with admiration wherever the language of England is spoken. It has been, indeed, our object on the present occasion rather to set forth the first fruits of these poems in their freshness and their beauty, than to attempt a critical examination of them. On their excellences and on

their defects much remains to be said. The remarkable and noble peculiarity of the language, of which we have already spoken, introduces a certain monotony and Doric bareness into the style; but although the beauty of the verse, considered as blank verse in the abstract, suffers from the monosyllabic character of the Saxon phraseology, it cannot be denied that this effect is in keeping with the quality of the subject. Mr. Tennyson has acquired the art of saying things, not in themselves either natural or dignified, in the most natural and dignified language. The simplicity to which he has attained, especially in this his latest and most careful work, is the quintessence of elaborate refinement. He altogether wants the playful ease of Ariosto and the luxuriant grace of Spenser, who have treated before him the immortal legends of chivalrous fable. His poetic genius is concentrated rather than diffuse, and so strongly characterised by extreme nicety of language and subtlety of thought, that we are sometimes amazed at the popularity he has attained. But his great powers, exercised as they always are with a true knowledge of his art, have not been able to give a strong personal interest to his subject, or to turn the knights and ladies of King Arthur's court into living men and women. They belong to faëry land, and the more indistinct their forms remain, the more we are disposed to accept them as the mythology of early Britain. It would be a waste of time to dissect these incoherent *fabliaux* or tales which owe their charm to the visionary radiance that lingers upon them, rather than to their individual beauty and truth. Of the legends themselves, Mr. Tennyson has not given us the best stories first. Sir Thomas Malory's collection contains many finer than that of 'Enid' for example, and far more suitable for modern poetic treatment. To these also it is probable that he has already directed his attention. The poet himself appears to have felt that it is not within the grasp of our time to achieve that great national epic of King Arthur, which once excited the youthful ambition of Milton; but the measured grace of his verse, reflecting here and there the emotions and sympathies of a later age, will recommend this poem to thousands of readers, whom the early legends of Britain might fail to charm.

ART. XI.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, delivered in the House of Commons, 1st April, 1859.*

2. *Correspondence relating to the Affairs of Italy.* Presented to Parliament by Command, June, 1859.

THE fall of Lord Derby's Administration can have taken no one by surprise, and can hardly be a matter of regret to any; certainly not to the country and not even, we suspect, to Lord Derby himself, or to the more influential members of the party which for the present he leads. For the second time he has tried the experiment of building on a quicksand — on a foundation so shifting and unstable as to have made the ruin of his fabric certain, even although the wind should never blow, or the rain beat upon it. The successful assault of his political antagonists, in a Parliament chosen by himself, as far as he had the power to choose, has only prevented the spontaneous dislocation and dissolution which was about to bring his Government to a still more ignoble and inglorious end; and the result of fifteen months of Conservative rule has simply been to weaken still more the confidence of the country in public men, to undermine those foundations of political honour on which alone our free institutions rest, and to replace in power the former rulers of the country to carry on its affairs under additional difficulties, with smaller majorities and with new complications.

It were hard indeed to say for what conceivable stake, or for what possible benefit, the nation has been exposed to the great misfortune of these results. After a contest with its inevitable destiny, of no great length, but one protracted too long for the interests of the country or the dignity of Government, Lord Derby's Administration fell before a direct vote of 'want of confidence' passed by the House of Commons. Although the majority was small, the sentiment it expressed was probably nearly as universal in Parliament and in the country as any opinion on public affairs could well be. No doubt other men and other measures were distrusted also. There was distrust of Liberal leaders and distrust of Liberal followers, distrust of great reforms and of little reforms, distrust of those who were too far advanced and of those who would rather not advance at all. But these were only the elements which interrupted what would otherwise have been unanimity in the House of Commons had all fairly spoken out their real opinions. It never

occurred to any one to place confidence, in Lord Derby's Government. The sentiment did not even find refuge on the Treasury Bench; for the Ministers plainly had no confidence in themselves.

In the course of the concluding debate, no ground was suggested even by the Government themselves why any one should confide in them. The fire of personality and invective, which was smartly kept up for four nights, faintly masked, under its noise and smoke, the consciousness of a hopeless position. They were without a policy, without principles, without opinions, without even intentions. For the hour, to catch a straggling vote, they were content to be accused of, or suspected of, or given credit for, whatever political inclinations might suit the turn of the debate. If a Liberal of Conservative tendencies suggested that Mr. Bright was democratic and dangerous, the Government benches cheered. If Mr. Bright suggested that Lord Palmerston was no reformer, they cheered again. If an ultra-Liberal, in a state of advancement far beyond Manchester, expressed his belief that Lord Derby's continuance in power was the certain way to bring about his cherished schemes, they cheered more loudly and more vociferously than ever. As Conservative as Mr. Bentinck, as Radical as Mr. Roebuck, Protestant enough for Mr. Spooner, Ultramontanist enough for Mr. Bowyer, they furnished, in the erratic evolutions of that last engagement, the best of all reasons, had reasons been wanting, why the Commons of England should put no faith in them.

Never, indeed, has the high and proud position of the Ministers of this great country, which has so long been, and we trust will long continue to be, the fire which kindles the ambition of the ablest and the noblest in the land, been so recklessly or so indecorously disparaged. If, indeed, as they were careful on all occasions to insinuate, the unwelcome gift of office had been thrust upon them,—if, by reason of dissension and division, the Liberal Government had fallen to pieces, and loyal~~ly~~ commanded them to rally round their Sovereign in order that the head of the Executive might not be left without counsellors,—the country would have abated something of its contempt. But we all know it was not so, although the pretence was quite consistent with the tenor of the Government it was used to maintain. Lord Palmerston's administration was in all respects a vigorous and powerful one. It commanded a larger majority in the House of Commons than we shall probably ever see again at the back of a Minister. For the first time for many years the Minister was master of his own measures and the country was

daily reaping the benefit of having power in the hands of those who could act without compromise, and maintain their ground without weak compliances. In fair fight, and on any party division, the Opposition had not a chance. The crisis which upset Lord Palmerston was created by the Conservatives themselves. They not only took the opportunity which offered, but they deliberately lay in wait for it. The differences which arose in the Liberal ranks on the Conspiracy Bill were of a nature which amongst honest men must frequently arise, even when party ties are the strongest. It was a fair matter for difference of opinion, whether the Conspiracy Bill should have been introduced or not. It was a question on which the most sincere advocates of Liberal principles might fairly differ, and had Lord Palmerston not believed that, in a great crisis of public affairs, he might trust the assurances of his political antagonists, they probably never would have had the opportunity of undeceiving him. But the public has been too much allowed to forget the circumstances under which the Conspiracy Bill was introduced; and we recur to that topic for a moment in order to illustrate the accuracy and the justice of Lord Derby, when he would represent his parliamentary difficulties as the result of Liberal dissensions, or of the inanition of a Liberal Government.

The Conspiracy Bill was, in a sense, Lord Derby's own. If it was not so in a larger and more exact acceptation than the public were aware of, he at least in his place in Parliament strenuously and pressingly advised it. In the speech which he delivered on the state of public affairs in the opening of the Session, he suggested the measure, he urged it, he recommended it to the Government as if he somewhat mistrusted the vigour or the courage of those to whom he appealed. He said on the 4th February, 1858 :—

‘I do not presume to express any opinion as to the specific measures which may be introduced with the view of striking somewhat more of terror into the minds of the persons by whom such crimes are contemplated, and for the purpose of making manifest to the sensitive people of France the sincerity of our expression of good will in their regard; but I may nevertheless give utterance to the hope that Her Majesty's Ministers may be able to see their way to the framing of some law which may prove effectual for the suppression of those attempts at assassination, while it does not infringe upon the vital principles of the Constitution. To the enactment of such a measure as that, Parliament would, I feel assured, be prepared to give a cheerful assent. Now, my Lords, I thought it expedient, as a member of this House wholly unconnected with the Government—Her Majesty's Ministers not having deemed it to be their duty to offer any expression of opinion upon the subject—to seize this, the first opportunity

which presents itself, to advert to the late atrocious attempt upon the life of the Emperor of the French, and to state the views with respect to it which I entertain. I feel a deep interest in the continuance of the life of that monarch, and I attach the utmost importance to the maintenance of a good understanding, not only between the sovereigns of England and France, but between the people of the two countries. It is, in my opinion, of the greatest moment to France that her present ruler should long remain at the head of her government—a government of which I will say nothing more than that I believe it to be that which, at the present moment, is best suited to the feelings, the habits, and the opinions of the French nation. These being my sentiments, I deemed it desirable that I should do all that in me lay to remove any misapprehension or misconception with respect to England from the minds of the people of that country. I am also anxious to learn from Her Majesty's Government how far they concur with me in the general principles which I have just laid down.'

Now these observations were made at a time when the substance of the communications between France and England were thoroughly notorious. Lord Derby indicated no dissatisfaction with the French Emperor and none with his Ministers. The celebrated addresses of the French colonels had, at that time, appeared in the 'Moniteur'; yet they did not in the slightest degree moderate the language of respect which Lord Derby used towards the Emperor, or the intensity of his desire that the measure he suggested should be introduced.

This appeal was made in a crisis of great difficulty, and surrounded by great complications. The French alliance, so important to our interests, trembled in the balance. The embarrassments of Lord Palmerston's position were obvious and palpable. In these circumstances, his political rival steps forward, with apparent patriotism and generosity, to give him counsel and to tender him support. The head of a great party—one always obedient to orders and to discipline—he gave, by the course which he adopted, the most deliberate and solemn pledge, that in following out the suggestions which he so earnestly made, Lord Palmerston should receive from him and his followers an honourable support.

All this sounded high-minded and disinterested. It was met in the spirit in which it had been supposed to have been proffered, and Lord Granville, while thinking that Lord Derby exaggerated the insufficiency of the law as it stood, and underrated the Constitutional difficulty, closed with the proposal, and undertook that the Bill should be introduced. Nor was Lord Derby slow in the first instance to fulfil the implied pledge which he had given. On the second day's debate on the introduction of the Bill, Lord Derby's friends left it no longer

doubtful what course they were prepared to take. It may instruct as well as amuse our readers, recollecting what the whirligig of time so speedily brought about, to refer, in the pages of Hansard, to the speech of the then Irish Attorney-General, and shortly to be Irish Lord Chancellor, Napier. 'He believed,' he said, 'the measure to be a wise and judicious Amendment of the existing law, and he believed the occasion to be a suitable one for carrying that measure into effect.' Not only did the law require amendment, but 'the amendment now proposed was one which he himself would have made in 1856, for in that year he made a note to that effect in a copy of a Bill sent for his consideration. Under these circumstances, he should give his cordial, his unhesitating, and his hearty support to the proposal then before the House.'

It was not to be expected that the Hibernian frankness of Mr. Napier should have been copied by a mind so little similar as that of Mr. Disraeli. He made a speech, however, which, although full of cautious and astute evasion of direct expression of opinion, is clear and specific on one point, and one point only. And that point is the despatch of Count Walewski.

'Sir, I am not here to defend or to palliate any of those circumstances which have been so severely, but so justly, animadverted upon in the course of the debate. I do not think that the despatch of Count Walewski, though it has found a defender in an honourable friend of mine, is written with that tact, good temper, and good sense which generally characterise his lucubrations.' I am bound to admit that I think that despatch is an unfortunate despatch. I go further than that. I do not deny for a moment that the observations of the French colonels are extremely impertinent; and I think that the introduction of these observations into the pages of the authentic and authoritative journal of the French empire was an act of signal indiscretion. But, after the despatch which has been read by the right honourable gentleman the Secretary of State for the Home Department this evening, I am not inclined to dwell so much as I otherwise should have done on those errors. We all know in private life that, however excited our feelings may be when a misunderstanding arises, and however warm may be our language, the moment a gentleman says that he regrets the offensive expressions he has used, all is immediately forgotten; amity is restored; and if the apology is tendered with a good grace, and not in a churlish manner, the feeling that succeeds is very often one of greater amiability than that which preceded the misunderstanding. Now I must say that I think that expression of regret on the part of the Emperor of the French is frank, and full, and satisfactory; and I do not think that it becomes us, after we have been aware of it, to remember with too much severity those incidents to which I have referred.'

He proceeded to illustrate the moderation and good temper

which we were bound to use, under irritation and provocation, towards our French Allies, by recalling the good sense and forbearance shown by the French Emperor, when attacks were made upon him by public men in this country; and so the debate passed off,—ninety-nine Liberals voted against its introduction, and the whole Conservative opposition were to be found in the majority.

Such being the course of proceedings up to this time, an ordinary leader, unacquainted with the tone and temper which of late years has prevailed in high political places, would not credit what the plot of this political drama eventually turned out to be. He would not believe what is, although incredible, yet the truth, that when this Bill, so suggested, so introduced, and so supported, came up for a second reading, and a motion was made, and an amendment was moved, founded on the very considerations with which Mr. Disraeli so contemptuously dealt,—when the Conservatives had come down to the House in the full belief that they were honourably to redeem the pledge which their leader had given,—tempted by a momentary chink in the armour of their political adversary,—the word suddenly went forth to join the opponents of the Bill, and that Mr. Walpole, the last man in the House to choose for such a service, should have hurled his javelin through the crevice, on the suggestion, as we believe, of Lord Derby himself.

Such is the history of the Conservative advent to power. The magnanimity of their antagonists, and the delicate topics involved in that crisis, have relieved them of part of the weight of opinion which they justly ought to bear, but told from the records of the period, it forms as discreditable an instance of party manœuvres as any our history discloses.

The position, then, in which the late Government was placed was not one into which they were forced by circumstances or called by honour. It was one for which they struggled, manœuvred, and intrigued. They gained it by the breach of as solemn a Parliamentary contract as one great leader could make with another; nor is it the least of the offences which they have committed against the system of Parliamentary Government, that the exigency they pleaded at every turn, was the result of a stratagem which bordered thus narrowly on the confines even of party licence. The nation, therefore, has a good right to know with what prospect it was that they chose this winding road to office, or rather, what reason they have now to urge, when the citadel has been recaptured, why they should not be dealt with according to the

rules of war, as those who throw away human life in defending a fortress which they know is incapable of defence.

The experiment has been as dangerous and injurious to the country,—as lowering to the dignity of the Executive,—as fatal to the reputation of its chief promoters, as could have been anticipated. It was all the worse that it was the second performance of a bad play which the public had years before condemned. But in 1852, Lord Derby had some colour and truth in the apology, which, on this occasion with no colour and no truth, his adherents have so constantly reiterated. The Liberal Government of 1852, unlike that of 1858, was weak and divided. It had a year before collapsed on Mr. Locke King's Bill, and on that occasion Lord Derby declined to take office. The disagreement between the Premier and Lord Palmerston had brought on another attack of chronic debility, which proved fatal, and there was some show of reason in the demand which Lord Derby made on taking office for forbearance and a fair trial. But unfortunately the fairness they expected, was all on one side. In opposition they had been Protectionists, supporters of the Navigation Laws, opponents of Sir Robert Peel and all his policy. From the moment they took office their sole desire seemed to be to induce the public to forget, as if they could be forgotten, all their former professions and principles, and from that time forward there has been no Conservative party.

The course adopted by Lord Derby in 1852 was the inauguration of a new system of political tactics, which has been very fatal to the Tory party in this country, and which we hope has received its death-blow in the overthrow of the late Government. The Tory party is, and always must be, one of great power and influence in the State. It has within it great ability, great wealth, great territorial possessions. It holds its traditional opinions with all the tenacity peculiar to the character of Englishmen; and if at times its adherence to old ways and beaten tracks is unreasoning and instinctive, no one can doubt that the weight and influence of a body that moves so slowly, and submits to change so cautiously, are not the least important elements in the stability and permanence of our institutions. In any probable fluctuation of the franchise,—under any imaginable alteration in the mere machinery of political power—this great party must have a powerful voice in the councils of the nation. The principles of the Constitution which they represent—their attachment to the oligarchic and monarchical, and their jealousy of the democratic element, are not mere opinions of the day or hour, but the dogmas of a great

political school, of which it cannot be affirmed that they are either absolutely true or absolutely false, but which admit of varied application to the varying circumstances of the times. No one expects that the Conservatives of the present day are, for the sake of consistency, to maintain the precise sentiments, and propose and support, or oppose and resist, the same measures, as their predecessors of the Tory school did in 1801, or 1821, or 1831, or 1841. The world has grown too old for that, as it has for a persecuting Whig of 1688. No power and no political party can repeal the Reform Bill or re-animate Protection, and the public are content that the opponents of the one, and the supporters of the other, should acquiesce in the verdict which experience has pronounced against them. But as the party is still strong and powerful, it must have some opinions and some principles. The passing of the Reform Bill in 1831 has not cured it of its jealousy of democracy,—the triumph of Free Trade has not lessened its attachment to the agricultural interests,—the Catholic Relief Bill has not, in point of fact, reconciled* it to Roman Catholic influence—the general bent of its opinions, the general tendency of its political creed, remains, and must remain, the same. And on these principles the country must be governed if the Tory party are to govern it.

Many people think that this is dealing out hard measure to our political antagonists. It will be said that there was so large an infusion of the democratic element introduced in 1831, that it is impossible at the present day to carry on the Government of the country in strict accordance with old Tory views. Whether this be a calamity or not, if it be true, is a matter on which people may differ. But the view is by no means so well founded as many persons suppose. There is a constant ebb and flow, a flux and reflux, of political opinion in this country. The more victorious and triumphant a party becomes, the surer is the reaction which is in store for it. The Whig majority of 1831 began to decay from the moment of its culmination. By 1835 it had become nearly invisible, in 1841 it vanished altogether, and in that year a majority of upwards of ninety in the House of Commons declared that they had no confidence in the men who passed the Reform Bill. Thus it by no means follows that a dignified and honourable adherence to political principles necessarily operates as a crystal bar to the paradise of office, in the case of the Conservatives, even if that result were sufficient to excuse the abandonment of their ancient creed.

It is not to be denied that political consistency received a great shock from Sir Robert Peel. But it must be said for

him, on both the great occasions on which he made his memorable changes, that he changed because he was convinced. He altered his opinions at the same time that he altered his policy. He changed for great public ends, and on clear, distinct, and intelligible grounds, and on the last occasion, in 1845, he was ready to consummate his change of opinion by the abandonment of office. Still the example has been a most pernicious one, and even without the caricature of it which has been presented by two Derby Governments, goes far to detract from the otherwise well-earned reputation of that distinguished man.

But the Derby Government of 1852 was the first administration in this country which reduced inconsistency to a system, and want of principle to a principle. When Sir Robert Peel announced his change of opinion on the Catholic Disabilities, he expressed with eloquence and emotion not, we believe, affected, the wrench and effort which it cost his self-love to make the avowal of his conversion. But no such pangs of wounded self-complacency afflicted the Derby Government of 1852. No 'sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride' tortured their breasts. They flung Protection aside with as much indifference as if it had not pointed the darts, and kindled the thunderbolts, of debate, in the fiercest and most acrimonious political struggle of the century. Fortunately their tenure was short, but in that short time they had founded that new political school which has for its elementary principle, that any change of opinion or action is excusable or laudable, the object of which is to keep a Conservative Government in power.

The Conservative party in Parliament went back to the Opposition benches in December 1852, having fought their hopeless battle with some gladiatorial skill, but having shaken most rudely the foundations on which their political influence with the country depended. They went into opposition shorn of every political principle which could form a distinctive rallying cry to their friends. Everything which was old they had abandoned. They had adopted nothing which was new. Sir Robert Peel changed his opinions on great emergencies and for tangible objects. But the Derby recantations of 1852 were wholesale, with no definite end and no apparent limit. They left the public to understand not only that they had changed some opinions, but that there were no opinions which they were not prepared to change; and thus the only fruit of their short lease of office was utterly to annihilate the confidence of their supporters in the country, and to inflict discredit on, and to inspire distrust in, the character and reputation of public men.

'Six years in opposition do not appear to have brought with

them any of the salutary lessons of experience. When, as we have already described, they succeeded in upsetting the administration of Lord Palmerston, it was plain that they had again commenced their ministerial career with the resolution to be bound by no professions, to adhere to no opinions, and to be encumbered with no scruples, which might endanger the power they had so equivocally attained. It is needless for us to resume the history which must be so vivid in the recollection of our readers—how they implored Lord John Russell to protect them against Lord Palmerston—how they invoked and flattered Mr. Bright, when they wished his protection against Lord John—the disasters and disgraces of the India Bill—the humiliation of the Oaths Bill—the studious chicanery of the measure of Reform which they propounded, and the reckless and inexcusable Dissolution which followed its rejection. The moral which we wish to draw from this rapid recapitulation is a very plain and obvious one, and it is this: that each time the Conservative party attempts to form an administration based on the abnegation of political principle and disbelief in political virtue, the result will uniformly be that which has twice overtaken them,—inglorious and unlamented defeat. When we have a Conservative Minister who is bold enough to be consistent, we may then, and not till then, see a Conservative Government powerful, permanent, and respected. No measures and no principles can atone to this country for any lowering of the standard of political morality among her political chiefs and rulers; and the great body of the Conservatives will do well never again to become the degraded supporters of that political system which we hope finally expired when the late Ministry resigned.

The period which has elapsed since Lord Palmerston's Government came to an end has not been ill-spent, we think, by the great body of the Liberal party. The system of party government within the Liberal ranks had of late years been somewhat disorganised, from causes which are obvious enough, but which it is not necessary for us to enter upon at present. The differences which sprung up in the Liberal camp were readily seized on by their antagonists, to weaken and distract them. But this system was carried too far and pursued too long. When it was found that the late Ministers were suppliant only in the day of danger, and insolent after it had passed,—that they stigmatised as factious to-day the man whom they had extolled as patriotic when they stood in need of his support yesterday,—when all sections became convinced that nothing solid was to be expected or hoped for from that

quarter, they began, by a natural and truthful instinct, to think more gently of each other. They began to reflect that their differences related more to the men than to the measures—that they had the same sympathy for the public objects they pursued, and after all were not so much at variance as to the mode in which they wished to pursue them.

On looking back, however, to the course of events since the great political controversy on the subject of Free Trade, a lesson may be learned from the occurrences which have taken place in the interval, which the more sanguine members of the Liberal party would do well to ponder on. It is from that quarter generally that discontent has proceeded—consisting, as that section of the party does, chiefly of men attached to politics as a science, who reason and who profess to act according to philosophic rules, these men are always less tolerant of the cold delays and hesitating steps of the more deliberate of their friends. Finding their most cherished and ardent aspirations somewhat checked, they become impatient and distrustful, and begin to doubt the sincerity of those who seem so little disposed to keep pace with them. Now, reflecting upon the history of parties since 1846, it may not be without its use to call to mind the numerous projects which have, each in its turn, been the standard of advanced Liberals, and remark what their fate has been when brought to the great test of public discussion. First came Financial Reform, then came Disarmament, then came Administrative Reform, but all these things as a standard or criterion of party are already forgotten. For the time during which each of them lasted, any one who did not make one of the retinue was held to be a laggard in the Liberal race, yet they have gone to dust, and their own promoters have forsaken them. The reason is quite obvious. They embodied sound principles in an exaggerated form, and presented them to the public in a shape which offended the sober opinion of the country. We therefore hope, on the reconstruction of a Liberal Administration, that the main body of the Liberal party will once more recollect that there is much work to do, and great interests to protect; that something, at all events, may be accomplished by union, while the result of dissension has been an absolute blank,—that in quiet times, when trade flourishes and work is plenty, we may not look for the political excitement which bursts in thunder and clears the atmosphere,—that it is better to go one mile with the man who will go with us, than to waste a summer's eve in persuading him to go two,—and that mutual forbearance and rational concession are the first and most essential gifts of statesmanship, without which union and strength are impossible, and the ~~of~~ of the highest genius may be lost to the nation.

While we write these concluding lines, we hear with great regret that Mr. Cobden has declined to join the Administration. We should like to have seen the results which would have arisen from the application of Mr. Cobden's clear and lucid powers of thought, his great industry, and aptitude for debate in the hitherto untried capacity of a Minister. We believe he is thoroughly well fitted to have served the public in that character with distinction and success. We should greatly have wished that the public had had in his person and from his great popular influence the assurance that the Liberal party were entirely united in the great objects they pursue, and in the general policy by which they hope to obtain them. The reasons which have affected his determination we are not in a position to appreciate. But when the leaders of the Whig party and Ministers called to the formation of a Cabinet are charged, as they often are, with a too exclusive regard for their own immediate friends and connexions, it should be borne in mind that the fault does not altogether rest with themselves; and that nothing has been found less easy than to obtain, in administration and the actual responsibility of government, the personal co-operation of those who have risen to political distinction by popular agitation.

From these considerations on the general aspect of parties with reference to the national administration of the country, we now briefly turn to that which is of more intense and universal interest—the progress of hostilities abroad, and our own relations with the belligerent and neutral Powers, which have been brought prominently before the public by the publication of Lord Malmesbury's Italian correspondence.

Three months have barely elapsed since we had occasion in this place to note the premonitory signs and thick gathering in the heavens of that storm which has since broken upon the south of Europe, and brought about changes in the relations of the Continental Powers far more momentous than the changes which have occurred in the internal government of this Empire. When last we had occasion to direct the attention of our readers to these subjects, peace was still unbroken—negotiations were still on foot—the hopes and fears of Europe were still held in suspense by a Congress which was not to meet—and the only tangible ground on which the question could then be argued was that of the existing public law of Europe. To treat those solemn engagements, which were the sole bulwarks of peace, as if they had been already abrogated by the casuistry or ambition of this or that Court, was to admit that right had

already quailed before force, and that the state of Italy was a state of war, to be determined only by the arbitrement of the sword. That was not the actual condition of public affairs when we endeavoured to confute the audacious misrepresentations and expose the covert designs of the authors of the celebrated pamphlet which will be remembered as the precursor of the present sanguinary contest. Unhappily the anticipations we then entertained have been but too speedily and completely realised. No one who traces with candour and discernment the course of events, can doubt that the present hostilities had long been resolved upon, and that they became inevitable from the position assumed by Sardinia as soon as she felt herself assured of the support of France. With that incredible want of diplomatic skill and political foresight which has characterised Austria throughout these transactions, the Court of Vienna contrived to put itself at the last moment in the wrong — to give the war a more popular character in France — and to alienate much of the sympathy it might otherwise have retained in Northern Germany and in England. But the fact is not the less certain that under any circumstances Italy had been made ripe for war or revolution — that peace and order could not long be maintained there without a display of force not to be tolerated by the rest of Europe — and that the impulse to war given by the powerful arm of France was already irresistible.

From the moment that the Austrian army made its fatal and abortive advance to the right bank of the Ticino—from the moment that French troops had crossed the Alps and landed in Genoa,—the whole political structure of Italy was changed. Henceforth it would be mere pedantry to argue on the existence of rights and treaties, designed to perpetuate as long as possible a state of peace, but utterly incapable of opposing the slightest resistance to an armed enemy. At once the vice and the weakness of that political and strategical system of Austria in Italy, which we denounced in April last as ‘in the highest degree impolitic,’ became apparent. The defensive and offensive engagements by which the Court of Vienna had bound itself to afford the protection of its armies to the States of Central Italy against a foreign assailant, proved to be a dead letter. The revolution, which, as has been shown by Mr. Scarlett’s correspondence, had been actively prepared by the Sardinian diplomatic agents and by the secret societies, broke out in Tuscany and Parma; and those States passed rapidly from the hands of the national party to a French military occupation. Far from being able to afford any additional strength to the military position of the Austrians in Italy, these engagements would have led

to the immediate destruction of their scattered forces, if the Court of Vienna had attempted to give effect to them. Nothing of the kind could be done in presence of real danger. The only safety of Austria lay in concentration, and this undoubted truth was at length acknowledged by her generals, though not before they had wasted their strength and lost a part of their military prestige in a vain effort to do the reverse of all that sound strategical principles recommended. Hence it was clear that the extended system of influence and occupation, which she had attempted to justify on military grounds, was her bane; the treaties with Central Italy had exasperated the Italian people and alienated the rest of Europe, without the slightest advantage to Austria herself, in the emergency in which she at last stood. To such a length, indeed, was this movement of retreat carried, that, after the battle of Magenta, which might have been considered an undecided action but for its vast political and territorial results, even Piacenza was abandoned. The stores of war relinquished by the sudden evacuation of fortresses and positions which were supposed to be capable of a long defence far exceeded in value the supplies which had been levied and exacted in the North of Piedmont; but, from the moment the Ticino was crossed by the Emperor of the French, no attempt was made by the Austrians to retain the line of the Po, or to make any stand whatever till they reached the Mincio; — a fact which may be of importance in future negotiations, because it demonstrates with absolute certainty that the whole strength of the Austrian position in Italy rests on the lines drawn from the Lago di Garda to the Adriatic.

Throughout this short campaign the Austrians appear singularly to have overrated their own strength, and to have underrated the difficulties of their position. One of their ablest commanders, General Urban, failed even to arrest the daring and gallant march of Garibaldi, at the head of a band of volunteers, across the spurs of the Italian Alps; and on every occasion, in the field, they have shown a marked inferiority to their French and Sardinian antagonists, in every quality except the personal bravery of the officers and men, which has been worthy of a better fate. Yet it was generally believed in Europe that Austria had carried to a very high degree of perfection her military system. No one denied the splendid appearance of her troops: no one doubted their gallantry in the field. The conclusion to which we are led by the disastrous result of their efforts is inevitable — the system of the army had not kept pace with the improvements of the age. Some German writers have of late commented with severity on the want

of fortified places and great military establishments in Great Britain; but however defenceless we may be supposed to be by continental critics, we are upon the whole not so accessible to invasion as those provinces of Northern Italy on which all the resources of the military skill of Austria had been expended. The rapid successes of the French army afford, however, ample subject of reflection to this and all other countries.

But the causes of the defeat which Austria has sustained lie deeper still. They must be attributed mainly to the errors of policy of all kinds which have been committed by the young Emperor and his Ministers since the termination of the great convulsion of 1848. The attempt to extinguish the provincial independence of the several portions of the empire, and to establish a centralised system hitherto unknown in Hungary, Bohemia, and the other provinces, has produced local discontent and general weakness. The intolerant spirit of the clergy, inflamed by the absurd and impolitic concessions made by the Concordat to the Court of Rome, has called forth a strong reaction at home, and the greatest illwill in other parts of Germany, as we anticipated when we examined at length that ill-judged measure in these pages.* The halting policy of Austria in the Crimean war exposed her to all the resentment of Russia, without having earned the confidence or gratitude of the Western Powers. It is hard to explain the continual financial embarrassments of a State ruling over territories so fertile and a population so industrious, except on the supposition that sound principles of political economy are very imperfectly applied or understood. It matters comparatively little whether the Austrian Empire retains a province or two beyond the Alps, more or less. States flourish much less from the extent of their outlying dominions than by the skilful administration of whatever they possess. But if Austria is to retain her rank as one of the great military and political bodies of Europe, it is absolutely indispensable that her Emperor should call far abler ministers to his counsels, far abler generals to his armies, and far abler statesmen to his missions abroad. The reverses he has sustained are not due to any want of heroism in his army, but to the want of wisdom, conduct, and foresight in the management of public affairs. The Imperial Government has shown itself altogether deficient in those qualities which are sometimes urged in defence of absolutism; namely, strength, promptitude, unity of action, and plenitude

* See 'Edinburgh Review', vol. ciii. p. 452., for a full examination of the Concordat, and at p. 497. its effect on the nation at large.

of resources. Populations of undoubted loyalty have been driven to the verge of disaffection; troops of unquestionable bravery have been led to defeat: it is uncertain how long the Empire can support the drain of so great a contest without a total bankruptcy. Such are the results of the policy of the present reign. Well would it be for the future condition of Austria, if the present crisis should teach the Sovereign to rely more freely on national institutions and on popular sympathies throughout his dominions.

There are those—though they are not, we think, the most numerous or intelligent party in this country—who have witnessed the progress of the French armies with satisfaction, arising mainly from the conviction that the Austrians will be driven out of Italy, and that Italy is consequently free. If we could adopt this conclusion without reserve, we too might share this satisfaction; but the present aspect of affairs presents a far greater amount of uncertainty. Assuming the Austrians to be driven to the fortresses which cover their last line of defence south of the Alps, at the present moment Northern and Central Italy are in the hands of a powerful and victorious French army—the government of the several States is provisionally entrusted to Sardinian commissioners—nothing can be more magnanimous and disinterested than the proclamations of the belligerents, but we are wholly incapable of determining what reliance can be placed upon them. Meanwhile the policy of this country on the Italian question is perfectly clear and unambiguous; and if Lord John Russell has the good fortune and ability to make the voice of a neutral and pacific Power heard above the clash of arms, it will be to the effect that we sincerely desire to see Italy liberated alike from the control of both her powerful neighbours, and that our satisfaction at the result will be proportioned to the amount of genuine freedom and independence which the Italians have the wisdom and happiness to obtain. The task which devolved upon Lord John Russell when he assumed the administration of the Foreign Department is unquestionably one in which success would do honour to the most exalted genius and the most consummate statesmanship. He aspires, without departing from that position of absolute neutrality which Her Majesty's Ministers have, in common with the whole country, unanimously and cordially adopted, to set limits to the ravages of enormous armies and to bring back the swollen torrent of invasion within the boundaries of policy and law. He may seek, consistently with the principles of his whole life, to extend the advantages of constitutional government from Piedmont to the whole peninsula; and to unite within the political or

municipal assemblies of Italy elements which no other form of government has ever brought into permanent union. For if we may hazard a prognostication of these auspicious results, though regenerated Italy may owe her independence to France, she will find the elements of freedom in her own soil. But we confess that the time appears to us yet remote when these results can be considered to be secure ; and the state of Italy is still far too agitated for us to hazard any predictions, or even to entertain any confident hopes, of the political form it may ultimately assume. Happy would it be for Europe, as well as for Italy, if it were possible to devote the energy and sagacity of our statesmen to these noble objects, and to use the strength of the great military and naval Powers solely for the purpose of averting that armed interference which has too often disposed of the rights of nations, and set at nought the obligations of public law.

But at the present moment, it must be acknowledged that perplexities of far greater gravity intervene to postpone that re-settlement of Europe to which we ardently aspire. Men have scarcely yet begun to estimate at their true value the blessings of peace which have been thus wantonly thrown aside, or to feel the horror and misery which war, breaking out in the heart of Europe and amidst the luxuriant bloom of modern civilisation, cannot fail to inflict on myriads of men. The treaties of 1815 had no doubt great defects. They pressed heavily on the conquered, and they took not sufficient consideration for the subject races of the Continent. But as we have had occasion to remark in another part of this Number, they were dictated by that imperious desire of peace which prevailed at the time over every other motive. For twenty years Europe had been deluged with blood. The short intervals of actual war had been spent in wringing fresh armies from the exhausted population, until the very soil wanted hands to till it ; or in groaning under foreign oppression. All public law was at an end, for no bounds could be set to the bad faith and rapacity of him who was then master of the vast resources of France. Repeated experience had shown that nothing but a universal combination of all the nations of Europe could terminate this intolerable state of things. The effort was made : it succeeded. And the motive which preponderated over every other at the Congress of Vienna, was to make that peace which had been so dearly bought, a permanent one. As far as anything human can be permanent, the end was attained. Upwards of forty years elapsed before the compact was seriously broken. But if we are indeed doomed to witness the subversion of the principles and laws which have

during that period preserved mankind from numerous and dreadful calamities, we trust that we may also witness the restoration of peace on conditions equally durable and more favourable to the liberty of Europe. But the realisation of these sanguine hopes depends mainly on the moderation of the French army and the liberalism of the French Emperor.

The barrier which the treaties of 1815 were intended to raise against the military and aggressive power of France has broken down, as might be expected, on the point where it was weakest. Italy in 1814 had refused to join the allies against Napoleon: she was conquered by them; and though some of the former governments were restored with the acclamations of the people, a portion of the nation continued to cherish the recollection of their former connexion with Imperial France, and this sentiment was kept alive by the extreme impolicy of the Court of Vienna. Yet, as we remember to have heard Manin say—himself by far the ablest and noblest of modern Italian patriots—the very defects of the Austrians, which render them so odious to the people of Italy, served powerfully to stimulate and revive the national energy of that people: had Italy remained in the hands of the French, it was the opinion of Manin, that although their rule would have been far less irksome, and in many respects more welcome to the Italians, for that very reason it would have tended to emasculate them, and to render them more than ever incapable of self-government. There are at the present time amongst the educated Italians in different parts of the Peninsula greater indications of union and mutual confidence than they have ever manifested. To borrow the expression of an acute observer, who writes from the spot, political virtues appear to have been *lent* to them in this crisis which they never showed before; and we heartily trust that success and experience may make these virtues their own. These are the signs of that national energy on which alone the future existence of the country can depend: but on the other hand, in some places, as in Tuscany, it would seem that the short-lived success of the revolutionary movement would not have saved the State from positive anarchy, if it had not been for the arrival of a French *corps d'armée*—the provisional government was powerless, the treasury was emptied, and the troops disbanded: and a little further on, in the States of the Pope, where reforms are most urgently needed, the forces of France are still supporting the authority of the Pope against the manifestations of popular enthusiasm called forth by the success of the French arms, whilst the Papal Government seems, by the ferocious attack of its Swiss mercenaries on Perugia,

to have filled up the measure of its crimes. It is impossible to give the French Government credit for sincerity as long as it upholds and protects with one hand the most odious form of that oppression and misgovernment which it professes to assail with the other. A more anomalous state of things can hardly be conceived, or one less likely speedily and easily to subside into a temperate, united, and peaceful community, enjoying independence and freedom under the ægis of a constitutional monarchy. At the same time we do not share the apprehension which is repeatedly expressed by Lord Malmesbury in his Italian despatches, that this convulsion will throw Italy into the hands of the republicans. The policy of M. de Cavour and the emperor Louis Napoleon has been to outbid the republicans at their own game; and as long as success attends their efforts, it is obvious that the republican movement is entirely paralyzed. In Lombardy the movement has unquestionably been headed by the great patrician houses of that province, and conducted by the educated classes in the great towns. In Tuscany, Parma, and Modena it assumed a more revolutionary character, only because the reigning sovereigns were identified by treaty with the House of Austria, and refused, with a consistency which will probably cost them their thrones, to turn their arms against the main stem of their race. Even in the Romagna, and especially at Bologna, the municipal spirit and the influence of the middle classes may suffice to carry on the government, when the pressure of sacerdotal domination is cast off. On all these points we believe the republican party to be at present powerless, though it may, and probably will, revive, when the pressing common danger of foreign occupation has ceased.

The future state of Italy, however interesting it may be to the imagination and the sympathies of the rest of Europe, is not one of those questions which necessarily involve a general perturbation. As in the Spanish, so in the Italian, peninsula, it is possible to conceive the occurrence of a long series of contests, revolutions, and even foreign interventions, without embroiling the rest of the world. Much is already gained by the proof afforded by the events of the last few weeks, that as long as a war is confined to the struggle between France and Austria for ascendancy in Italy, it is no essential part or duty of this country, or of Russia, or even of Germany, to take an active part in it. But to the indirect results of such a war, and to its ulterior consequences, every neutral Power, and especially the neutral Powers of Germany, must constantly look. Germany is excited to a degree which has not been wit-

nessed since the great struggle of 1813-14; but it is absurd to suppose that the passions which have compelled even the Court of Berlin to call its reserves to arms are excited by an insane desire to crush the freedom of Italy, or to keep an Austrian Archduke in the vice-regal palace of Milan. These are things on which the mass of the German people have no very strong feeling or real interest. But though the expulsion of the Austrian forces from Lombardy is comparatively of small importance to them, the more remote consequences of these reverses are incalculable. They see, for the first time for forty-four years, the martial power of France arrayed against the Imperial armies of their chief confederate: they perceive that France has, almost without an effort, sent forth an army which, by the rapidity of its movements, the novelty and precision of its arms, the extreme perfection of its administrative system, has hitherto prevailed over all the troops opposed to it, though those troops were considered, but a month ago, equal to any which Germany can send into the field. If the military power of Austria be seriously impaired by this campaign, a large deduction must be made from the collective forces of the Confederation, of which she is one of the principal members. Assuming, as it is assumed by the whole of Germany, and by no inconsiderable number of Frenchmen, that the ulterior aim of the Emperor Napoleon III., and the probable consequence of the breach already made in the settlement of 1815, may eventually be an attack on the left bank of the Rhine, and an attempt to recover the territory wrested from France by the Peace of Paris, it is evident that no wiser course could be pursued than that which France has now adopted. Peace has been broken, but the first attack has been palliated by a specious regard for the independence of Italy. The neutrality of the other great Powers has been obtained; but the rapid and brilliant progress of the French armies has once more placed that Power at the head of the great military Empires of Europe. It would, however, be premature to pronounce an unqualified opinion on the military character of this campaign, until the real incidents are more accurately known than they are at present, and even in Paris they have called forth a considerable amount of criticism. Never, we believe, has greater courage been shown in the field than by the troops on both sides: both armies have fought with the feeling that they had the fame of their fathers to maintain and their own fame to create. But we can perceive nothing at present deserving the name of a new and brilliant strategical combination. At Magenta the Austrians allowed what might have been a victory to slip out of their hands for want of con-

centration and enterprise; and although the great battle of Solferino may be said to rival the battle of the Borodino in the magnitude of the forces engaged and the destruction of human life, it may also be compared to that celebrated action in its results. A decided superiority must fairly be conceded to the allied armies; yet not so decided but that the forces of the enemy, more skilfully handled, might have turned the fate of the campaign.

Were it otherwise, and were the Austrians utterly defeated in their last Italian strongholds, and driven back to the territory of the Germanic confederation on the southern slopes of the Tyrolese Alps, the end would be attained of crushing one half of the forces of the Germanic States, before they have been able to procure the support of the other half. The triumphant result of the campaign of 1859 would then be to convince the French that Germany only holds her position on the left bank of the Rhine at their pleasure; and that there is no single Power on the Continent of Europe able to resist the military superiority of France. These considerations have not been much adverted to in England, but they are in the mouth of every German. They say that the military balance of power, which can alone keep France and Russia in check, and preserve the independence of collective Germany, is absolutely lost if the Germans allow their armies to be overthrown and consumed in successive campaigns, instead of meeting their most formidable antagonist at the outset of his military career. The declared neutrality of England, and the determination of this country to maintain amicable relations with the belligerents on either side, has tended rather to strengthen than to diminish this feeling in Germany; for it is evident to the German people that England can no longer be relied on by them as a permanent check on the ambition or military power of France, and that they must look to themselves alone to defend their position in Europe.

At the moment at which we are writing, the question therefore seems to have reached this point,—Is it practicable to bring the belligerents to treat on any terms consistent with their respective positions, interests, and engagements, and so to terminate this sanguinary conflict? If peace cannot now be made by the influence of the neutral Powers, is it possible to avoid the extension of hostilities to other parts of Europe? Without hesitation, we answer, that it is the interest of Austria to treat, at the earliest possible moment, on the basis of the military and territorial position she still occupies; that is, to surrender the whole of Lombardy and all the outlying portions of her Italian dominions, provided she can retain a strong defensive line of fron-

tier from the southern extremity of the Lago di Garda to the Adriatic. The consequence of a prolongation of the war must be that she will stake everything she possesses south of the Alps on a contest which has, as yet, proved singularly unfavourable to her arms; and that she will shortly have to encounter a novel mode of attack in the form of a powerful naval armament directed against Venice and the coast of Friuli. Should the Venetian territory be conquered, the Austrian forces can only fall back on the provinces belonging to the Germanic Confederation, whilst the whole line of the Tyrolese Alps would be turned by the allied armies.

But will the Emperor of the French content himself with the success he has already obtained? Can he stop the campaign before he has gathered all its fruits? No man can answer these questions: but it would be politic and it would be magnanimous to do so. The results obtainable for himself and for France by such a display of moderation would probably far exceed the advantages which can result to them from a more protracted contest. His victories have not been won without enormous sacrifices, especially in the ranks of his choicest troops; and the conduct of a great army, in its relations with the allied forces, and with its own generals, is not unaccompanied with perils and difficulties even when the Commander in Chief is invested with unlimited power. Above all he has it in his power to give a triumphant answer to those who have questioned the policy of this war, and the sincerity of his promises to Italy, by the early termination of the war and the performance of those promises. That is a result in which the whole world would cordially acquiesce. It was well said by Lord John Russell in the City, that the fate of the world depends to a great extent on the moderation of one of the belligerents and on the wisdom of the other; and the young Emperor of Austria will commit another fatal mistake, if he allows pride and passion to overrule the considerations which the positive interests of his empire and the recommendations of other Powers clearly suggest. If the present campaign were terminated by some decisive and irresistible victory of the French army, the blows which have been already struck on one of the first Powers of Germany, the passions which have been revived, and the military superiority which the French have again asserted, must leave behind them consequences extremely menacing to the peace of Europe.

The foregoing paragraphs were already written, when, on the eve of publication, the intelligence reaches us that an armistice has been agreed upon between the two Emperors, and that the terms of this armistice are now under consideration. This is the

first and the most important step to the realisation of the hopes we had just ventured to express. It is an admission on both sides, that too much blood has been already shed, and that results favourable to the future peace of Europe, and to the future condition of Italy, may now be obtained by direct negotiation. It terminates the second act of this great drama—God grant it may be the last!—by setting limits to the calamities of war, by obviating the attacks of the French maritime forces on the Adriatic coast, and perhaps by obtaining from Austria a renunciation of the provinces she has clearly been unable to defend. Were it otherwise, in all human probability the time is past when the war can be kept within its present limits. The scene of operations has reached a point at which the interests of other countries are far more deeply affected; and in the present position of affairs, we stand in the alternative of a prompt and final cessation of hostilities between Austria and France, or of an indefinite extension of the contest, should it unhappily be renewed and prolonged.

We see, however, no reason to suppose that these events, uncertain and menacing as they are, must necessarily or speedily alter the position assumed by this country. We are endeavouring to practise the lesson we have learned by long and costly experience, that the wars of Continental States for territorial possessions are not matters which call for the intervention of Great Britain, and that it is more consistent with the true dignity and interests of this country to abstain altogether from contests and discussions in which she has no direct objects whatever to gain. Our past history satisfies us that we have only been repaid with the basest ingratitude by those we have formerly sought to liberate and to befriend; and that the wiser policy is to witness with comparative indifference changes in the forms of government and territorial possessions of foreign countries, with which it is not our business to interfere. Far from aspiring to exercise any preponderating influence on the Continental States, we chiefly regret that the channel which separate us from them is not somewhat broader than it really is, and our insular position more complete. On the sea, and wherever our maritime interests are concerned, we must be prepared to defend them with the utmost vigour: but elsewhere the power of England will not be the less considered in the world, when it is known that we propose to reserve it for those emergencies in which the public engagements or the national interests of the British people command it to intervene.

THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1859.

NO. CCXXIV.

ART. I. — 1. *The Senses and the Intellect.* By ALEXANDER BAIN, A.M. London: 1855.

2. *The Emotions and the Will.* By ALEXANDER BAIN, A.M., Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London. London: 1859.

THE sceptre of Psychology has decidedly returned to this island. The scientific study of mind, which for two generations, in many other respects distinguished for intellectual activity, had, while brilliantly cultivated elsewhere, been neglected by our countrymen, is now nowhere prosecuted with so much vigour and success as in Great Britain. Nor are the achievements of our thinkers in this obstinately-contested portion of the field of thought, merely one-sided and sectarian triumphs. The two conflicting schools, or modes of thought, which have divided metaphysicians from the very beginning of speculation — the *à posteriori* and *à priori* schools, or, as they are popularly rather than accurately designated, the Aristotelian and the Platonic — are both flourishing in this country; and we venture to affirm that the best extant examples of both have been produced within a recent period by Englishmen, or (it should, perhaps, rather be said) by Scotchmen.

Of these two varieties of psychological speculation, the *à posteriori* mode, or that which resolves the whole contents of the mind into experience, is the one which belongs most emphatically to Great Britain, as might be expected from the country which

gave birth to Bacon. The foundation of the *à posteriori* psychology was laid by Hobbes (to be followed by the masterly developments of Locke and Hartley), at the very time when Descartes, on the other side of the Channel, was creating the rival philosophical system; for the French, who are so often ill-naturedly charged with having invented nothing, at least invented German philosophy. But after having initiated this mode of metaphysical investigation, they left it to the systematic German thinkers to be followed up, themselves descending to the rank of disciples and commentators, first on Locke, and more recently on Kant and Schelling. In England, the philosophy of Locke reigned supreme, until a Scotchman, Hume, while making some capital improvements in its theory, carried out one line of its apparent consequences to the extreme which always provokes a reaction; and of this reaction, another Scotchman, Reid, was the originator, and, with his eminent pupil, Stewart, also a Scotchman, introduced as much of the *à priori* philosophy as could in any way be made reconcilable with Baconian principles. These were succeeded by Dr. Thomas Brown (still a Scotchman), who drew largely and not unskilfully from both sources, though, for want of a patience and perseverance on a level with his great powers, he failed to effect a synthesis, and only produced an eclecticism. Meanwhile, the more elaborate form of the *à priori* philosophy which the whole speculative energy of Germany had been employed in building up, and which the French had expounded with all the lucidity which it admitted of, was in time studied also among us; and, according to what now seems to be the opinion of the most competent judges, this philosophy has found in a Scotchman, Sir William Hamilton, its best and profoundest representative. But the great European philosophical reaction was to have its counter-reaction, which has now reached a great height in Germany itself, and is taking place here also; and of this, too, in our island, the principal organs have been Scotchmen. Mr. James Mill, in his 'Analysis of the Human Mind,' followed up the deepest vein of the Lockian philosophy, that which was opened by Hartley, to still greater depths: and now, in the work at the head of this article (we say work, not works, for the second volume, though bearing a different title, is in every sense a continuation of the first), a new aspirant to philosophical eminence, Mr. Alexander Bain, has stepped beyond all his predecessors, and has produced an exposition of the mind, of the school of Locke and Hartley, equally remarkable in what it has successfully done, and in what it has wisely refrained from—an exposition which deserves to take rank as the foremost of its class, and as marking the

most advanced point which the *à posteriori* psychology has reached.*

We have no intention to profess ourselves partisans of either of these schools of philosophy. Both have done great things for mankind. No one whose studies have not extended to both, can be considered in any way competent to deal with the great questions of philosophy in their present state. And though one of the two must be fundamentally the superior, there can be no doubt that, whichever this is, it has been greatly benefited by the searching criticisms which it has sustained from the other. But as the Lockian, or *à posteriori*, psychology has for some time been under a cloud throughout Europe, from which it is now decidedly emerging, and giving signs that it is likely soon again to have its turn of ascendancy, there may be use in making some observations on the general pretensions of this philosophy, its method, and the evidence on which it relies, and in helping to make generally known a work which is the most careful, the most complete, and the most genuinely scientific analytical exposition of the human mind which the *à posteriori* psychology has up to this time produced.

In these remarks no complete comparison between the two modes of philosophizing is to be looked for. Psychology, with which we are here concerned, is but the first stage in this great controversy—the arena of the initial conflict. The account which the two schools respectively render of the human mind is the foundation of their doctrines; but the crowning peculiarity of each resides in the superstructure. That the constitution of the mind is the key to the constitution of external nature—that the laws of the human intellect have a necessary correspondence with the objective laws of the universe, such that these may be inferred from those—is the grand doctrine which the one school affirms and the other denies; and the difference between this doctrine and its negation, is the great

* To these writers may be added another, of kindred merit, Mr. Herbert Spencer; of whose able and various writings, his 'Principles of Psychology' is one of the ablest. Though the dissertation prefixed to that work is the very essence of the *à priori* philosophy, the work itself is wholly of the opposite school: but Mr. Spencer, though possessing great analytic power, is a less sober thinker than Mr. Bain, and, in the more original portion of his speculations, is likely to obtain a much less unqualified adhesion from the best minds trained in the same general mode of thought. We have therefore chosen Mr. Bain's work rather than Mr. Spencer's as the subject of this article, though the latter deserves, and would well repay, a complete critical examination.

practical distinction between the two philosophies. But this question is beyond the compass of psychology. The *à priori* philosophers, when they inculcate this doctrine, do so not as psychologists, but as ontologists; and some distinguished thinkers, who, so far as psychology is concerned, belong essentially to the *à priori* school, have not thought it necessary to enter, except, to a very limited extent, on the ground of ontology. Among these may be counted Reid and Stewart, as well as other more recent names of eminence. Indeed, the grand pretension of the *à priori* school in its extreme development, that of arriving at a knowledge of the Absolute, has received its most elaborate and crushing refutation from two philosophers of that same school—Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Ferrier: the *à posteriori* metaphysicians having in general thought that the essential relativity of our knowledge could dispense with direct proof, and might be left to rest on the general evidence of their analysis of the mental phenomena. Yet the philosophers whom we have named are not the less, up to a certain point, ontologists. They all hold, that some knowledge, more or less, of objective existences and their laws, is attainable by man, and that it is obtained by way of inference from the constitution of the human mind. Reid, for example, is decidedly of opinion that Matter—not the set of phenomena so called, but the actual Thing, of which these are effects and manifestations—is cognizable by us as a reality in the universe; and that extension, solidity, and other fundamental attributes of visible and tangible Nature, known to us by experience, are really and unequivocally qualities inherent in this actual thing; the evidence of which doctrine is, that we have, ineradicable from our minds, conceptions or perceptions of these various objects of thought, of which conceptions or perceptions the existence is inexplicable, save from the reality of the things which they represent. Thus far Reid: who is therefore in principle as much an ontologist as Hegel, though he does not lay claim to as minute a knowledge of the constitution of ‘Things in themselves.’ On the legitimacy of this mode of reasoning, the other school is at issue with them. The possibility of ontology is one of the points in dispute between the two. It is one into which we do not here enter.

On the ground of simple psychology, the distinction between the two philosophies consists in the different theories they give of the more complex phenomena of the human mind. When we call the one philosophy *à priori*, the other *à posteriori*, or of experience, the terms must not be misunderstood. It is not meant that experience belongs only to one, and is appealed to

as evidence by one and not by the other. Both depend on experience for their materials. Both require as the basis of their systems, that the actual facts of the human mind should be ascertained by observation. It is true they differ to some extent in their notion of facts; the *à priori* philosophers cataloguing some things as facts, which the others contend are inferences. The fundamental difference relates, however, not to the facts themselves, but to their origin. Speaking briefly and loosely, we may say that the one theory considers the more complex phenomena of the mind to be products of experience, the other believes them to be original. In more precise language, the *à priori* thinkers hold, that in every act of thought, down to the most elementary, there is an ingredient which is not given to the mind, but contributed by the mind in virtue of its inherent powers. The simplest phenomenon of all, an external sensation, requires, according to them, a mental element to become a perception, and be thus converted from a passive and merely fugitive state of our own being, into the recognition of a durable object external to the mind. The notions of Extension, Solidity, Number, Magnitude, Force, though it is through our senses that we acquire them, are not copies of any impressions on our senses, but creations of the mind's own laws set in action by our sensations; and the properties of these ideal creations are not proved by experience, but deduced *à priori* from the ideas themselves, constituting the demonstrative sciences of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, statics, and dynamics. Experience, instead of being the source and prototype of our ideas, is itself a product of the mind's own forces working on the impressions we receive from without, and has always a mental as well as an external element. Experience is only rendered possible by those mental laws which it is vainly invoked to explain and account for. *A fortiori* do all our ideas of supersensual things, and all our moral and spiritual judgments and perceptions, proceed from our inherent mental constitution. Experience is the occasion, not the prototype, of our mental ideas, and is neither the source nor the evidence of our knowledge, but its test; for as what we call experience is the outward manifestation of laws which are not to be found in experience, but which may be known *à priori*, and as the effects cannot be in contradiction to the cause, it is a necessary condition of our knowledge that experience shall not conflict with it.

We are now touching the real point of separation between the *à priori* and the *à posteriori* psychologists. These last also for the most part acknowledge the existence of a mental element

in our ideas. They admit that the notions of Extension, Solidity, Time, Space, Duty, Virtue, are not exact copies of any impressions on our senses. They grant them to be ideas constructed by the mind itself, the materials alone being supplied to it. But they do not think that this ideal construction takes place by peculiar and inscrutable laws of the mind, of which no further account can be given. They think that a further account *can* be given. They admit the mental element as a fact, but not as an ultimate fact. They think it may be resolved into simpler laws and more general facts; that the process by which the mind constructs these great ideas may be traced, and shown to be but a more recondite case of the operation of well-known and familiar principles.

From this opinion, which ascribes an ascertainable *genesis* to that part of the more complex mental phenomena which derives its origin from the mind itself, instead of regarding it, with the *à priori* psychologists, as something ultimate and inscrutable, there arises necessarily a wide difference between the two as to what are called by the *à priori* philosophers *necessary* elements of thought. M. Cousin, one of the ablest, and (Fichte excepted) quite the most eloquent teacher of the *à priori* school, deems it the radical error of Locke and his followers to have raised the question of the *origin* of our ideas at the opening of the inquiry, without first making a complete descriptive survey of the ideas themselves; which if they had done, he thinks they must have recognised, as involved in all our thoughts, certain necessary assumptions, inconsistent with the origin which Locke ascribes to them. The difference, however, between the two theories is not as to the fact that these assumptions are made, but as to their being *necessary* assumptions. The Lockians think they are able to show how and why the mind is led to make these assumptions. They believe that it is not obliged by any necessity of its nature to make them. They think that the cause of our making the assumptions lies in the conditions of our experience; that those conditions are often accidental and modifiable, and might be so modified that we should no longer be led to make these assumptions; and even when the assumptions depend upon conditions of our experience which do not, so far as our faculties can judge, admit of actual modification, yet if by an exercise of thought we imagine them modified, the supposed necessity of the assumptions will disappear. For example: the transcendentalist examines our ideas of Space and Time, and finds that each of them contains inseparably within itself the idea of Infinity. We can of course have no experimental evidence of infinity: all our experiences,

and therefore, in his opinion, all our ideas derived from experience, are of things finite. Yet to conceive Time or Space otherwise than as things infinite is impossible. The infinity of Space and Time he therefore sets down as a necessary assumption: and if his philosophy leads him (which Kant's did not) to regard Space and Time as having any existence at all external to the mind, he proceeds, as an ontologist, to infer from the necessity of the assumption, the infinity of the things themselves. The *à posteriori* psychologist, on his part, also perceives that we cannot think of Space or of Time otherwise than as infinite; but he does not consider this as an ultimate fact, or as requiring any peculiar law of mind or properties of the objects for its explanation. He sees in it an ordinary manifestation of one of the laws of the association of ideas, — the law, that the idea of a thing irresistibly suggests the idea of any other thing which has been often experienced in close conjunction with it, and not otherwise. As we have never had experience of any point of space without other points beyond it, nor of any point of time without others following it, the law of indissoluble association makes it impossible for us to think of any point of space or time, however distant, without having the idea irresistibly realised in imagination, of other points still more remote. And thus the supposed original and inherent property of these two ideas is completely explained and accounted for by the law of association; and we are enabled to see, that if Space or Time were really susceptible of termination, we should be just as unable as we now are to conceive the idea. This being once seen, although the mental element, Infinity, still remains attached to the ideas, we are no longer prompted to make a 'necessary assumption' of a corresponding objective fact. We are enabled to acknowledge our ignorance, and our inability to judge whether the course of Things, in this respect, corresponds with our necessities of Thought. Space or Time may, for aught we know, be inherently terminable, though in our present condition we are totally incapable of conceiving a termination to them. Could we arrive at the end of space, we should, no doubt, be apprised of it by some new and strange impression upon our senses, of which it is not at present in our power to form the faintest idea. But under all other circumstances the association is indissoluble, since every moment's experience is constantly renewing it.

In this example, which is the more significant as the case is generally considered one of the main strongholds of the *à priori* school, the two leading doctrines of the most advanced *à posteriori* psychology are very clearly brought to view: first, that the more recondite phenomena of the mind are formed out of

the more simple and elementary ; and, secondly, that the mental law, by means of which this formation takes place, is the Law of Association. Though not the first who pointed out this law, Locke was the author of its first great application to the explanation of the mental phenomena, by his doctrine of Complex Ideas. The idea of an orange, for example, is compounded of certain simple ideas of colour, of visible and tangible shape, of taste, of smell, of a certain consistence, weight, internal structure, and so forth : yet an idea of an orange is to our feelings and conceptions one single idea, not a plurality of ideas ; thus showing that when any number of sensations have been often experienced simultaneously or in very rapid succession, the ideas of those sensations not only raise up one another, but do this so certainly and instantaneously as to run together and seem melted into one. In this example, however, the original elements may still, by an ordinary effort of consciousness, be distinguished in the compound. It was reserved for Hartley to show that mental phenomena, joined together by association, may form a still more intimate, and as it were chemical union—may merge into a compound, in which the separate elements are no more distinguishable as such, than hydrogen and oxygen in water, the compound having all the appearance of a phenomenon *sui generis*, as simple and elementary as the ingredients, and with properties different from any of them : a truth which, once ascertained, evidently opens a new and wider range of possibilities for the generation of mental phenomena by means of association.

The most complete and scientific form of the *à posteriori* psychology is that which considers the law of association as the governing principle, by means of which the more complex and recondite mental phenomena shape themselves, or are shaped, out of the simpler mental elements. The great problem of this form of psychology is to ascertain, not how far this law extends, for it extends to everything ; ideas of sensation, intellectual ideas, emotions, desires, volitions, any or all of these may become connected by association under the two laws of Contiguity and Resemblance, and when so connected, acquire the power of calling up one another. Not, therefore, how far the law extends, is the problem, but how much of the apparent variety of the mental phenomena it is capable of explaining ; what ultimate elements of the mind remain, when all are subtracted, the formation of which can be in this way accounted for ; and how, out of those elements, and the law, or rather laws, of association, the remainder of the mental phenomena are built up. On this part of the subject there are, as might be expected, many

differences of doctrine, and the theory, like all theories of an uncompleted science, is in a state of progressive improvement.

This mode of interpreting the phenomena of the mind is not unfrequently stigmatised as materialistic; how far justly, may be seen when it is remembered that the Idealism of Berkeley is one of the developments of this theory. With materialism in the obnoxious sense, this view of the mind has no necessary connexion, though doubtless not so directly exclusive of it as is the rival theory. But if it be materialism to endeavour to ascertain the material conditions of our mental operations, all theories of the mind which have any pretension to comprehensiveness must be materialistic. Whether organisation alone could produce life and thought, we probably shall never certainly know, unless we could repeat Frankenstein's experiment; but that our mental operations have material conditions, can be denied by no one who acknowledges, what all now admit, that the mind employs the brain as its material organ. And this being granted, there is nothing *more* materialistic in endeavouring, so far as our means of physiological explanation allow, to trace out the detailed connexions between mental manifestations and cerebral or nervous states. Unhappily the knowledge hitherto obtainable on this subject has been very limited in amount; but when we consider, for example, the case of all our stronger emotions, and the disturbance of almost every part of our physical frame, which is occasioned in these cases by a mere mental idea, no rational person can doubt the closeness of the connexion between the functions of the nervous system and the phenomena of mind, nor think any exposition of the mind satisfactory into which that connexion does not enter as a prominent feature.

It is undoubtedly true that the Association Psychology does in many cases represent the higher mental states as in a certain sense the outgrowth and offspring of the lower. But in other cases, philosophers have not considered as degrading, the formation of noble products out of base materials, and have rather been disposed to celebrate this as one of the exemplifications of wisdom and contrivance in the arrangements of Nature. Without undertaking to determine what portion of truth lies in this philosophy, and how far any of the nobler phenomena of mind are really constructed from the materials of our animal nature, it is certain that, to whatever extent this is the fact, it ought to be known and recognised. If these nobler parts of our nature are not self-sown and original, but are built or build themselves up, but of no matter what materials, it must be highly important to the work of the education and improvement of

human character, to understand as much as possible of the process by which the materials are put together. These composite parts of our constitution (granting them to be such) are not for that reason factitious and unnatural. The products are not less a part of human nature than their component elements. Water is as truly one of the substances in external nature, as hydrogen or oxygen, and to suppose it non-existent, would imply as great a change in all we know of the order of things in which we live. It is only to a very vulgar type of mind that a grand or beautiful object loses its charm when it loses some of its mystery, through the unveiling of a part of the process by which it is created in the secret recesses of Nature.

The aim, then, which the Association Psychology proposes to itself, is one which both schools of mental philosophy should equally desire to see vigorously prosecuted. It is important, even from the point of view of transcendentalists, that all which can be done by this system for the explanation of the mental phenomena should be brought to light. For, in the first place, all admit that there is much which can be so explained. The law of association, every one allows, is real, and a large number of mental facts are explicable thereby. But further, the sole ground upon which the transcendental mode of speculation in psychology can possibly stand, is the failure of the other. The evidence of the *à priori* theory must always be negative. There can be no positive proof that oxygen, or any other body, is a simple substance. The sole proof that can be given is, that no one has hitherto succeeded in decomposing it. And nothing can positively prove that any particular one of the constituents of the mind is ultimate. We can only presume it to be such, from the ill-success of every attempt to resolve it into simpler elements. If, indeed, the phenomena alleged to be complex manifested themselves chronologically at an earlier period than those from which they are said to be compounded, this would be a complete disproof, at least of *that* origin. But the fact is not so: on the contrary, the higher mental phenomena are so well known to unfold themselves after the lower, that sensational experience, which is so violently repudiated as their origin and source, is, from the necessity of the case, admitted as the occasion which calls into action the mental laws that develop them. The first question, therefore, in analytical psychology ought to be, how much of the furniture of the mind will experience and association account for? The residuum, which cannot be so explained, must be provisionally set down as ultimate, and handed over to observation to determine its conditions and laws.

On the other hand, it is necessary to be *exigeant* as to the evidence for the validity of the analysis by which a mental phenomenon is resolved into association. Much has been tendered on this subject, even by powerful thinkers, as proved truth, to which it is impossible soberly to assign any higher value than that of philosophical conjecture. The rules of inductive logic must be duly applied to the case. When the elements can be recognised by our consciousness as distinguishably existing in the compound, there is no difficulty. When they are not thus distinguishable, the gradual growth and building up of the complex phenomenon may be a fact amenable to direct observation. In the case of the higher intellectual and moral phenomena of our being, the observation may be practised on ourselves. In the case of those of our acquisitions which are made too early to be remembered, the observation may be of children, of the young of other animals, or of persons who are, or were during a part of life, shut out from some of the ordinary sources of experience; persons like Caspar Hauser, brought up in confinement and solitude; persons destitute of sight or hearing; especially those born blind and suddenly restored to sight. This last is a precious source of information which unfortunately has been very scantily made use of. In the case of children and young animals, our power is very limited of ascertaining what actually passes within them. But in so far as we are able to interpret their outward manifestations, we have some means of ascertaining what, in their minds, precedes what; we can often, by sufficiently close observation, perceive a mental faculty forming itself by gradual growth; and in some cases we can, to a certain extent, ascertain the conditions of its formation, which are often such as to bring it within the known laws of association. Though the product may, to our consciousness, appear *sui generis*, not identical in its nature with any or with all of the elements, yet if the mode of its production be invariably found to consist in bringing certain sensations or ideas to pass through the mind simultaneously or in immediate succession, and if the effect is produced *pari passu* with the number of repetitions of this conjunction, we may conclude with considerable assurance that the apparently simple phenomenon is a compound of those ideas united by association. For we know that it is the effect of repetition to knit all conjunctions of ideas closer and closer, until they so coalesce as to leave no trace in our consciousness of their separate existence. One of the most familiar cases of this remarkable law, is the case of what are called the acquired perceptions of sight. It is admitted by nearly all psychologists that

when we appear to see distance and magnitude by the eye, we do not really see them, but see only certain signs, from which, by a process of reasoning, rendered so rapid by practice as to have become entirely unconscious, we infer the distance or magnitude which we fancy we see. No alleged transformation of mental phenomena by association can be more complete, or more extraordinary, than this. Yet it is one of the few results of psychological analysis which can be brought to the test of a complete Baconian induction; for the case admits of an ample range of experiments; and the result of them is, that wherever the signs are the same, our impressions of distance and magnitude are the same; and wherever the signs are different, our impressions are different, although the real distance and magnitude of the object looked at remain all the while exactly as they were. Hardly any theory of the formation of a mental phenomenon by association can deserve, after this, to be rejected *in limine*, for inherent incredibility, or inconsistency with our consciousness. There is hardly any mental phenomenon (except those which association itself presupposes) of which we can say that, from its own nature, it could not possibly have been produced by association. But, from the intrinsic possibility of its having been so produced, to its actually being so, is a wide step; and unless the case admits of actual experiment, or unless there be something in the observed development of the individual mind to bear out the conjecture, it can be ranked only as an hypothesis, of no present value except to suggest points for further verification.

There is, however, a large class of cases—and these are among the most important of all—in which the explanation by way of association is not attended with any of these difficulties and uncertainties. The mental fact which is the subject of dispute may be, not any one mental phenomenon, but a conjunction between phenomena. The thing to be explained, often is no other than the fact that some one idea is suggested by, and apparently involved in, another; and the point to be decided is, whether this happens necessarily, and by an inherent law; as infinity is said to be inherently involved in our ideas of time and space, and externality in our ideas of tangible objects. In such cases the evidence of origin in association may often be complete; and it is in such that the greatest triumphs of the Association psychology have been achieved. A conjunction, however close and apparently indissoluble, between two ideas, is not only an effect which association is able to produce, but one which it is certain to produce, if the necessary conditions are sufficiently often repeated without the intervention of any fact tending to

produce a counter-association. It is, therefore, in these cases, sufficient if we can show, that there has really existed the invariable conjunction of sensible phenomena in experience, which is necessary for the formation of an inseparable association between the corresponding ideas. If, as in the case of Time and Space, already examined, this can be shown to be the fact, then that conjunction of sensible experiences is the real cause: formation by association is the true theory of the phenomenon, and it is in the highest degree unphilosophical to demand any other.

These few observations on the nature and scope of the Association Psychology generally, were necessary for fixing the position of Mr. Bain's treatise in mental science. Belonging essentially to the association school, he has not only, with great clearness and copiousness, illustrated, popularised, and enforced by fresh arguments all which that school had already done towards the explanation of the phenomena of mind, but he has added so largely to it, that those who have the highest appreciation and the warmest admiration of his predecessors, are likely to be the most struck with the great advance which this treatise constitutes over what those predecessors had done, and the improved position in which it places their psychological theory. Mr. Bain possesses, indeed, an union of qualifications peculiarly fitting him for what, in the language of Dr. Brown, may be called the physical investigation of mind. With analytic powers comparable to those of his most distinguished predecessors, he combines a range of appropriate knowledge still wider than theirs; having made a more accurate study than perhaps any previous psychologist of the whole round of the physical sciences, on which the mental depend both for their methods, and for the necessary material substratum of their theories; while those sciences, also, are themselves in a far higher state of advancement than in any former age. This is especially true of the science most nearly allied, both in subject and method, with psychological investigations, the science of Physiology: which Hartley, Brown, and Mill had unquestionably studied, and knew perhaps as well as it was known by any one at the time when they studied it, but in a superficial manner compared with Mr. Bain; the science having in the meanwhile assumed almost a new aspect, from the important discoveries which have been made in all its branches, and especially in the functions of the nervous system, since even the latest of those authors wrote.

Mr. Bain commences his work with a full and luminous exposition of what is known of the structure and functions of the

nervous system. What may be called the outward action of the nervous system is twofold,—sensation and muscular motion; and one of the great physiological discoveries of the present age is, that these two functions are performed by means of two distinct sets of nerves, in close juxtaposition, one of which, if separately severed or paralysed, puts an end to sensation in the part of the body which it supplies, but leaves the power of motion unimpaired; the other destroys the power of motion, but does not affect sensation. That the central organ of the nervous system, the brain, must in some way or other co-operate in all sensation, and in all muscular motion except that which is actually automatic and mechanical, is also certain; for if the nervous continuity between any part of the body and the brain is interrupted, either by the division of the nerve, or by pressure on any intermediate portion, unfitting it to perform its functions, sensation and voluntary motion in that part cease to exist. That the memory or thought of a sensation formerly experienced has also for its necessary condition a state of the brain, and of the same nerves which transmit the sensation itself, does not admit of the same direct proof by experiment; but is, at least, a highly probable hypothesis. When we consider that in dreams, hallucinations, and some highly excited states of the nervous system, the idea or remembrance of a sensation is actually mistaken for the sensation itself; and also that the idea, when vividly excited, not unfrequently produces the same effects on the whole bodily frame which the sensation would produce, it is hardly possible, in the face of all this resemblance, to suppose any fundamentally different machinery for their production, or any real difference in their physical conditions, except one of degree. The instrumentality of the brain in thought is a more mysterious subject; the evidence is less direct, and its interpretation has given rise to some of the keenest controversies of our era, controversies yet far from being conclusively decided. But the general connexion is attested by many indisputable pathological facts, such as the effect of cerebral inflammation in producing delirium; the relation between idiocy and cerebral malformation or disease; and is confirmed by the entire range of comparative anatomy, which shows the intellectual faculties of the various species of animals bearing, if not an exact ratio, yet a very unequivocal relation, to the development in proportional size, and complexity of structure, of the cerebral hemispheres.

However imperfect our knowledge may still be in regard to this part of the functions of the nervous system, it is certain that all our sensations depend upon the transmission of some sort of nervous influence *inward*, from the senses to the brain,

and that our voluntary motions take place by the transmission of some sort of nervous influence *outward*, from the brain to the muscular system; these two nervous operations being, as already observed, the functions of two distinct systems of nerves, called respectively the nerves of sensation and those of motion. It is now necessary to notice another physiological truth, brought to light only within the present generation, viz., the different functions of the two kinds of matter of which the nervous system is compounded. The nerves consist partly of grey vesicular or cell-like matter, partly of white fibrous matter. Physiologists are now of opinion that the function of the grey matter is that of originating power, while the white fibrous matter is simply a conductor, which conveys the influence to and from the brain, and between one part of the brain and another. With this physiological discovery is connected the first capital improvement which Mr. Bain has made in the Association Psychology as left by his predecessors; the nature of which we now proceed to indicate.

Those who have studied the writings of the Association Psychologists, must often have been unfavourably impressed by the almost total absence, in their analytical expositions, of the recognition of any active element, or spontaneity, in the mind itself. Sensation, and the memory of sensation, are passive phenomena; the mind, in them, does not act, but is acted upon; it is a mere recipient of impressions; and though adhesion by association may enable one of these passive impressions to recall another, yet when recalled, it is but passive still. A theory of association which stops here, seems adequate to account for our dreams, our reveries, our casual thoughts, and states of mere contemplation, but for no other part of our nature. The mind, however, is active as well as passive; and the apparent insufficiency of the theory to account for the mind's activity, is probably the circumstance which has oftencst operated to alienate from the Association Psychology any of those who had really studied it. Coleridge, who was one of these, and in the early part of his life a decided Hartleian, has left on record, in his 'Biographia Literaria,' that such was the fact in his own case. Yet, no Hartleian could overlook the necessity, incumbent on any theory of the mind, of accounting for our voluntary powers. Activity cannot possibly be generated from passive elements; a primitive active element must be found somewhere; and Hartley found it in the stimulative power of sensation over the muscles. All our muscular motions, according to him, were originally automatic, and excited by the stimulus of sensations; as, no doubt, many of them were and are. After a muscular contraction has been sufficiently often excited by a sensation, then, in

Hartley's opinion, the idea or remembrance of the sensation acquires a similar power of exciting that same muscular contraction. Here is the first germ of volition: a muscular action excited by an idea. After this, every combination of associated ideas into which that idea or remembrance enters, and which, therefore, cannot be recalled without recalling it, obtains the power of recalling also the muscular motion which has come under its control. This is Hartley's notion of the point of junction between our intellectual states and our muscular actions, which is the foundation of the theory of Volition. It involves two assumptions, both of which are merely hypothetical. One is, that *all* muscular action is originally excited by sensations; which has never been proved, and which there is much evidence to contradict. The other is, that between the primitive automatic character of a muscular contraction, and its ultimate state of amenability to the will, an intermediate condition is passed through, of excitability by the idea of the sensation by which the motion was at first excited: that the intervention of this idea is necessary in all cases of voluntary power; and that the recalling of it is the indispensable machinery of voluntary action. This is a mere hypothesis, which consciousness does not vouch for, and which no evidence has been brought to substantiate.

Mr. Bain has made a great advance on this theory. Those who are acquainted with the French metaphysical writers of this century, or even with the first paper of M. Cousin's '*Fragments Philosophiques*,' will remember the important modification made by M. Laromiguière in Condillac's psychological system. M. Laromiguière had noted in Condillac the same defect which has been pointed out in the Association philosophers; and as Condillac had placed the passive phenomenon, Sensation, at the centre of his system, M. Laromiguière corrected him by putting instead of it, the active phenomenon, Attention, as the fundamental fact by which to explain the active half of the mental phenomena. Mr. Bain's theory (the germ of which is in a passage cited by him from the eminent physiologist, Müller), stands in nearly the same relation to Hartley's as Laromiguière's to that of Condillac. He has widened his basis by the admission of a second primitive element. He holds that the brain does not act solely in obedience to impulses, but is also a self-acting instrument; that the nervous influence which, being conveyed through the motory nerves, excites the muscles into action, is generated automatically in the brain itself, not, of course, lawlessly and without a cause, but under the organic stimulus of nutrition; and manifests itself in the general rush of bodily activity, which all healthy animals exhibit after food and repose,

and in the random motions which we see constantly made without apparent end or purpose by infants. This doctrine, of which the accumulated proofs will be found in Mr. Bain's first volume (pages 73 to 80), supplies him with a simple explanation of the origin of voluntary power. Among the numerous motions given forth indiscriminately by the spontaneous energy of the nervous centre, some are accidentally hit on, which are found to be followed by a pleasure, or by the relief of a pain. In this case, the child is able, to a certain extent, to prolong that particular motion, or to abate it; and this, in our author's opinion, is the sole original power which we possess over our bodily motions, and the ultimate basis of voluntary action. The pleasure which the motion produces, or the pain which it relieves, determines the detention or relinquishment of that particular muscular movement. Why there is this natural tendency to detain or to get rid of a muscular contraction which influences our sensations, as well as why that tendency is towards pleasure and from pain, instead of being the reverse, cannot be explained. The author's reason for considering this to be our only original power over our bodily movements, is not that the supposition affords any help in clearing up the mystery, or possesses any superiority of antecedent probability; for it is just as likely *à priori*, that we should be able, by a wish, to select and originate a bodily movement, as that we should merely be able to prolong one which has already been excited by the spontaneous energies of our organisation. Mr. Bain's reason for preferring the latter theory, is merely that the evidence is in its favour; that no other is consistent with observation of children and young animals. We will exhibit a part of the exposition in his own words.

'Dr. Reid has no hesitation in classing the voluntary command of an organ, that is, the sequence of feeling and action implied in all acts of will, among instincts. The power of lifting a morsel of food to the mouth is, according to him, an instinctive or pre-established conjunction of the wish and the deed; that is to say, the emotional state of hunger coupled with the sight of a piece of bread, is associated through a primitive link of the mental constitution with the several movements of the hand, arm, and mouth concerned in the act of eating. This assertion of Dr. Reid's may be simply met by appealing to the facts. It is not true that human beings possess at birth any voluntary command of their limbs whatsoever. A babe of two months old cannot use its hands in obedience to its desires. The infant can grasp nothing, hold nothing, can scarcely fix its eyes on anything. Dr. Reid might just as easily assert that the movements of a ballet-dancer are instinctive, or that we are born with an already established link of causation in our minds between the wish to paint

a landscape and the movements of a painter's arm. If the more perfect command of our voluntary movements implied in every art be an acquisition, so is the less perfect command of these movements, that grows upon a child during the first years of life.

'But the acquisition must needs repose upon some fundamental property of our nature that may properly be styled an instinct. It is this initial germ or rudiment that I am now anxious to fasten upon and make apparent. There certainly does exist in the depths of our constitution a property, whereby certain of our feelings, especially the painful class, *impel to action of some kind or other*. This, which I have termed the volitional property of feeling, is not an acquired property. From the earliest infancy a pain has a tendency to excite the active organs, as well as the emotional expression, although as yet there is no channel prepared whereby the stimulus may flow towards the appropriate members. The child whose foot is pricked by a needle in its dress is undoubtedly impelled by an active stimulus, but as no primitive link exists between an irritation in the foot and the movement of the hand towards the part affected, the stimulus is wasted on vain efforts, and there is nothing to be done but to drown the pain by the outburst of pure emotion. It is the property of almost every feeling of pain to stimulate *some action* for the extinction or abatement of that pain; it is likewise the property of many emotions of pleasure to stimulate an action for the continuance and increase of the pleasure; but the primitive impulse does not in either case determine *which action*.

'If at the moment of some acute pain, there should accidentally occur a spontaneous movement, and if that movement sensibly alleviates the pain, then it is that the volitional impulse belonging to the feeling will show itself. The movement accidentally begun through some other influence, will be sustained through this influence of the painful emotion. In the original situation of things, the acute feeling is unable of itself to bring on the precise movement that would modify the suffering; there is no primordial link between a state of suffering and a train of alleviating movements. But should the proper movement be once actually begun, and cause a felt diminution of the acute agony, the spur that belongs to states of pain would suffice to sustain this movement The emotion cannot invite, or suggest, or waken up the appropriate action; nevertheless, the appropriate action, once there, and sensibly telling upon the irritation, is thereupon kept going by the active influence, the volitional spur of the irritated consciousness. In short, if the state of pain cannot awaken a dormant action, a present feeling can at least maintain a present action. This, so far as I can make out, is the original position of things in the matter of volition. It may be that the start and the movements resulting from an acute smart, may relieve the smart, but that would not be a volition. In volition there are actions quite distinct from the manifested movements due to the emotion itself; these other actions rise at first independently and spontaneously, and are clutched in the embrace of the feeling when the two are found to suit one another in the alleviation of pain or the effusion of pleasure.

‘An example will perhaps place this speculation in a clearer light. An infant lying in bed has the painful sensation of chillness. This feeling produces the usual emotional display, namely, movements, and perhaps cries and tears. Besides these emotional elements there is a latent spur of volition, but with nothing to lay hold of as yet, owing to the disconnected condition of the mental arrangements at our birth. The child's spontaneity, however, may be awake, and the pained condition will act so as to irritate the spontaneous centres, and make their central stimulus flow more copiously. In the course of a variety of spontaneous movements of arms, legs, and body, there occurs an action that brings the child in contact with the nurse lying beside it; instantly warmth is felt, and this alleviation of the painful feeling becomes immediately the stimulus to sustain the movement going on at that moment. That movement, when discovered, is kept up in preference to the others occurring in the course of the random spontaneity.

‘By a process of cohesion or acquisition, coming under the law of association, the movement and the feeling become so linked together, that the feeling can at after times waken the movement out of dormancy; this is the state of matters in the maturity of volition. The infant of twelve months, under the stimulus of cold, can hitch nearer the side of the nurse, although no spontaneous movements to that effect happen at the moment; past reflection has established a connexion that did not exist at the beginning, whereby the feeling and action have become linked together as cause and effect.’ (*The Senses and the Intellect*, pp. 292–6.)

In confirmation and illustration of these ingenious remarks, we quote from another part of the same volume the following ‘notes of observation made upon the earliest movements of two lambs seen during the first hour of their birth, and at subsequent stages of their development.’

‘One of the lambs, on being dropped, was taken hold of by the shepherd and laid on the ground so as to rest on its four knees. For a very short time, perhaps not much above a minute, it kept still in this attitude; a certain force was doubtless exerted to enable it to retain this position; but the first decided exertion of the creature's own energy was shown in standing up on its legs, which it did after the pause of little more than a minute. The power thus put forth I can only describe as a spontaneous burst of the locomotive energy, under this condition, namely, that as all the four limbs were actuated at the same instant, the innate power must have been guided into this quadruple channel in consequence of that nervous organisation that constitutes the four limbs one related group. The animal now stood on its legs, the feet being considerably apart, so as to widen the base of support. The energy that raised it up continued flowing in order to maintain the standing posture, and the animal doubtless had the consciousness of such a flow of energy, as its earliest mental experience. This standing posture was continued for a minute or two in perfect stillness. Next followed the beginnings of locomotive

movement. At first a limb was raised and set down again, then came a second movement that widened the animal's base without altering its position. When a more complex movement of its limbs came on, the effect seemed to be to go sideways; another complex movement led forwards; but at the outset there appeared to be nothing to decide one direction rather than another, for the earliest movements were a jumble of side, forward, and backward. Still, the alternation of limb that any consecutive advance required, seemed within the power of the creature during the first ten minutes of life. Sensation as yet could be of very little avail, and it was evident that action took the start in the animal's history. The eyes were wide open, and light must needs have entered to stimulate the brain. The contact with the solid earth, and the feelings of weight and movement, were the earliest feelings. In this state of uncertain wandering with little change of place, the lamb was seized hold of and carried up to the side of the mother. This made no difference till its nose was brought into contact with the woolly skin of the dam, which originated a new sensation. Then came a conjunction manifestly of the volitional kind. There was clearly a tendency to sustain this contact, to keep the nose rubbing upon the side and belly of the ewe. Finding a certain movement to have this effect, that movement was sustained; exemplifying what I consider the primitive or fundamental part of volition. Losing the contact, there was yet no power to recover it by a direct action, for the indications of sight at this stage had no meaning. The animal's spontaneous irregular movements were continued; for a time they were quite fruitless, until a chance contact came about again, and this contact could evidently sustain the posture or movement that was causing it. The whole of the first hour was spent in these various movements about the mother, there being in that short time an evident increase of facility in the various acts of locomotion, and in commanding the head in such a way as to keep up the agreeable touch. A second hour was spent much in the same manner, and in the course of the third hour the animal, which had been entirely left to itself, came upon the teat, and got this into its mouth. The spontaneous workings of the mouth now yielded a new sensation, whereby they were animated and sustained, and unexpectedly the creature found itself in the possession of a new pleasure; the satisfaction first of mouthing the object — next, by-and-by, the pleasure of drawing milk; the intensity of this last feeling would doubtless give an intense spur to the coexisting movements, and keep them energetically at work. A new and grand impression was thus produced, remaining after the fact, and stimulating exertion and pursuit in order to recover it.

‘Six or seven hours after birth the animal had made notable progress, and locomotion was easy, the forward movement being preferred but not predominant. The sensations of sight began to have a meaning. In less than twenty-four hours the animal could, at the sight of the mother ahead, move in the forward direction at once to come up to her, showing that a particular visible image had now

been associated with a definite movement; the absence of any such association being most manifest in the early movements of life. It could proceed at once to the teat and suck, guided only by its desire and the sight of the object. It was now in the full exercise of the locomotive faculty; and very soon we could see it moving with the nose along the ground in contact with the grass, the preliminary of seizing the blades in the mouth.

'The observations proved distinctly three several points, namely, first the existence of spontaneous action as the earliest fact in the creature's history; second, the absence of any definite bent prior to experienced sensation; and third, the power of a sensation actually experienced to keep up the coinciding movement of the time, thereby constituting a voluntary act in the initial form. What was also very remarkable, was the rate of acquisition, or the rapidity with which all the associations between sensations and actions became fixed. A power that the creature did not at all possess naturally, got itself matured as an acquisition in a few hours; before the end of a week the lamb was capable of almost anything belonging to its sphere of existence; and at the lapse of a fortnight, no difference could be seen between it and the aged members of the flock.' (Pp. 404-6.)

The larger half of Mr. Bain's first volume is occupied by the exposition of Association. His exemplification and illustration of this fundamental phenomenon of mind, in its two varieties—adhesive association by contiguity in time or place, and suggestion by resemblance—are quite unexampled in richness, clearness, and comprehensiveness. The whole of the intellectual phenomena, as distinguished from the emotional, he considers as explicable by that law. But to render this possible, the law must be conceived in its utmost generality. Association is not between ideas of sensation alone. The following is the author's statement of the two laws of association, the law of Contiguity, and that of Similarity:—

'Actions, sensations, and states of feeling, occurring together or in close succession, tend to grow together or cohere in such a way that when any one of them is afterwards presented to the mind, the others are apt to be brought up in idea.' (*The Senses and the Intellect*, p. 348.)

'Present actions, sensations, thoughts, or emotions, tend to revive their like among previous impressions.' (P. 451.)

One of the leading features in Mr. Bain's application of these laws to the analysis of phenomena, is the great use he makes of the muscular sensations, in explaining our impressions of, and judgments respecting, things physically external to us. The distinction between these sensations and those of touch, in the legitimate sense of the word, and the prominent part they take in the composition of our ideas of resistance or solidity,

and extension, were first pointed out by Brown, and were the principal addition which he made to the analytical exposition of the mind. Mr. Bain carries out the idea to a still greater length, and his developments of it are highly instructive, though he sometimes, perhaps, insists too much upon it, to the prejudice of other elements equally or more influential. Thus in his explanation of the acquired perception of distance and magnitude by sight, he lays almost exclusive stress on the sensations accompanying the muscular movements by which the eyes are adapted to different distances from us, or are made to pass along the lengths and breadths of visible objects. That this is one of the sources of the acquired perceptions of sight, cannot be doubted; but that it is the principal one, no one will believe, who considers that all the impression of unequal distances from us that a picture can give, is produced not only without this particular indication, but in contradiction to it. The signs by which we mainly judge are the effects of perspective, both linear and aerial; in other words, the differences in the actual picture made on the retina, the imitation of which constitutes the illusion of the painter's art, and which we should have been glad to see illustrated by Mr. Bain, as he is so well able to do, instead of being merely acknowledged by a quotation in a note (p. 380). We regret that our limits forbid us to quote (p. 372-6.) his explanation of the mode whereby, in his opinion, the feeling of resistance, a result of our muscular sensations, generates the notion, often supposed to be instinctive, of an external world.

Respecting the law of Association by Contiguity, so much had been done, with such eminent ability, by former writers, that this part of Mr. Bain's exposition is chiefly original in the profuseness and minuteness of his illustrations. To bring up the theory of the law of Similarity to the same level, much more remained to do, that law having been rather unaccountably sacrificed to the other by some of the Association psychologists; among whom Mr. James Mill, in his '*Analysis*,' even endeavoured to resolve it into contiguity; an attempt which is perhaps the most inconclusive part of that generally acute and penetrating performance, association by resemblance being, as Mr. Bain observes, presupposed by, and indispensable to the conception of, association by contiguity. The two kinds of association are indeed so different, that the predominance of each gives rise to a different type of intellectual character; an eminent degree of the former constituting the inductive philosopher, the poet and artist, and the inventor and originator generally, while adhesive association gives memory, mechanical skill, facility of acquisi-

tion in science or business, and practical talent so far as unconnected with invention.

To the long chapters on Contiguity and Similarity, Mr. Bain subjoins a third on what he terms Compound Association; 'where several threads, or a plurality of links or bonds of connexion, concur in reviving some previous thought or mental state' (p. 544.); which they consequently recall more vividly: a part of the subject too little illustrated by former writers, and which includes, among many others, the important heads of 'the singling out of one among many trains,' and what our author aptly terms 'obstructive association.' The subject is concluded by a chapter on 'Constructive Association,' analysing the process by which the mind forms 'combinations or aggregates' different from any that have been presented to it in the course 'of experience,' and showing this to depend on the same laws. We are unable to find room for the smallest specimen of these chapters, which are marked with our author's usual ability, and fill up what is partially a hiatus in most treatises on Association.

Mr. Bain's exposition of the Emotions is not of so analytical a character as that of the intellectual phenomena. He considers it necessary, in this department, to allow a much greater range to the instinctive portion of our nature; and has exhibited what may be termed the natural history of the emotions, rather than attempted to construct their philosophy. It is certain that the attempts of the Association psychologists to resolve the emotions by association, have been on the whole the least successful part of their efforts. One fatal imperfection is obvious at first sight: the only part of the phenomenon which their theory explains, is the suggestion of an idea or ideas, either pleasurable or painful—that is, the merely intellectual part of the emotion; while there is evidently in all our emotions an animal part, over and above any which naturally attends on the ideas considered separately, and which these philosophers have passed without any attempt at explanation. It is a wholly insufficient account of Fear, for example, to resolve it into the calling up, by association, of the idea of the dreaded evil; since, were this all, the physical manifestations that would follow would be the same in kind, and mostly less in degree, than those which the evil would itself produce if actually experienced; whereas, in truth, they are generically distinct; the screams, groans, contortions, &c., which (for example) intense bodily suffering produces, being altogether different phenomena from the well-known physical effects and manifestations of the passion of terror. It is conceivable that a scientific theory of Fear may

one day be constructed, but it must evidently be the work of physiologists, not of metaphysicians. The proper office of the law of association in connexion with it, is to account for the transfer of the passion to objects which do not naturally excite it. We all know how easily any object may be rendered dreadful by association, as exemplified by the tremendous effect of nurses' stories in generating artificial terrors.

We must not, therefore, expect to find in the half volume which Mr. Bain has dedicated to this subject, any attempt at a general analysis of the emotions. He has not even (except in one important case, to which we shall presently advert,) entered, with the fulness which belongs to his plan, and which marks the execution of every other part of it, into the important inquiry, how far some emotions are compounded out of others. He gives a general indication of his opinion on the point; but his illustrations of it are scattered, and mostly incidental. He has, however, written the natural history of the emotions with great felicity, in a manner at once scientific and popular; inasmuch that this part of his work presents attractions even to the unscientific reader. Mr. Bain's classification of the emotions is different from, and more comprehensive than, any other which we have met with. He begins with 'the feelings connected with the free vent of emotion in general, and with the opposite case of restrained or obstructed outburst;' the feelings, in short, of liberty or restraint in the utterance of emotion; which he regards as themselves emotions, and entitled, on account of their superior generality, to be placed at the head of the catalogue. He next proceeds to one of the simplest as well as most universal of our emotions—Wonder. The third on his list is Terror. The fourth is 'the extensive group of feelings implied under the title of the Tender Affections.' The consideration of these feelings is by most writers blended with that of Sympathy; which is carefully distinguished from them by our author, and treated separately, not as an emotion, but as the capacity of taking on the emotions, or mental states generally, of others. A character may possess tenderness without being at all sympathetic, as is the case with many selfish sentimentalists; and the converse, though not equally common, is equally in human nature. From these he passes to a group which he designates by the title, Emotions of Self: including Self-esteem, or Self-complacency, in its various forms of Conceit, Pride, Vanity, &c., which he regards as cases of the emotions of tenderness directed towards self, and has largely illustrated this view of them. The sixth class is the emotions connected with Power. The seventh is the Irascible Emotions. The eighth is a group

not hitherto brought forward into sufficient prominence, the emotions connected with Action. 'Besides' the pleasures and 'pains of Exercise, and the gratification of succeeding in an end, 'with the opposite mortification of missing what is laboured 'for, there is in the attitude of *pursuit*, a peculiar state of mind, 'so far agreeable in itself, that factitious occupations are insti- 'tuted to bring it into play. When I use the term *plot-interest*, 'the character of the situation alluded to will be suggested with 'tolerable distinctness.' This grouping together of the emotions of hunting, of games, of intrigue of all sorts, and of novel-reading, with those of an active career in life, seems to us equally original and philosophical. The ninth class consists of the emotions caused by the operations of the Intellect. The tenth is the group of feelings connected with the Beautiful. Eleventh and last, comes the Moral Sense.

Of these, the four first are regarded by Mr. Bain as original elements of our nature, having their root in the constitution of the nervous system, and not explicable psychologically. The remaining seven he considers as generated by association from these four, with the aid of certain combinations of circumstances. Though, as already remarked, he does not discuss this question in the express and systematic manner which his general scheme would appear to require, he has said many things which throw a valuable light on it, together with some which we consider questionable. But we still desiderate an analytical philosophy of the emotional, like that which he has furnished of the intellectual, part of our constitution. Much of the material is ready to his hand, and only requires co-ordination under the universal law of mind which he has so well expounded. For example, the most complicated of all his eleven classes, the æsthetic group of emotions, has been analysed to within a single step of the ultimate principle, by thinkers who did not see, and would not have accepted, the one step which remained. Mr. Ruskin would probably be much astonished were he to find himself held up as one of the principal apostles of the Association Philosophy in Art. Yet, in one of the most remarkable of his writings, the second volume of 'Modern Painters,' he aims at establishing, by a large induction and a searching analysis, that all things are beautiful (or sublime) which powerfully recall, and none but those which recall, one or more of a certain series of elevating or delightful thoughts. It is true that in this coincidence Mr. Ruskin does not recognise causation, but regards it as a pre-established harmony, ordained by the Creator, between our feelings of the Beautiful and certain grand or lovely ideas. Others, however, will be inclined to see in this phenomenon,

not an arbitrary dispensation of Providence, which might have been other than it is, but a case of the mental chemistry so often spoken of; and will think it more in accordance with sound methods of philosophizing to believe, that the great ideas, so well recognised by Mr. Ruskin, when they have sunk sufficiently deep into our nervous sensibility, actually generate, by composition with one another and with other elements, the æsthetic feelings which so nicely correspond to them.

The last of our author's eleven classes, that of Moral Emotion, is the only one on which, in relation to the problem of its composition, he puts forth his whole strength. The question whether the moral feelings are intuitive or acquired—a point so often and so warmly contested between the rival schools of Psychology—has never before, we think, been so well or so fully argued on the anti-intuitive side. This masterly chapter would serve better than any other to give a correct idea of Mr. Bain's philosophical capacity and turn of mind; but, unfortunately, either extracts or an abridgment would do it injustice, as they would impair the argument by mutilating it. Mr. Bain's theory is, that the moral emotions are of an extremely complicated character; a compound, into which the social affections, and sympathy (which is a different thing from the social affections) enter largely, as well as, in many cases, the almost equally common fact of disinterested antipathy. But the peculiar feeling of obligation included in the moral sentiment, Mr. Bain regards as wholly created by external authority. He considers this character as impressed upon the feeling entirely by the idea of punishment. The purely disinterested character which the feeling assumes after appropriate cultivation, he holds to be one of the numerous instances of a feeling, transferred by association to objects not containing in themselves that which originally excited it. This general conception of the origin of the moral sentiment is nothing new; but there is considerable novelty, as well as ability, in the mode in which it is worked out: and without, on the present occasion, expressing any opinion on this *verata quæstio*, we can safely recommend Mr. Bain's dissertation to the special study of those who wish to know the theory entertained on this subject by the Association school, and the best which they have to say in its support.

From the Emotions, Mr. Bain proceeds to the Will; and if, on the former subject, the reader who has previously gone through Mr. Bain's first volume finds less of psychological analysis than he probably expected, such a complaint will not be made on the topic which succeeds. By no previous psychologist has the Volitional part of our nature been gone into with such minute detail,

and the whole of the phenomena connected with it set forth and analysed with such fulness and such grasp of the subject. We have already stated the view taken by our author of the origin, or first germ, of our voluntary powers, which he conceives to be grounded, first, on 'the existence of a spontaneous tendency to execute movements independent of the stimulus of sensations or feelings;' and, secondly, of a power to detain and prolong, or to abate and discontinue, a present movement, under the stimulus of a present pleasure or pain. If this be correct, the original power of the will over our muscles is much the same in extent, as it is and always remains over our thoughts and feelings; for over them, the only direct power we have is that of detaining them before the mind, or (it would perhaps be more correct to say) of producing any number of immediate mental repetitions of them, which is the meaning of what we call Attention. Through ten successive chapters Mr. Bain expands and applies this idea, showing how, in his belief, all the phenomena of volition are erected by Association on this original basis. The titles of some of the chapters and sections will show the comprehensiveness of the scheme:—The Spontaneity of Movement; Link of Feeling and Action; Growth of Voluntary Power; Control of Feelings and Thoughts; Motives or Ends; the Conflict of Motives; Deliberation, Resolution, Effort; Desire; the Moral Habits; Prudence, Duty, Moral Inability. It is only in the eleventh chapter, after the analysis of the phenomena is completed, that the author encounters the question which usually, in the writings of metaphysicians, usurps nearly all the space devoted to the phenomena of Will: we need hardly say that we refer to the Free-Will controversy. Mr. Bain is of opinion that the terms Freedom and Necessity are both equally inappropriate, equally calculated to give a false view of the phenomena. He thinks the word Necessity 'nothing short of an incumbrance' in the sciences generally. But he adheres, in an unqualified manner, to the universality of the law of Cause and Effect, or the uniformity of sequence in natural phenomena, to which he does not think that the determinations of the will are in any manner an exception. He holds that men's volitions and voluntary actions might be as certainly predicted, by any one who was aware of the state of the psychological agencies operating in the case, as any class of physical phenomena may be predicted from causes in operation. We quote, not as the best passage, but as the one which best admits of extraction, a portion of the controversial part of this chapter, being that in which the author examines the appeal made to consciousness as an infallible criterion in all psychological difficulties:—

‘A bold appeal is made by some writers to our consciousness, as testifying in a manner not to be disputed the liberty of the will. Consciousness, it is said, is our ultimate and infallible criterion of truth. To affirm it erring, or mendacious, would be to destroy the very possibility of certain knowledge, and even to impugn the character of the Deity. Now this infallible witness, we are told, attests that man is free, wherefore the thing must be so. The respectability and number of those that have made use of this argument compel me to examine it. I confess that I find no cogency in it. As usual, there is a double sense in the principal term, giving origin to a potent fallacy. For the purpose now in view, the word [consciousness] implies the knowledge that we have of the successive phases of our own mind. We feel, think, and act, and know that we do so; we can remember a whole train of mental phenomena mixed up of these various elements. The order of succession of our feelings, thoughts, and actions is a part of our information respecting ourselves, and we can possess a larger or a smaller amount of such information, and, as is the case with other matters, we may have it in a very loose or in a very strict and accurate shape. The mass of people are exceedingly careless about the study of mental coexistences and successions; the laws of mind are not understood by them with anything like accuracy. Consciousness, in this sense, resembles observation as regards the world. By means of the senses, we take in, and store up, impressions of natural objects, — stars, mountains, rivers, plants, animals, cities, and the works and ways of human beings, — and according to our opportunities, ability, and disposition, we have in our memory a greater or less number of those impressions, and in greater or less precision. Clearly, however, there is no infallibility in what we know by either of these modes, by consciousness as regards thoughts and feelings, or by observation as regards external nature; on the contrary there is a very large amount of fallibility, fallacy, and falsehood in both the one and the other. Discrepancy between the observations of different men upon the same matter of fact, is a frequent circumstance, the rule rather than the exception. . . . If such be the case with the objects of the external senses, what reason is there to suppose that the cognisance of the mental operations should have a special and exceptional accuracy? Is it true that this cognisance has the definiteness belonging to the property of extension in the outer world? Very far from it; the discrepancy of different men’s renderings of the human mind is so pronounced, that we cannot attribute it to the difference of the thing looked at, we must refer it to the imperfection in the manner of taking cognisance. If there were any infallible introspective faculty of consciousness, we ought at least to have had some one region of mental facts where all men were perfectly agreed. The region so favoured must of necessity be the part of mind that could not belong to metaphysics; there being nothing from the beginning to controvert or to look at in two ways, there could be no scope for metaphysical disquisition. The existence of metaphysics, as an embarrassing study, or field of inquiry, is incompatible with an unerring consciousness.’ (*The Emotions and the Will*, pp. 556, 557.)

Mr. Bain then proceeds to show, but at too much length for quotation, that the only fact testified to by any person's consciousness is an instantaneous fact—'the state of his or her own feelings 'at any one moment:' that when the person proceeds to speak of a past, and merely remembered feeling, fallibility begins: that when he speaks of sequences, and the *law* of a feeling, even in himself, much more in mankind generally, he transcends the dominion of consciousness altogether, and enters on that of observation, which, whether introspective or external, is subject to a thousand errors. Now the free-will question is emphatically one of *law*, and can be determined only by deep philosophizing, not by a brief appeal to the fancies of an individual concerning himself. A man's consciousness can no more inform him what laws his volitions secretly obey, than his senses, when he beholds falling bodies, furnish him with the corresponding information respecting the law of gravitation.

The work concludes with two chapters on special subjects, the one on Belief, the other on Consciousness; subjects discussed separately, and in the last stage of the exposition, in consequence of the peculiar view taken of them by Mr. Bain, which differs from that of all previous metaphysicians.

Belief is, of all the phenomena usually classed as intellectual, that which the Association psychologists have hitherto been the least successful in analysing; though it has given occasion to some able and highly instructive illustrations, by Mr. James Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, of the power of indissoluble association. But the opinion which these authors have advanced, that belief is nothing but an indissoluble association between two ideas, seems an inadequate solution of the problem; because, in the first place, if the fact were so, belief itself must always be indissoluble; which, evidently, it is not; and, in the second place, one does not see what, on this theory, is the difference between believing the affirmative and the negative of a proposition, since in either case (if the theory be true), the idea expressed by the subject of the proposition must inseparably and irresistibly recall the idea expressed by the predicate. The doctrine of these philosophers would have been irrefragable, had they limited it to affirming that an indissoluble association (or let us rather say, an association for the present irresistible), usually *commands* belief; that when such an association exists between two ideas, the mind, especially if destitute of scientific culture, has great difficulty in not believing that there is a constancy of connexion between the corresponding phenomena, considered as facts in nature. But even in the strongest cases of this description, a mind exercised in abstract speculation can

reject the belief, though unable to get over the association. A Berkleian, for example, does not believe in the real existence of matter, though the idea is excited in his mind by his muscular sensations as irresistibly as in other people.

Mr. Bain's opinion is, that the difficulty experienced by the Association psychologists in giving an account of Belief, and the insufficient analysis with which they have contented themselves, arise from their looking at Belief too exclusively as an intellectual phenomenon, and disregarding the existence in it of an active element. His doctrine is that Belief has no meaning, except in reference to our actions; that the distinctive characteristic of Belief is that it commands our will.

'An intellectual notion or conception is indispensable to the act of believing; but no mere conception that does not directly or indirectly implicate our voluntary exertions, can ever amount to the state in question.' (P. 568.) 'The primordial form of belief is expectation of some contingent future, about to follow on an action. Wherever any creature is found performing an action, indifferent in itself, with a view to some end, and adhering to that action with the same energy that would be manifested under the actual fruition of the end, we say that the animal possesses confidence, or belief, in the sequence of two different things, or in a certain arrangement of nature, whereby one phenomenon succeeds to another. The glistening surface of a pool or rivulet, appearing to the eye, can give no satisfaction to the agonies of thirst; but such is the firm connexion established in the mind of man and beast between the two properties of the same object, that the appearance to the eye fires the energies of pursuit no less strongly than the actual contact with the alimentary surface. An alliance so formed is a genuine example of the condition of belief.' (Pp. 569, 570.)

No one will dispute that 'the genuineness of the state of belief is *tested* by the control of the actions.' (P. 570.) If we really believe a statement, we are willing to commit ourselves in conduct on the prospect of finding the result accord with our belief. And there is no doubt that it is this command over the actions, which gives all its importance to that particular state of mind, and leads to its being named and classed separately. Yet the question remains, *what is* that state of mind? The action which follows is not the belief itself, but a consequence of the belief. Where there is an effect to be accounted for, there must be something in the cause to account for it. Since the willingness to commit ourselves in conduct occurs in some cases, and does not occur in others, there must be some difference between the former set of cases and the latter, as regards the antecedent phenomena. What is this difference? According to Mr. Bain, it does not lie in the strength of the tie of association between the ideas of the facts conceived.

‘I can imagine the mind receiving an impression of co-existence or sequence, such as the coincidence of relish with an apple, or other object of food; and this impression repeated until, on the principle of association, the one shall, without fail, at any time suggest the other; and yet nothing done in consequence, no practical effect given to the coincidence. I do not know any purely intellectual property that would give to an associated couple the character of an article of belief; but there is that in the volitional promptings which seizes hold of any indication leading to an end, and abides by such instrumentality if it is found to answer. Nay more, there is the tendency to go beyond the actual experience, and not to desist until the occurrence of a positive failure or check. So that the mere repetition of an intellectual impress would not amount to a conviction without this active element, which, although the source of many errors, is indispensable to the mental condition of belief. The legitimate course is to let experience be the corrector of all the primitive impulses; to take warning by every failure, and to recognise no other canon of validity. We find after trials, that there is such a uniformity in nature as enables us to presume that an event happening to-day will happen also to-morrow, if we can only be sure that all the circumstances are exactly the same. It is part of the intuitive tendencies of the mind to generalise in this way; but these tendencies, being as often wrong as right, have no validity in themselves; and the real authority is experience. The long series of trials made since the beginning of observation, has shown how far such inferences can safely be carried; and we are now in possession of a body of rules, in harmony with the actual course of nature, for guiding us in carrying on these operations.’ (Pp. 585, 586.)

So that, after all, Mr. Bain regards belief as a case of ‘intuitive tendency;’ but not a case *sui generis*. He considers it as included under the general law of Volition. The spontaneous activity of the brain, combined with the original property inherent in a painful or pleasurable stimulus, makes us seize and detain all muscular actions which of themselves, and directly, bring pleasure or relief; those actions, in consequence, become, through the law of association, producible by means of our ideas of pleasure or pain; and it is, in the author’s view, by an extension of the same general phenomenon, that actions which only remotely, and after a certain delay, attain our ends, come similarly under the command of our ideas of those ends. When this command is established, then, according to him, the phenomenon, Belief, has taken place; namely, belief in the efficacy of the action to promote the end. This is our author’s theory of Belief. An obvious objection to it is, that we entertain beliefs respecting matters in regard to which we have no wishes, and which have no connexion with any of our ends. But to this Mr. Bain answers (and his answer is just), that in such cases there is always a latent imagination that we *might* have

some object at stake on the reality of the fact we believe, and a feeling that if we had, we should go forward confidently in the pursuit of any such object. We quote the following passage for the practical lesson conveyed in it:—

‘A single trial, that nothing has ever happened to impugn, is able of itself to leave a conviction sufficient to induce reliance under ordinary circumstances. It is the active prompting of the mind itself that instigates, and in fact constitutes, the believing temper; unbelief is an after product, and not the primitive tendency. Indeed, ~~we~~ may say, that, the inborn energy of the brain gives faith, and experience scepticism. . . . We must treat it [belief] as a strong primitive manifestation, derived from the natural activity of the system, and taking its direction and ratification from experience. The “anticipation of nature,” so strenuously repudiated by Bacon, is the offspring of this characteristic of the mental system. In the haste to act, while the indications imbibed from contact with the world, are still scanty, we are sure to extend the application of actual trials a great deal too far, producing such results as have just been named. With the active tendency at its maximum, and the exercise of intelligence and acquired knowledge at the minimum, there can issue nothing but a quantity of rash enterprises. That these are believed in, we know from the very fact that they are undertaken. . . . The respectable name “generalisation,” implying the best products of enlightened scientific research, has also a different meaning, expressing one of the most erroneous impulses and crudest determinations of untutored human nature. To extend some familiar and narrow experience, so as to comprehend cases most distant, is a piece of mere reckless instinct, demanding the severest discipline for its correction. . . . Sound belief, instead of being a pacific and gentle growth, is in reality the battering of a series of strongholds, the conquering of a country in hostile occupation. This is a fact common both to the individual and to the race. . . . The only thing for mental philosophy to do on such a subject, is to represent, as simply and clearly as possible, those original properties of our constitution that are chargeable with such wide-spread phenomena. It will probably be long ere the last of the delusions attributable to this method of believing first and proving afterwards can be eradicated from humanity. For although all those primitive impressions that find a speedy contradiction in realities from which we cannot escape, cease to exercise their sway after a time, there are other cases less open to correction, and remaining to the last as portions of our creed.’ (P. 582-4.)

It is assuredly a strange anomaly, that so many authors, after having applied the whole force of their intellects to prove the existence in the human mind of intellectual or moral instincts, proceed, without any argument at all, to legitimate and consecrate everything which those instincts prompt, as if an instinct never could go astray; a consecration not usually ex-

tended to our physical instincts, though even there we often notice a certain tendency in the same direction, not sufficient to persuade when there is no predisposition to believe, but amounting to a considerable makeweight to weak arguments on the side of an existing prepossession. This grave philosophical, leading to still graver practical error, is always (as in the passage quoted) duly rebuked by the author. As a portion, however, of the theory of Belief, we desiderate a more complete analysis of the psychological process by which ulterior experience, or a more correct interpretation of experience, modifies the original tendency so powerfully described by the author, and subduces belief into subordination and due proportion to evidence.

It only remains to speak of Mr. Bain's theory of Consciousness, which is the subject of his final chapter. He regards it as being simply the same thing with discrimination of difference. Consciousness is only awakened by the shock of the transition from one physical or mental state to another. Hobbes had remarked, that if any one mode of sensation or feeling were always present, we should probably be unconscious of its existence.

There are notable examples to show that one unvarying action upon the senses fails to give any perception whatever. Take the motion of the earth about its axis, and through space, whereby we are whirled with immense velocity, but at a uniform pace, being utterly insensible of the circumstance. So in a ship at sea, we may be under the same insensibility, whereas in a carriage we never lose the feeling of being moved. The explanation is obvious. It is the change from rest to motion that awakens our sensibility, and conversely from motion to rest. A uniform condition as respects either state is devoid of any quickening influence on the mind. Another illustration is supplied by the pressure of the air on the surface of the body. Here we have an exceedingly powerful effect upon one of the special senses. The skin is under an influence exactly of that nature that wakens the feeling of touch, but no feeling comes. Withdraw any portion of the pressure, as in mounting in a balloon, and sensibility is developed. A constant impression is thus to the mind the same as a blank. Our partial unconsciousness as to our clothing is connected with the constancy of the object. The smallest change at any time makes us sensible or awake to the contact. If there were some one sound, of unvarying tone and unremitted continuance, falling on the ear from the first moment of life to the last, we should be as unconscious of the existence of that influence as we are of the pressure of the air. Such a sonorous agency would utterly escape the knowledge of mankind, until, as in the other case, some accident, or some discovery in experimental philosophy, had enabled them to suspend or change the degree of the impression made by it. Except under special circumstances, we are unconscious of our own weight, which fact nevertheless can never be absent. It is thus that agencies might

exist without being perceived ; remission or change being a primary condition of our sensibility. It might seem somewhat difficult to imagine us altogether insensitive to such an influence as light and colour ; and yet, if some one hue had been present on the retina from the commencement of life, we should incontestably have been utterly blind as far as that was concerned.' (*The Emotions and the Will*, pp. 615, 616.)

We perceive (in short) or are conscious of, nothing but changes, or events. Consciousness partakes always of the nature of surprise.

Following out this line of thought, Mr. Bain regards knowledge as virtually synonymous with consciousness, and points out that we never have knowledge of one thing by itself. Knowing a thing, means recognising the differences or agreements between that thing and another or others.

'To know a thing, is to feel it in juxtaposition with some other thing differing from it or agreeing with it. To be simply impressed with a sight, sound, or touch, is not to know anything in the proper sense of the word ; knowledge begins when we recognise other things in the way of comparison with the one. My knowledge of redness is my comparison of this one sensation with a number of others differing from or agreeing with it ; and as I extend those comparisons, I extend that knowledge. An absolute redness *per se*, like an unvarying pressure, would escape cognition ; for supposing it possible that we were conscious of it, we could not be said to have any knowledge. Why is it that the same sensation is so differently felt by different persons — the sensation of red or green to an artist and an optician — if not that knowledge relates not to the single sensation itself, but to the others brought into relation with it in the mind ? When I say I know a certain plant, I indicate nothing, until I inform my hearer what things stand related to it in my mind as contrasting or agreeing. I may know it as a garden weed, that is, under difference from the flowers, fruits, and vegetables cultivated in the garden, and under agreement with the other plants that spring up unsought. I may know it botanically, that is, under difference and agreement with the other members of the order, genus, and species. I may know it artistically, or as compared with other plants on the point of beauty of form and colour. As an isolated object in my mind, I may have a sensation or a perception, although not even that in strict truth, but I can have no knowledge regarding it at all. Thus it is that in the multifarious scene and chaos of distinguishable impressions, not only do different minds fasten upon different individual parts, but fastening on the same parts, arrive at totally different cognitions. Like the two electricities, which cannot exist the one without the other, or the two poles of the magnet, which rise and fall together, no mental impression can exist and be called knowledge, unless in company with some other, as a foil wherewith to compare it. Left to a single unit of consciousness, the mental ex-

citement vanishes. In the intellect, as in the emotions, we live by setting off contrasted states, and consequently no impression can be defined or characterised, except with reference to its accompanying foil. We see how difficult it is in language to make a meaning explicit by a brief announcement; interpretation, as applied to laws, contracts, testaments, as well as to writing generally, consists in determining what things the writer excluded as opposites to, and looked at as agreements with, the thing named. It is thus everywhere in cognition. A simple impression is tantamount to no impression at all. Quality, in the last resort, implies relation; although, in logic, the two are distinguished. Red and blue together in the mind, actuating it differently, keep one another alive as mental excitement, and the one is really knowledge of the other. So with the red of to-day and the red of yesterday, an interval of blank sensation, or of other sensations, coming between. These two will sustain one another in the cerebral system, and will mutually be raised to the rank of knowledge. Increase the comparisons of difference and agreement, and you increase the knowledge, the character of it being settled by the direction wherein the foils are sought.' (*The Emotions and the Will*, pp. 638-40.)

Such is a brief account of a remarkable book; which, once known and read by those who are competent judges of it, is sure to take its place in the very first rank of the order of philosophical speculation to which it belongs. Of the execution, a very insufficient judgment can be formed from our extracts. The book is, indeed, a most difficult one to extract from; for as scarcely any treatise which we know proceeds so much by the way of cumulative proof and illustration, any extract of moderate dimensions is much the same sort of specimen as, we will not say a single stone, but a single row of stones, might be of a completed edifice. We hope that we may have assisted in directing the attention of those who are interested in the subject, to the structure itself; assuring those who belong to the opposite party in philosophical speculation, that so massive a pile, so rich in the quantity and quality of its materials, even if they are not disposed to take up their abode in it, cannot be used even as a quarry without abundant profit.

ART. II.—*Diary of a Visit to England in 1775 by an Irishman* (the Rev. Dr. THOMAS CAMPBELL), and *other Papers by the same hand*. Edited with Notes by SAMUEL RAYMOND, M.A., Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. Sydney: 1854.

THE interest excited in us by this singular little volume may be compared to the pleasure and surprise caused by the discovery on some distant shore of a pebble fashioned by the hand of man into the likeness of well-known features or of a familiar object. Curious in itself, it becomes a thousand times more curious from the strange and perplexing circumstances under which it is found and restored to us. We have not often had an opportunity of exercising our critical jurisdiction upon the literary products of the Antipodes. Australia is more productive of gold nuggets than of authorship; and the nation, which is fast rising to greatness and to power in that wonderful continent, must still be content to shine for two or three generations with light reflected from the literary intelligence of the mother country. This literary nugget is certainly no exception to this remark, for its value consists in the fact that it is no product of Australia, but a genuine memorial of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, flung by the waves of fortune on the distant coast of a region of which Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale had scarcely heard. Yet such as it is, Boswell would eagerly have incorporated it in his *Journal* — Mr. Croker would have made the voyage to New South Wales to obtain a sight of it — and Mr. Nichols would gladly have enrolled it in his literary illustrations of the eighteenth century. It is, in short, a perfectly authentic, but hitherto unknown fragment of the Johnsonian collections, which tallies with the other records of that society in which we seem to have lived some eighty or ninety years back; and it adds several spirited and humorous touches by another hand to those figures on whom Boswell has already conferred a biographical immortality.

Fortunate it is that a manuscript thus thrown across the globe by the perversity of fate, should have fallen at last into the hands of a gentleman so well able to appreciate and to illustrate it as Mr. Raymond, the Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. In that colony he doubtless had not access to all the materials of literary history which may enable us to add something to the history of his discovery. But with the assistance of Boswell and Sylvanus Urban (who

are evidently held in deserved repute by the Antipodeans) he has contrived to throw considerable light on this remarkable document—to establish the identity of the author—to explain many of the contemporary allusions—to expose another of Mr. Croker's blunders—and to produce a little volume of very great merit and interest.

This manuscript lay—we know not how long—in a dusty hiding place, behind an old press in one of the offices of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, where it was first discovered by Mr. David Bruce Hutchinson, the chief clerk of the office. How it came there, and how it came to New South Wales at all, Mr. Raymond has not been able to ascertain; but on that point the researches of one of the most eminent contributors to this Journal have furnished us with some additional evidence. Of the authenticity of the manuscript, no doubt can be entertained, both from its external appearance, (of which a facsimile is given) and still more from its internal character and exact correspondence with a variety of particulars, recorded elsewhere, some of which were probably unknown to Mr. Raymond himself. It certainly is the diary of an Irish clergyman, written, not for publication, but as a private record of the incidents and occurrences which attracted his notice on his first visit to London in 1775, and on a subsequent visit in 1781, followed by a few memoranda of a journey to Paris in 1787. His name nowhere appears in the manuscript, but from the coincidence of dates and other circumstances, he may easily be identified as the gentleman called by Boswell the 'Irish Dr. Campbell,' who was said to have come from Ireland to London principally to see Dr. Johnson. Johnson seemed angry when this observation was made to him by Davis, and said bluntly, 'I should not wish to be dead to disappoint Dr. Campbell, had he been so foolish as 'you represent him; but I should have wished to have been a 'hundred' miles off.' However, this first impression, if it was an unfavourable one, speedily wore off; the Irish traveller was received with courtesy in Johnson's society, and succeeded not only in seeing the great man, but in cultivating his acquaintance.

Boswell's account of their first meeting is as follows:—

'On Wednesday, 5th April (1775), I dined with him (Johnson) at Messieurs Dillys, with Mr. John Scott of Cornwall, the Quaker; Mr. Langton, Mr. Miller (now Sir John), and Dr. Thomas Campbell, an Irish clergyman, whom I took the liberty of inviting to Mr. Dilly's table, having seen him at Mr. Thrale's, and been told that he had come to England chiefly with a view to see Dr. Johnson, for whom

he entertained the highest veneration. He has since published "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland,"—a very entertaining book, which has, however, one fault—that it assumes the fictitious character of an Englishman.* (*Croker's Boswell*, vol. v. p. 280.)

But the fact is that Campbell had already dined at the Thrales', on the 16th March, with Johnson and Barette, though Boswell did not return to London from Scotland till the 21st March, so that he was not in company with Campbell till some days later. But from that time to the 28th May, when he left London, the Irish stranger frequently shared the hospitality of Dr. Johnson's friends. The diary, extending over this period of about ten weeks, is the most important portion of this volume, and our readers will at once perceive the great interest which attaches to it.

Who, then, was Dr. Thomas Campbell?—for we are afraid that the posthumous fame of his 'Philosophical Survey' will not enable many of our readers to answer this question, and in this respect his dinners with Dr. Johnson, and a line or two in Boswell, have done more for him than the clerical and literary labours of his life. Before, therefore, we introduce the diary more fully to our readers, we shall avail ourselves of the materials which have been collected by Mr. John Bowyer Nichols, in the seventh volume of his valuable 'Literary Illustrations,' to make the author better known. This gentleman, then, was born in 1733, at Glack, in the county of Tyrone, and having entered the Church, he obtained the good living of Clones, near the estate of his friend, Lord Dacre, in the county of Monaghan. His first publication, which is that alluded to by Boswell, appeared in 1778. In 1789 he published 'Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland, from the most ancient times till the Introduction of the Roman Ritual under Henry II. ;' and it deserves to be noted that, having visited Edmund Burke at Beaconsfield on the occasion of one of his journeys to England, that eminent man entered very cordially into his plan of writing 'the "History of the Revolutions of Ireland," so as to give the spirit rather than the letter of our melancholy annals. He advised me to be as brief as possible upon everything antecedent to Henry II. : but Mr. Burke did not content himself with giving me good

* It deserves a remark that a book with a somewhat similar title, 'A Political Survey of Great Britain,' had been published in the preceding year (1774), by Dr. John Campbell, a well-known Scotch writer of the day, of whom Johnson said that 'he died of want of attention if he died at all of that book.' He was, however, alive in April, 1775, and his Irish namesake met him at Mr. Combe's.

‘advice, he gave me also his very valuable collection of manuscripts relative to Ireland, no less than *four folio volumes*, of which I have already considerably availed myself.* We heartily wish that behind any press in New South Wales, in the county of Tyrone, or any other corner of the British Empire, Burke’s four folio volumes on the history of Ireland may yet be found; but the anecdote is curious, because it shows with what care and labour that extraordinary man prepared his stores of information, as well as his ready disposition to assist Dr. Campbell in these historical labours.

The principal portion of the correspondence of Dr. Campbell which has been rescued from oblivion is that which passed between him and Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore: he was well acquainted with that prelate and, in fact, it was Campbell who put together the life of Goldsmith prefixed to the edition of Goldsmith’s works in four vols. 8vo., 1801, which Bishop Percy says ‘was compiled under his directions, with a view to the interests of Goldsmith’s surviving relatives.’ But Campbell had no personal acquaintance with Goldsmith, who died in 1774, the year before his own visit to London.

Of Dr. Campbell’s person little more can now be traced, but both Mr. Croker and Mr. Nichols have fallen into a very ludicrous blunder on this subject, which the diary now before us has enabled Mr. Raymond to detect.

In one of Mrs. Thrale’s letters to Johnson, dated from Bath, May 16. 1776, she says:—

‘We have a flashy friend here already, who is much your adorer. I wonder how you will like *him*? An Irishman he is—very handsome, very hot-headed, loud and lively, and sure to be a favourite with you, he tells us, for he can live with a man with ever so odd a temper. My master laughs, but likes him, and it diverts me to think what you will do, when he professes that *he would clean shoes for you—that he would shed his blood for you*, with twenty other extravagant flights: and you say *I flatter—Upon my honour, sir, and indeed now*, as Dr. Campbell’s phrase is, I am but a twitter to him.’

Strangely enough Mr. Croker jumped to the conclusion that this lively gentleman was no other than Dr. Campbell, the rector of Clones in person; though, in fact, nothing can be more improbable. Mrs. Thrale’s ‘flashy friend’ was not likely to be a beneficed Irish ecclesiastic. He is spoken of as a person not known to Johnson, and Johnson himself says in his reply, ‘Who can be this new friend of mine?’ though, as Boswell records, Campbell had met the doctor the year before at the

* Campbell’s letter to Pinkerton, in Nichols’ *Literary Illustrations*. (Vol. vii. p. 773.)

Thrales' table; nor would Mrs. Thrale have been likely to quote a saying of Dr. Campbell's in speaking of Campbell himself. This diary, however, completes the evidence on the point, for Campbell's visit to England took place in May, 1775, not in May 1776, and it was not till October, 1776, that he went again to London, having spent the interval in Ireland.

We are able, therefore, with the assistance of Mr. Raymond and Dr. Campbell, to state with confidence who the 'flashy 'Irishman' of Mrs. Thrale's was *not*, and we shall proceed to show by another witness who we believe him to be.

In the diary and letters of the author of 'Evelina,' we find the following entry written during a visit to Mrs. Thrale in August, 1781:—

'We have now a new character added to our set, and one of no small diversion — Mr. Musgrave, an Irish gentleman of fortune, and member of the Irish Parliament. He is tall, thin, and agreeable in his face and figure — is reckoned a good scholar, has travelled, and been very well educated. His manners are impetuous and abrupt; his language is high-flown and hyperbolic; his sentiments are romantic and tender; his heart is warm and generous; his head hot and wrong; and the whole of his conversation is a mixture the most uncommon of knowledge and triteness, simplicity and fury, literature and folly. Keep this character in your mind, and, contradictory as it seems, I will give you, from time to time, such specimens as shall remind you of each of these six epithets.

'He was introduced into this house by Mr. Seward, with whom, and Mr. Graves of Worcester, he travelled into Italy, and some years ago he was extremely intimate here. Mrs. Thrale, who, though open-eyed enough to his absurdities, thinks well of the goodness of his heart, has a real regard for him; she quite adores him, and he quite adores Dr. Johnson — frequently declaring, (for what he once says, he says continually) that *he would spill his blood for him* — or *clean his shoes* — or go to the East Indies, to do him any good! "I am never," says he, "afraid of him; none but a rogue or a fool has any need to be afraid of him. What a fine old lion (looking up at his picture) he is. Oh! I love him — I honour him — I reverence him. I would black his shoes for him. I wish I could give him my night's sleep." These are exclamations which he is making continually. Mrs. Thrale has extremely well said that he is a caricature of Boswell, who is a caricature, I must add, of all other of Dr. Johnson's admirers.' (*Madame d'Arblay's Diary*, vol. ii. p. 83.)

The likeness of the sketches of this lively personage by the two ladies is complete; his shoe-black devotedness identifies him to the life; and whilst we have great pleasure in restoring to Mr. Musgrave what belongs to him, we must be allowed to claim for the worthy rector of Clones a little more sense and decorum than fell to the lot of his amusing countryman, who

has for so many years been taken for him. It is remarkable that three Johnsonian critics as eminent as Mr. Croker, Mr. Nichols, and Mr. John Forster* should all have fallen into this error; and we are very much indebted to Mr. Raymond for supplying the materials which enable us to correct it with so much precision.

In return, we shall now endeavour to extract from the 'Percy and Campbell Correspondence' a clue to the mysterious discovery of this literary *trouvaille* behind the press in the office of the Supreme Court at Sydney, which has puzzled Mr. Raymond himself. Dr. Campbell died in 1795, and he died unmarried. His next heirs appear to have been a niece, who was living with him in 1791—a nephew, the Rev. Charles Campbell, who resided at Newry, in Ireland, in 1810, and an elder nephew, who in 1810 had resided for two years at the Cape of Good Hope.† Of this eldest nephew the following mention is made by his younger brother Charles, in a letter to Bishop Percy, of the 19th of February, 1810.

'My eldest brother, of whom you are so good as to inquire, was (when I last heard from him about a month ago) just embarking from the Cape of Good Hope (where he has been nearly two years) for *New South Wales* in New Holland, with strong recommendation from Lord Caledon to Colonel Macquarrie, who is the Governor of that settlement, and who with his regiment, the 73rd, touched at the Cape in their passage out. My brother was to accompany him, *having the promise of any civil employment which that place affords.*' (*Nichols' Literary Illustrations*, vol. vii. p. 796.)

* In the appendix (A) to volume ii. of Mr. John Forster's 'Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith,' which is, generally speaking, one of the most accurate and instructive pieces of literary biography in the language, the evidence relating to the projected Life of Goldsmith, has been collected from the Percy Correspondence; but Mr. Forster has fallen into the same error as his predecessors with reference to Mrs. Thrale's supposed description of Campbell, which he too quotes (p. 488). Mr. Forster has pointed out (p. 472.) that Johnson's Latin epitaph on Goldsmith was first made public in Campbell's Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland (p. 437–8.), Johnson having furnished a copy. This circumstance shows the degree of regard Johnson had conceived for his Irish admirer.

† The diary states (p. 86.) that Dr. Campbell went to London again in May, 1781, 'to look for some preferment for his nephew Tom Campbell, and that worthy man Mr. Alexander Scott procured him a cadet's place in the East India Company's service.' This is probably the same individual, who having served in India in early life, afterwards turns up at the Cape of Good Hope, and goes to New South Wales in 1810 in search of civil employment.

It is thus shown by a curious concurrence of evidence that the eldest nephew and heir of Dr. Thomas Campbell was, in 1810, on his way to New South Wales, probably carrying his uncle's diary with him as a family memento. We hope to ascertain that this gentleman afterwards held some office in the Supreme Court—but at any rate it was in the dusty recesses of that office that some forty years later this memento was discovered. We shall now proceed without further delay to lay the most interesting portions of the diary itself before our readers; but this explanation was necessary to render intelligible what is otherwise extremely improbable and incomprehensible.

Let us then accompany the worthy doctor on his first landing in this island—we say his first landing, for although he was at the time about forty-two years of age, there is no allusion to any former visit made by him to England, and every object, down to the size of the Welsh eggs, excites his observation, curiosity, and surprise.

'February 23rd, 1775.—I went aboard the Besborough packet and weighed anchor at five in the evening, and landed at Holyhead at eight o'clock next morning, which was very foggy and hazy. The passage was on a very pacific sea, so that I was so little affected with sickness, as to lament the want of that substitute for hippo. Here we breakfasted, and the eggs were so small that I had curiosity to measure them, and the largest diameter was an inch and three quarters. Here is a odd old church in the form of a cross, in the yard of which Flood and Agar fought about seven years ago; but the feud did not end there, Agar at length fell by his antagonist, A. D. 1769.* The folks at the inn told me that the weather had been generally hazy for a month past, and they expected it would be so till March. They had but two or three days of frost last winter. The sailors say it is always foggy when the wind is at south. The church is, on the outside, of an II-like figure, i. e. the old part, which is not ugly, and seems the remains of something greater; there is an addition, however, of modern work.'

Our tourist then proceeds through North Wales, entranced with the 'transcendently beautiful view of Bangor, which beggars the richness of words,' but experiences the barrenness of the land at a cost which may make modern travellers stare.

'The distance from Holyhead to Bangor ferry is twenty-five miles; from thence to Conway eighteen; a post-chaise and four from Holy-

* Henry Flood fought two duels with Mr. Agar—the first is here alluded to, in which Agar was slightly wounded; but the quarrel was revived, and he was shot through the heart. Flood was tried at the Kilkenny Assizes, and the jury found a verdict of manslaughter in his own defence.

head is eight guineas for two, and nine for three; from Conway to St. Asaph is eighteen miles. At Bangor ferry we could get no beer, yet one would think that the tempering of malt and hops into that consistence were a facile operation; nor was there meat, except eggs and rashers of beef. At Conway both meat and drink were as bad as we could meet at any Irish inn.

In seven days he reaches London, having passed through Oxford, and seen, as he phrases it, a 'syllabus of all England;' and as the Irish divine seems to have had as much taste for the stage as for the pulpit, on the 2nd of March, 'Covent Garden Playhouse received him'—probably to see the performance of 'Braganza,' one of Jephson's wretched pieces which divided the favour of the town with Goldsmith's Comedies. Goldsmith himself died in the previous year, and we find but one slight mention of him in these pages. A day or two after the playhouse Dr. Campbell found an occasion for gratifying his professional curiosity in a more clerical manner.

'*Sunday, 5th (March).*—I breakfasted with Mr. Pearson (Fig Tree Court, Middle Temple), and went with him to the Temple Church—a most beautiful Gothic structure. The service was ill read, and the singing not according to the rubrick; for it was immediately after the second lesson. The sermon was preached by the Master of the society, a brother to Thurloc the Attorney-General. The discourse was the most meagre composition (on our Saviour's temptation) and the delivery worse. He stood like Gulliver stuck in the marrow bone, with the sermon (newspaper-like) in his hand, and without grace or emphasis he in slow cadence measured it forth. In the evening I strolled to Westminster Abbey, where I (being locked in) was obliged to listen to a discourse still duller, and as ill delivered.'

Without dwelling further on the humours of the town, or the pitfalls into which the Rector of Clones sometimes fell with an innocence worthy of Moses Primrose himself, let us now accompany him into society.

'*11th (March).*—It rained incessantly from the hour I awoke, that is, eight till near twelve, that I went to bed, and how much further that night, I know not. This day I dined with the club at the British Coffee (house), introduced by my old college friend Day. The President was a Scotch Member of Parliament, Mayne, and the prevalent interest Scottish. They did nothing but praise Macpherson's new history, and decry Johnson and Burke. Day humorously gave money to the waiter to bring him Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny." One of them desired him to save himself the expense, for that he should have it from him, and glad that he would take it away as it was worse than nothing. Another said it was written in Johnson's manner, but worse than usual, for that there was nothing new in it. The President swore that Burke was gone mad, and to prove it adduced this instance, that when the House was obliged the day or

two before, to call him to order, he got up again, and foaming like a play actor, he said, in the words of the psalmist, "I held my tongue even from good words, but it was pain and grief to me; then I said "in my haste they are all liars." My friend Day, however, told some stories which turned the Scotch into ridicule (they did however laugh), and irritated the President more than once by laughing at his accent, but he had a good blow at one (who valued himself vastly on his classical knowledge) who, describing the device on a snuff-box, pointed out a satyr blowing his concha; this raised a loud laugh, which made the virtuoso look very silly.'

From this company he shortly afterwards proceeded to the house of Mr. Thrale—his first visit seems, however, to have been to Mr. Thrale's brewery; and we quote the passage chiefly for the concluding lines, which give us Dr. Campbell's first impression of Garrick in the part of Lear.

'14th (March).—The first entire fair day since I came to London. This day I called at Mr. Thrale's, where I was received with all respect by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. She is a very learned lady, and joins to the charms of her own sex the manly understanding of ours. The immensity of the brewery astonished me. One large house contains, and cannot contain more, only four store vessels, each of which contains fifteen hundred barrels; and in one of which, one hundred persons have dined with ease. There are besides, in other houses, thirty-six of the same construction, but of one-half the contents. The reason assigned that porter is lighter on the stomach than other beer is, that it ferments much more, and is by that means more spiritualised. I was half-suffocated by letting in my nose, over the working floor; for I cannot call it vessel; its area was much greater than many Irish castles. Dined alone, having refused an invitation from Mr. Boyd, in order to see Garrick; and I saw him, which I could not have done if I had stayed half an hour longer, the pit being full at the first rush. Nor was I disappointed in my expectations, though I cannot say he came up to what I had heard of him; but all things appear worse for being forestalled by praises. His voice is husky, and his person not near so elegant as either Dodd's or King's; but then his look, his eye, is very superior. Lear, however, was not, I think, a character wherein he could display himself.'

His next meeting with the Thrales brought him into the society of Johnson. This dinner with Johnson and Baretti occurred five days before Boswell's return to London, and consequently there is no notice of it in the 'Life.' The allusion to the reception which the pamphlet 'Taxation no Tyranny' had met with is extremely curious. Johnson was evidently nettled at the indifference of his friends and the public to his opinions, and as he said to Boswell a few days later, 'I think I have not been attacked enough for it. Attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds.'

'16th (March).—A fair day. Dined with Mr. Thrale, along with Dr. Johnson and Baretti. Baretti is a plain sensible man, who seems to know the world well. He talked to me of the invitation given him by the College of Dublin, but said it (one hundred pounds a year and rooms) was not worth his acceptance; and if it had been, he said, in point of profit, still he would not have accepted it, for that now he could not live out of London. He had returned a few years ago to his country, but he could not enjoy it, and he was obliged to return to London, to those connexions he had been making for near thirty years past. He told me he had several families with whom both in town and country he could go at any time and spend a month: he is at this time on these terms at Mr. Thrale's, and he knows how to keep his ground. Talking as we were at tea of the magnitude of the beer vessels, he said there was one thing in Mr. Thrale's house still more extraordinary, meaning his wife. She gulped the pill very prettily — so much for Baretti! Johnson, you are the very man Lord Chesterfield describes: a Hottentot indeed, and though your abilities are respectable, you never can be respected yourself.* He has the aspect of an idiot, without the faintest ray of sense gleaming from any one feature — with the most awkward garb, and unpowdered grey wig on one side only of his head — he is for ever dancing the devil's jig, and sometimes he makes the most drivelling effort to whistle some thought in his absent paroxysms. He came up to me and took me by the hand, then sat down on the sofa, and mumbled out that he had heard two papers had appeared against him in the course of this week, — one of which was, — that he was to go to Ireland next summer, in order to abuse the hospitality of that place also. His awkwardness at table is just what Chesterfield described, and his roughness of manners kept pace with that. When Mrs. Thrale quoted something from "Foster's Sermons," he flew in a passion, and said that Foster was a man of mean ability, and of no original thinking. All which, though I took to be most true, yet I held it not meet to have it so set down. He said that he looked upon Burke to be the author of Junius, and that though he would not take him *contra mundum*, yet he would take him against any man. Baretti was of the same mind, though he mentioned a fact which made against the opinion; which was, that a paper having appeared against

* Dr. Campbell alludes to the well-known passage in Lord Chesterfield's letters, in which the polished Earl describes the uncouth manners of the sage, and ends by calling him 'a respectable Hottentot.' (Letter cexii. vol. ii. p. 104, Dodsley's 4to. edition.) The date of this letter was February, 1752. Johnson's severe letter to Lord Chesterfield, after the publication of the Dictionary, was written in 1755. Lord Chesterfield, however, gives in this passage, the true cause of that coolness which excited Johnson's bitter resentment. 'There is a man,' said he, 'whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company.'

Junius on this day, a Junius came out in answer to that the very next, when everybody knew Burke was in Yorkshire. But all the Juniuses were evidently not written by the same hand. Burke's brother is a good writer, though nothing like Edmund. The doctor, as he drinks no wine, retired soon after dinner, and Baretti, who I see is a sort of literary toad-eater to Johnson, told me that he was a man nowise affected by praise or dispraise, and that the journey to the Hebrides would never have been published but for himself. The doctor, however, returned again, and with all the fond anxiety of an author, I saw him cast out all his nets to know the sense of the town about his last pamphlet, *Taxation no Tyranny*, which he said did not sell. Mr. Thrale told him such and such members of both Houses admired it; "And why did you not tell me this?" quoth Johnson. Thrale asked him what Sir Joshua Reynolds said of it. "Sir Joshua," quoth the Doctor, "has not read it." "I suppose," quoth Thrale, "he has been very busy of late." "No," says the Doctor, "but I never look at his pictures, so he won't read my writings." Was this like a man insensible to glory? Thrale then asked him if he had got Miss Reynolds's opinion, for she, it seems, is a politician. "As to that," quoth the Doctor, "it is no great matter; for she could not tell, after she had read it, on which side of the question Mr. Burke's speech was." *

The following account of another of Mr. Thrale's literary dinners, proves the astonishing stability of the culinary laws of London; fowls and saddles of mutton have retained their sway for the best part of a century, though we should look in vain, in these degenerate days, for 'four different sorts of ices.' At a subsequent dinner at Lord Dacre's, the Doctor himself remarks (alas! with how great truth!) how similar all the great dinners he meets with are—soup, fish, saddles of mutton, turkey, pigeons, and so on for ever.

'25th (March).—Eddying winds in the forenoon rendered the streets very disagreeable with dust, which was laid in the evening by rain from three. Dined at Mr. Thrale's, where there were ten or more gentlemen, and but one lady besides Mrs. Thrale. The dinner was excellent; first course, soups at head and foot, removed by fish and a saddle of mutton; second course, a fowl they call Galena at head, and a capon larger than some of our Irish turkeys at foot; third course, four different sorts of ices, pineapple, grape, raspberry, and a fourth; in each remove I think there were fourteen dishes. The two first were served in massy plate. I sat beside Baretti, which was to me the richest part of the entertainment. He and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale joined in expressing to me; Dr. Johnson's concern that he could not give me the meeting that day, but desired that I should go and see him. Baretti was very humorous about

* * Alluding to Burke's speech on American Taxation, which was delivered on the 19th April, 1774.

his new publication which he expects to put out next month. He there introduces a dialogue about Ossian, wherein he ridicules the idea of its double translation into Italian, in hopes, he said, of having it abused by the Scots, which would give it an imprimatur for a second edition, and he had stipulated for twenty-five guineas additional if the first should sell in a given time. He repeated to me upon memory the substance of the letters which passed between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Macpherson. The latter tells the Doctor that neither his age nor infirmities should protect him if he came in his way. The Doctor responds that no menaces of any rascal should intimidate him from detecting imposture wherever he met it.

Dr. Campbell claims no proficiency in the fine arts, and indeed one of the chief merits of his diary is the simplicity with which he records his own observations, without any attempt at effect: but the following entry is of great interest.

'27th (March).—Frost in the morning and light falls of snow all day. Went to see Reynolds's pictures. His manner is certainly the true sublime; the colours seem laid on so coarsely that *quivis speret idem*. Gainsborough's I looked at afterwards, but his work seems laboured with small pencils; I don't think he paints as well as Hunter in Dublin. What a pity that Reynolds's colours do not stand! they want a body, they seem glazed.'

At the next Thrale dinner Johnson was not present, though Boswell was; but the absence of the 'stupendous mortal,' as Miss Seward always called him, only made his friends more eager to talk of him; and Campbell heard a chorus of second-hand *mots*, which could hardly have been repeated in the presence of the author, and some of them of so broad a character that they have driven the Australian editor to asterisks and ourselves to omissions.

'April 1st.—A fair day. Dined at Mr. Thrale's, whom, in proof of the magnitude of London, I cannot help remarking, no coachman, and this is the third I have called, could find without inquiry. But of this, by the way. There was Murphy, Boswell, and Baretto: the two last, as I learned just before I entered, are mortal foes; so much so that Murphy and Mrs. Thrale agreed that Boswell expressed a desire that Baretto should be hanged upon that unfortunate affair of his killing, &c.* Upon this hint I went, and without any sagacity it was discernible; for, upon Baretto's entering, Boswell did not rise, and upon Baretto's desery of Boswell he grinned a perturbed glance. Politeness, however, smooths the most hostile brows, and theirs were smoothed. Johnson was the subject both before and after dinner,

* Baretto being rudely accosted by some loose characters in the Haymarket, rashly struck one of them with a knife (which he constantly wore for the purpose of carving fruit and sweetmeats). The man died the next day, and Baretto was tried at the Old Bailey.

for it was the boast of all but myself, that under that roof were the Doctor's first friends: His *bon mots* were retailed in such plenty that they, like a surfeit, could not lie upon memory. Boswell arguing in favour of a cheerful glass, adduced the maxim *in vino veritas*; "Well," says Johnson, "and what then, unless a man has 'lived a lie?'" B. then urged that it made a man forget all his cares; "that, to be sure," says Johnson, "might be of use if a man 'sat by such a person as you.'" Boswell confessed that he liked a glass of whiskey in the highland tour, and used to take it. At length, says Johnson, "let me try wherein the pleasure of a Scots-man consists," and so tips off a brimmer of whiskey. But Johnson's abstemiousness is new to him, for within a few years he would swallow two bottles of port without any apparent alteration, and once, in the company with whom I dined this day, he said, "Pray, 'Mr. Thrale, give us another bottle.'" It is ridiculous to pry so nearly into the movements of such men, yet Boswell carries it to a degree of superstition. The Doctor, it appears, has a custom of putting the peel of oranges into his pocket, and he asked the Doctor what use he made of them; the Doctor's reply was that his dearest friend should not know that. This has made poor Boswell unhappy, and I verily think he is as anxious to know the secret as a green sick girl. N.B. The book wherewith Johnson presented the highland lady was Cocker's Arithmetic.'

The mighty mystery of the dried orange peel was at last solved by Boswell's discovery, that Dr. Johnson was in the habit of making a stomachic drink with it, which, as he observed, had at least the merit of doing no harm. But Boswell's infantine curiosity on the subject was extremely diverting to the bystanders, and did not escape Dr. Campbell's notice.

The following entry is one of peculiar interest, because it describes the very same dinner at Dilly's the bookseller's which is related, though with less detail, by Boswell — indeed some of the most striking things said by Johnson on this occasion were said after Boswell was gone. It is certainly a noble retaliation on Johnson for his insane injustice to the northern division of this island, that he should owe the largest share of his posthumous fame to the Scotchman who was his biographer. On this occasion he waited till Boswell had retired before he broke out against the Scotch; but in other respect the two reports coincide. Nothing can better illustrate the genuine character of these Notes, than the fact that two concurrent accounts should have come to light of this same casual entertainment, though divided from each other by half a century in the time of publication, and by the distance of a hemisphere.

'*April 5th.*—Dined with Dilly in the Poultry as guest to Mr. Boswell, where I met Dr. Johnson (and a Mr. Miller, who lives near Bath, who is a dillettanti man, keeps a weekly day for the litte-

rati, and is himself so litterate that he gatheroth all the flowers that ladies write and bindeth into a garland, but enough of him) with several others, particularly a Mr. Scott, who seems to be a very sensible plain man. The doctor when I came in had an answer titled "Taxation and Tyranny" to his last pamphlet in his hand. He laughed at it, and said, he would read no more of it, for that it paid him compliments, but gave him no information. He asked if there were any more of them. I told him I had seen another, and that the "Monthly Review" had handled it in what I believed he called the way of information. "Well," says he, "I should be glad to see it." Then Boswell (who understands his temper well), asked him somewhat, for I was not attending, relative to the Provincial Assemblies. The Doctor, in process of discourse with him, argued with great vehemence that the Assemblies were nothing more than our vestries. I asked him was there not this difference, that an Act of the Assemblies required the king's assent to pass into a law; his answer had more of wit than of argument. "Well, Sir," says he, "that only gives it more weight." I thought I had gone too far, but dinner was then announced, and Dilly, who paid all attention to him, in placing him next the fire, said, "Doctor, perhaps you will be too warm." "No, Sir," says the Doctor, "I am neither hot nor cold." "And yet," said I, "Doctor, you are not a lukewarm man." This I thought pleased him, and as I sat next him, I had a fine opportunity of attending to his phiz, and I could clearly see he was fond of having his quaint things laughed at, and they (without any force) gratified my propensity to affuse grinning. Mr. Dilly led him to give his opinion of men and things, of which he is very free, and Dilly will probably retail them all. Talking of the Scotch (after Boswell was gone), he said, though they were not a learned nation, yet they were far removed from ignorance. Learning was new amongst them, and he doubted not but they would in time be a learned people, for they were a fine bold enterprising people. He compared England and Scotland to two lions, the one saturated with his belly full, and the other prowling for prey. But the test he offered to prove that Scotland, though it had learning enough for common life, yet had not sufficient for the dignity of literature, was, that he defied any one to produce a classical book written in Scotland, since Buchanan. Robertson, he said, used pretty words, but he liked Hume better, and neither of them would he allow to be more to Clarendon than a rat to a cat. "A Scotch surgeon," says he, "may have more learning than an English one, and all Scotland could not muster learning enough for Louth's 'Prelections.'" Turning to me he said, "You have produced classical writers and scholars; I don't know," says he, "that any man is before Usher as a scholar, unless it may be Selden, and you have a philosopher, Boyle, and you have Swift and Congreve, but the latter," says he, "denied you," and he might have added the former too. He then said, "You certainly have a turn for the drama, for you have Southerne and Farquhar and Congreve, and many living authors and players." Encouraged by this, I went back, to assert the genius of Ireland in old times, and ventured to say that

the first professors of Oxford and Paris, &c., were Irish. "Sir," says he, "I believe there is something in what you say, and I am content with it, *since they are not Scotch.*"

'This day I went to Guildhall, and waited for above an hour before the Lord Mayor came. He, Wilkes, was rather worse than I expected to find him, for he labours under baldness, increpitude, and want of teeth; from the hedge of the teeth being removed, his tongue is for ever trespassing upon his lips, whereof the undermost together with the chin projects very far. He went to the front of the hustings, where he was clapped as a player more than once before he spoke; tho' I was removed from him but the breadth of the *green* table, I could not make out all he said, (which was not much, but it was) in reproaching the measures of the Ministry towards the Americans. He then sat down, and Captain Allen, after making a speech too trivial for a mountebank, yet he too was applauded, read the address, petition, and remonstrance which will be in the prints.'

Here, apparently, Dr. Campbell reverts to Johnson's previous conversation.

'Talking of Addison's timidity keeping him down, so that he never spoke in the House of Commons, was, he said, much more blameworthy than if he had attempted and failed, as a man is more praiseworthy who fights and is beaten, than he who runs away.'

Three days afterwards, the principal members of the same company met again at Mr. Thrale's. Boswell, as well as Campbell, has preserved some record of this dinner—the supper of the previous night at Mrs. Abington's with some fashionable people, and the repartee on Murphy and Garrick—whose names are suppressed by Boswell, correctly supplied by Mr. Croker on conjecture, and preserved by the Irish visitor. The other particulars of this conversation are recorded by Campbell only.

'*April 8th.*—Very cold and some rain, but not enough to allay the blowing of the dust. Dined with Thrale, where Dr. Johnson was, and Boswell (and Baretti as usual). The Doctor was not in as good spirits as he was at Dilly's. He had supped the night before with Lady —, Miss Jeffrys, one of the maids of honour, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c., at Mrs. Abington's. He said Sir C. Thompson and some others who were there spoke like people who had seen good company, and so did Mrs. Abington herself, who could not have seen good company. He seems fond of Boswell, and yet he is always abusing the Scots before him, by way of joke. Talking of their nationality, he said they were not singular, the Negroes and Jews being so too. Boswell lamented there was no good map of Scotland. "There never can be a good (map) of Scotland," says the Doctor sententiously. This excited Boswell to ask wherefore. "Why, Sir, to measure land a man must go over it, and who could think of going over Scotland?" When Dr. Goldsmith was mentioned, and Dr.

Percy's intention of writing his life*, he expressed his approbation, strongly adding, that Goldsmith was the best writer he ever knew upon every subject he wrote upon. He said that Kondric had borrowed all his dictionary from him. "Why," says Boswell, "every man who writes a dictionary must borrow." "No, Sir," says Johnson, "that is not necessary." "Why," says Boswell, "have not you a great deal in common with those who wrote before you?" "Yes, Sir," says Johnson, "I have the words, but my business was not to make words, but to explain them." Talking of Garrick and Barry, he said he always abused Garrick himself, but when anybody else did so, he fought for the dog like a tiger; and as to Barry, he said he supposed he could not read. "And how does he get his part?" says one; "Why somebody reads it to him, and yet I know," says he, "that he is very much admired." Mrs. Thrale then took him by repeating a *repartee* of Murphy, the setting Barry up in competition with Garrick, is what irritates the English critics, and Murphy standing up for Barry. Johnson said that he was fit for nothing but to stand at an auction room door with his pole. Murphy said that Garrick would do the business as well, and pick the people's pockets at the same time. Johnson admitted the fact, but said Murphy spoke nonsense, for that people's pockets were not picked at the door, but in the room; then, said I, he was worse than the pickpockets, forasmuch as he was Pandar to them. This went off with a laugh. *Vive la bagatelle.* It was a case decided here, that there was no harm and much pleasure in laughing at our absent friends, and I own if the character is not damaged, I can see no injury done.

The dinner of the 10th April at General Oglethorpe's, is also reported by Boswell, but Dr. Campbell's note of the conversation is by far more full and amusing — indeed Boswell ends by the remark that his hero 'was not much in the humour of talking.' Yet nothing can be more droll than Johnson's turn on the old jest of the want of trees in Scotland, and it is evident that Boswell had been snubbed for his curiosity before he left the room.

'April 10th.—Rain, but not enough to soften the asperity of the weather. Dined with General Oglethorpe, who was in lieu of Aide-de-Camp (for he had no such officer about him) to Prince Eugene, and celebrated by Mr. Pope. Dr. Johnson pressed him to write his life; adding that no life in Europe was so well worth recording. The old man excused himself, saying, the life of a private man was not worthy public notice. He however desired Boswell to bring him some good almanack, that he might recollect dates, and seemed to excuse himself also on the article of incapacity; but Boswell desired

* This was the life to which Dr. Campbell afterwards contributed the principal materials. It is remarkable that none of the eminent men who had lived most in the society of Goldsmith undertook it, and that Bishop Percy, who did undertake it, should have done so little for it.

him only to furnish the skeleton, and that Dr. Johnson would supply bones and sinews. "He would be a good doctor," says the General, "who would do that." "Well," says I, "he is a good Doctor," at which the Doctor laughed very heartily. Talking of America, it was observed, that his works would not be admired there. "No," says Boswell, "we should soon hear of his being hung in effigy." "I should be glad of that," says the Doctor: "that would be a new source of fame," alluding to some conversation on the fulness of his fame which had gone before. And says Boswell, "I wonder he has not been hung in effigy from the Hebrides to England." "I shall suffer them to do it corporeally," says the Doctor, "if they can find me a tree to do it upon."

'The poem of the Graces became the topic; Boswell asked if he had never been under the hands of a dancing master. "Aye and a Dancing Mistress too," says the Doctor, "but I own to you I never took a lesson but one or two, my blind eyes showed me I could never make a proficiency." Boswell led him to give his opinion of Gray: he said there were but two good stanzas in all his works, viz., the Elegy. Boswell, desirous of eliciting his opinion upon too many subjects, as he thought, he rose up and took his hat. This was not noticed by anybody as it was nine o'clock, but after we got into Mr. Lungton's coach, who gave us a set down, he said, "Boswell's conversation consists entirely in asking questions, and it is extremely offensive." We defended it upon Boswell's eagerness to hear the Doctor speak.

'Talking of suicide, Boswell took up the defence for argument's sake, and the Doctor said that some cases were more excusable than others, but if it were excusable, it should be the last resource; "for instance," says he, "if a man is distressed in circumstances (as in the case I mentioned of Denny) he ought to fly his country." "How can he fly," says Boswell, "if he has wife and children." "What, Sir," says the Doctor, shaking his head as if to promote the fermentation of his wit, "doth not a man fly from his wife and children if he murders himself?"

Poor Dr. Dodd was executed in June, 1777, about two years after Campbell's visit, and in 1775, his preaching was the height of the fashion: we do not remember to have met with a description of it more graphic than the following passage.

'14th (April).—Fair. Good Friday; went to hear Dr. Dodd, who is cried up as the first preacher in London, at his own chapel. He reads better than he preaches; for in the pulpit he leans too much upon his notes, his eyes are seldom off them, yet he uses the action of an extempore delivery which makes a jarring jumble. His manner is infinitely superior to his matter, which was a poor and unsuccessful attempt upon the passions. He said the merits of Christ were applied to us, just as a man's paying a money debt for another was deemed a discharge for the debt; and he said that, as the merits of Christ extended from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same, so they extended equally *a parte ante et post* since creation, to those who never heard the name, i. e. Jesus Christ was a vicarious

sacrifice, as well for those who lived before Him, as for those who have lived since; and as well for those who never heard of Him, as those who have faith in His name.

'N.B. The shops were not shut up to-day farther than that some of them had a single board standing up. The paviours went on as all other workmen did, and the ladies went to their exercise in Hyde Park as usual. Dodd did not read the communion service rubrically, for he kneeled at the beginning, and though it was a fast day he and his condjutors wore surplices. Supped with Jack Day and a set of Irish.'

Dining on Easter Sunday with Archdeacon Congreve, Dr. Campbell met the Lord Primate, and on being asked whether he 'had seen the lions,' the Rector of Clones answered by saying that he had seen Sir Joshua's paintings and heard the conversation of Dr. Johnson and his friends—to which the dignitary replied, 'Aye! these indeed are lions worth seeing, and the sight of them may be of use to you.' But the curiosity of our traveller was destined to be yet more fully gratified in another quarter. *

'18th (April).—Went in one of the Brentford coaches to Kew Bridge, walked from thence along the Thames (N.B. a smart shower then) to Richmond, near which I met the King with a single gentleman, and two of the princes. I did not know him till I was cheek for jowl with him, (jowl here I apply to his majesty), and then I took off my hat; sometime before I met the king I overtook a boy of fifteen or sixteen, dressed in flannel or something of that sort. I asked him several questions, to all which he answered with English curtness; he was, however, glad of a penny for carrying my coat. After passing the king I asked him if he knew who that was, he answered in the negative. I then told him, that is the king; he showed no emotion, but turned round and said leisurely, "Is that the king?" An Irish boy would have dogged him at the heels as long as he could. It would be heresy here to deny that Richmond still afforded the finest prospect in the world, and it would be false to deny that it afforded a rich one, yet it has nothing picturesque to be seen from it, for it was the second and third distances. Wales is the fertile mother of landscapes.'—N.B. Richmond Hill is very coarse ground, covered with furze and rushes.'

His next call on Johnson was to take leave of him, for three days later Campbell left London. Johnson evidently liked the Irishman, for there runs through these interviews a vein of courtesy, to which his admirers were not often accustomed.

'24th (April).—Rainy morning. Sat an hour with Dr. Johnson about noon.' He was at breakfast, with a Pindar* in his hand, and

*After Johnson's death, Miss Seward and Mrs. Thrale declared that he owned he had not opened a Greek book for ten years, and he was wont to speak of Anacreon's Dove as the thing that pleased him most in Greek poetry: yet Dr. Campbell finds him 'at breakfast with

after saluting me with great cordiality, he, after whistling in his way over Pindar, laid the book down, and then told me he had seen my Lord Primate at Sir Joshua's, and "I believe," says he, "I have not recommended myself much to him, for I differed widely in opinions from him, yet I hear he is doing good things in Ireland." I mentioned Skelton to him as a man of strong imagination, and told him the story of his selling his library for the support of the poor. He seemed much affected by it, and then fell a rowling and muttering to himself, and I could hear him plainly say, after several minutes' pause from conversation, "Skelton is a great good man." He then said, "I purpose reading his *Ophiomachis*, for I have never seen anything of his but some allegoric pieces, which I thought very well of." He told me he had seen Delany when he was in every sense *gravis annis**; "but he was (an) able man," says he; "his 'Revelation examined with candour,' was well received, and I have seen an introductory preface to a second edition of one of his books, which was the finest thing I ever read in the declamatory way." He asked me whether Clayton† was an English or Irishman? "He endeavoured to raise a heresy among you," says he, "but without effect, I believe." I told him one effect in the case of the parish clerks. His indignation was prodigious, "Aye," says he, "these are the effects of heretical notions upon vulgar minds."

Our limits forbid us to accompany our traveller on his homeward journey, though his account of Bath and Bristol is highly entertaining, and especially the manner in which a Sunday might be spent 'with five or six lively Irish girls' at Bath some eighty years ago; but we prefer to revert to a subsequent interview with Dr. Johnson on the occasion of a visit paid him about six years after that which we have hitherto described. In 1781, Dr. Campbell returned to London for the purpose (as we have already mentioned) of obtaining a cadetship for his nephew, and he took the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with Johnson. ‡

'a Pindar in his hand.' It is certain, however, that he had small pretensions to Greek scholarship.

* Dr. Patrick Delany, the Dean of Down, was an intimate friend of Swift, and acknowledged to be a writer of ability and learning. He died in 1768, at more than eighty years of age.

† Dr. Clayton was translated to the Bishopric of Clogher in 1745, but in 1751 he published an Arian treatise, not written by himself; the Irish Convocation determined to proceed against him, when he was seized with a nervous fever which terminated his life in 1758. We are indebted for these particulars to Mr. Alibone's 'Dictionary of British and American Authors,' a work of extraordinary research and very commendable accuracy. There is scarcely a name in the whole range of English literature which seems to have escaped Mr. Alibone's notice.

‡ It appears from a passage in Dr. Campbell's 'Strictures on the 'History of Ireland,' that he also spent the winter of 1777 in Lon-

'June 11th, 1781.—I went to see Dr. Johnson; found him alone. Baretti came soon after. Baretti (after some pause in conversation) asked me if the *disturbances* were over in Ireland. I told him I had not heard of any disturbances there. "What," says he, "have you not been up in arms?" "Yes, and a great number of men continue so to be." "And don't you call that disturbance?" returned Baretti. "No," said I, "the Irish volunteers have demeaned themselves very peaceably, and instead of disturbing the peace of the country have contributed much to its preservation." The Doctor, who had been long silent, turned a sharp ear to what I was saying, and, with vehemence, said, "What, Sir, don't you call it disturbance to oppose legal government with arms in your hands and compel it to make laws in your favour? Sir, I call it rebellion, rebellion as much as the rebellions of Scotland." "Doctor," said I, "I am sorry to hear that fall from you. I must, however, say that the Irish consider themselves as the most loyal of His Majesty's subjects, at the same time that they firmly deny any allegiance to a British Parliament. They have a separate legislature, and that they have never shown any inclination to resist." "Sir," says the Doctor, "you do owe allegiance to the British Parliament as a *conquered* nation, and had I been minister I would have made you submit to it. I would have done as Oliver Cromwell did, I would have burned your cities and wasted you in the fires (or flames) of them." I, after allowing the Doctor to vent his indignation upon Ireland, coolly replied, "Doctor, the times are altered, and I don't find that you have succeeded so well in burning the cities and roasting the inhabitants of America." "Sir," says he gravely, and with a less vehement tone, "what you say is true, the times are altered, for power is now howhere; we live under a government of influence not of power; but, Sir, had we treated the Americans as we ought, and as they deserved, we should have at once razed all their towns—and let them enjoy their forests." After this wild rant, argument would but have enraged him; I therefore let him vibrate into calmness, then, turning round to me he, with a smile, says, "After all, Sir, though I hold the Irish to be rebels, I don't think they have been so very wrong; but you know that you compelled our Parliament by force of arms to pass an Act in your favour. That I call rebellion." "But, Doctor," said I, "did the Irish claim anything that ought not to have been granted, though they had not made the claim?" "Sir, I won't dispute that matter with you, but what I insist upon is that the mode of requisition was rebellious." "Well, Doctor, let me ask you but one question, and I shall ask you no more on this subject: do you think that Ireland would have obtained what it has got by any other means?" "Sir," says he, "candidly, I believe it would not. However, a wise Go-

don, and was honoured with the familiarity and friendship of Johnson. In fact he stayed in London from October, 1776, to May, 1777. But no record of this visit has been preserved, and as Boswell was in Scotland during the whole of this time, Dr. Campbell's name does not reappear in the 'Life.'

vernment should not grant even a claim of justice if an attempt is made to extort it by 'force.' I said no more.'

This conversation is very remarkable from the importance of the subject and the light it throws on Johnson's political opinions; and this note of it is the more interesting from the circumstance that Dr. Campbell himself refers to the occasion at greater length in one of his acknowledged publications—the passage has already been reprinted by Mr. Nichols in the seventh volume of his 'Literary Illustrations,' p. 762., as a valuable and appropriate addition to the life of Johnson. He there informs the reader by way of introduction, that having repeated the conversation to his dear friend Dr. Watkinson within an hour or two after it passed, 'he thought it so extraordinary that he gave me pen, ink, and paper to set it down immediately as a test of the political principles of Johnson.' It is extremely probable, therefore, that the rough note we have now laid before our readers is the identical memorandum written at the time: and the conversation was afterwards republished in a fuller and more elaborate form in the 'Strictures on Irish History.'

We have borrowed more largely than is our custom from these pages, because the copy of Mr. Raymond's publication now before us is probably the only one on this side of the equator, and he has had the good fortune to hit upon a vein of unusual interest to every one who is conversant—as who is not conversant?—with Dr. Johnson's life and conversation. The remaining portions of the diary are slight, and have not the same claim to our notice, though there is some amusement in the Doctor's trip to Paris in 1787, in his return by way of Brighton, where he met the Princes and Mrs. Fitzherbert at a ball, and afterwards saw Charles Fox (whom he calls 'this profligate head of opposition,') 'walking on the Steyne in very indifferent company.'

Notes of this kind, hastily but faithfully jotted down at the time by persons who live in good society, acquire in less than a century an extraordinary degree of interest and value. Dr. Campbell's diary has been walled up behind that ancient press in the Supreme Court at Sydney, until, like a pipe of Madeira laid in on the birth of an heir and forgotten on his majority, it has acquired the flavour of a curious liqueur. The world is extremely indebted to Mr. Raymond for having brought this document to light; and in any future edition of the Life of Johnson, Dr. Campbell's notes cannot fail to be inserted. Indeed, we hope that the Editor, to whom the copyright belongs, will shortly allow the whole volume to be republished in this country.

ART. III.—*Ceylon: An Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical: with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, and Drawings.* By Sir J. EMERSON TENNENT. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1859.

AMIDST the labours of a life devoted to the assiduous discharge of public duties, both abroad and at home, Sir Emerson Tennent has found means to produce the most copious, interesting, and complete monograph which exists in our language on any of the possessions of the British Crown. The island of Ceylon cannot, with any strictness or propriety, be termed a colony. It is one of the oldest kingdoms of the earth, inhabited by races whose origin is lost in primitive antiquity; traces of the demon worship of fattened serpents still linger among the superstitions of the people; and the lofty pinnacle called 'Adam's Peak,' which has served for ages as a landmark to the navigators of the Eastern seas, is still said to bear the footprint of the first created man. The chronicles of the island extend, if we may place implicit reliance on the profound researches of Mr. Turnour, the translator of the Mahawanso, in an unbroken series through twenty-three centuries, from 543 B.C. to the year of Christ 1758. The arts of agriculture were imported into Ceylon by the Bengal conquerors, who founded the dynasty of Wijayo, five centuries before Christ; in the first centuries of the Christian era civilisation was established, and the population is supposed to have been ten times what it now is.* Irrigation by artificial lakes and enormous tanks, one of which was forty miles in circumference, gave life and fertility to the soil; and as the modern traveller penetrates by forgotten tracks into the recesses of the forest, he is everywhere struck by the vast and countless excavations and embankments which attest the industry and ingenuity of a great people. Two thousand years ago the Buddhist faith was introduced into Ceylon, and the island soon became one of the chief seats of that creed, which holds three hundred and fifty millions of human beings in its fetters; the mystical Bo-tree, which still flourishes in the holy precincts of Anarajapooru, detached from the identical tree under which Buddha reclined when he received his initiation in Uruwela, has already completed its

* The population of all races in Ceylon amounted in 1857 to 1,697,975, besides soldiers and aliens estimated at about 30,000: yet the island is only about one-sixth smaller than Ireland.

second millennium. By the extinction of the ancient dynasties, by the decline of the population, and by the progress of European enterprise, Ceylon has been successively occupied and ruled by the Portuguese, and by the Dutch, until it passed at length entirely into the possession of the British Crown. Few countries have a history of equal antiquity, connected by so many links with the great political and religious revolutions of the world; uniting, as in an emporium, the commerce and the industry of the East and of the West, and deriving a peculiar and romantic interest from its incomparable natural beauty, and its varied natural productions.

These curious and copious materials had remained scattered in an infinite variety of repositories, until Sir Emerson Tennent, moved by the interest he felt in the island, in which he then filled a high official station, applied himself to the production of the work now before us. We congratulate him on the success which has attended his persevering and conscientious labours, for the result is one of the most satisfactory books we have ever had the good fortune to examine. He has ransacked the historical and geographical records of every age and country having reference to his subject, many of them entirely unknown; thus, in addition to the notices of Ceylon, which are to be found in Pliny, Ptolemy, and the Arabian geographers, he has succeeded in obtaining, through the Chinese missions, a singular collection of documents on the relations of the Singalese with the court of Peking; he has consulted the little known works of Valentyn, De Barros, and De Couto, in Dutch and Portuguese; he has searched the Indian correspondence of Marquis Pombal (now in the British Museum) for the Portuguese reports and despatches; and he has succeeded in completing, from Mr. North's letters in the Wellesley papers, the particulars of the revolution which overthrew the house of Kandy. The chapters of this work relating to the natural history of the island, to which we shall devote the greater part of the following pages, have a still more general interest. In no part of the tropics is the climate more brilliant, the vegetation more luxuriant, the resources of the soil more abundant, the forests more animated by a thousand varieties of life. And Sir Emerson Tennent displays a very vivid power of transporting his readers into the midst of these scenes, which are so delightful to the imagination, and sometimes so much less delightful to actual experience. We are extremely well satisfied to visit Ceylon in Sir Emerson's company, without being bitten by land leeches, snapped at by crocodiles, terrified by cobras, or pursued by an irritated proboscidian; and we are all the more grateful

to our author for the sunshine he has contrived to throw upon the dark autumnal days of England by the 'publication of these volumes.

Nothing better illustrates the very extended connexion of Ceylon with the different civilisations and powers which have succeeded one another for the last two thousand years in the East, than the great variety of appellations by which this celebrated island figures in the annals of different countries. In the mythical language of the Brahmins, it bore the name of 'Lanka,' 'the resplendent;' they made it the first meridian of their astronomical system; and extolled it as a region of mystery and preternatural beauty. Sir Emerson is of opinion that Galle, which became the mart of Portugal and of Holland, and is now one of the principal rendezvous of British steamers, was the Tarshish to which the Phœnician mariners and the fleets of Solomon resorted to bring back the gold of Ophir, — Ophir being now supposed to be Malacca, the Aurea Chersonesus of the later Greek geographers.

'The ships intended for the voyage were built by Solomon at "Ezion-geber on the shores of the Red Sea," the rowers coasted along the shores of Arabia and the Persian Gulf, headed by an east wind. Tarshish, the port for which they were bound, was in an island, governed by kings, and carrying on an extensive foreign trade. The voyage occupied three years in going and returning from the Red Sea, and the cargoes brought home to Ezion-geber consisted of gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks. Gold could have been shipped at Galle from the vessels which brought it from Ophir, "*silver spread into plates*," which is particularised by Jeremiah as an export of Tarshish, is one of the substances on which the sacred books of the Singhalese are even now inscribed; *ivory* is found in Ceylon, and must have been both abundant and full grown there before the discovery of gunpowder led to the wanton destruction of elephants; *apes* are indigenous to the island, and *peafowl* are found there in numbers. It is very remarkable, too, that the terms by which these articles are designated in the Hebrew Scriptures, are identical with the Tamil names, by which some of them are called in Ceylon to the present day: thus *tukeyim*, which is rendered "peacocks" in our version, may be recognised in *tokei*, the modern name for these birds; "*kapi*" apes, is the same in both languages, and the Sanskrit "*ibha*" ivory, is identical with the Tamil "*ibam*."

'Thus by geographical position, by indigenous productions, and by the fact of its having been from time immemorial the resort of merchant ships from Egypt, Arabia, and Persia on the one side, and India, Java, and China on the other, Galle seems to present a combination of every particular essential to determine the problem so long undecided in biblical dialectics, and to establish its own identity with the Tarshish of the sacred historians, the mart so long frequented by the ships of Tyre and Judea.'

No portion of Sir Emerson's book is more curious and novel than that in which he describes the Chinese writers who have preceded himself in the description of the island. There is no doubt that the community of religion and the desire of trade had established, at an early period, intimate relations between the Singhalese and the Chinese; and no less than twenty-four Chinese writers are known to have dealt with the subject. Indeed, the Singhalese ambassadors who arrived in Rome, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, and from whom Pliny derived the materials of his own account of the island, stated that their ancestors had reached China by traversing India and the Himalayan mountains, and this route was in use long before ships had attempted the voyage. The Chinese topographers call Ceylon 'Sze-tsew-kwō,' which means 'the Kingdom of Lions,' a version of the Pali word 'Singhala': so too they call it Paou-choo, 'the Island of Gems,' for which Ceylon has always been celebrated. It was there they bought topazes of four distinct tints, described in inimitable Chinese imagery, as 'those the colour of wine; the delicate tint of 'young goslings; the deep amber like beeswax, and the pale 'tinge resembling the opening bud of the pine': and it was there a Chinese monarch purchased for an inconceivable price the biggest and brightest ruby the world ever beheld; for a man could not hold it in the palm of his hand, and it emitted light in the darkest night.

Ceylon was not known to the Greeks and Romans before the campaign of Alexander, but it was partially described by Megasthenes, twenty years after his death; and Ovid seems to have had no doubt that it was an island, when he says —

'Aut ubi Taprobanen Indica cingit aqua.'

But it appears that it was not till the reign of the Emperor Claudius that a Roman seaman—the Columbus of antiquity—trusting to the monsoon of the Indian Ocean, dared to cross to the coast of Malabar. The first consequence of opening the direct trade with the East was a drain of silver on Rome to pay for the Eastern commodities imported through Egypt. The very same phenomenon has gone on to our own day. These communications soon made the island of Taprobane, as it was called, well known to the Romans; and Pliny, as we have already observed, had the advantage of meeting a Singhalese embassy in Italy, consisting of a 'Rachia' and three other persons—the word Rachia probably standing for Rajah. In little more than half a century after the death of Pliny, the island of Taprobane was far more minutely and accurately de-

scribed than it had hitherto been, in the great work of Ptolemy ; and we are furnished, in the work before us, with an elaborate and ingenious comparison of the ancient and modern charts.

There is yet a navigator, singularly endeared to us by our earliest recollections, to whom Ceylon was certainly familiar. The local name 'Sinhala-diva' was corrupted into 'Seren-diva,' or Serendip, by the Arabian pilots ; and who does not remember that the embassy of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid to the King of Serendib was the occasion of the seventh voyage of Sinbad of the Sea ? The incredible variety of incident which gives so great a charm to the 'Arabian Nights,' is due not to fancy alone but in some measure to the tales of travellers or legends current in the East. Thus Sinbad's story of the loadstone mountain, which drew out the iron bolts of the ships, is alluded to by several Arab writers, and it can be traced much further back even to Chinese authors ; down to the present day the Singhalese make their boats without iron nails, and the planks are secured by wooden bolts, precisely as Palladius says that vessels sailing for Ceylon *should be fastened with wooden instead of iron bolts*. Sinbad, or the author of Sinbad, must have visited Ceylon ; he knew the distinction between the Singhalese race in the south of the island, where the cultivation of rice is carried on by the mere action of the rains, and the Tamil races of the north, who are as black as Abyssinians and cultivate their fields by artificial irrigation. The legend of the elephants' burying place, to which Sinbad was conveyed by the sagacity of those animals, is still firmly believed by the elephant hunters, though since the days of Sinbad the great majority of Singhalese elephants have ceased to wear tusks. Lastly, it is a curious illustration of the story of Sinbad's escape by floating down a subterranean river, which brought him into the centre of Serendib, that a popular conviction still exists that there is such a subterranean river in the north of Ceylon, at the very place where Sinbad found the people like Abyssinians watering their fields by irrigation. The stream is called the Well of Potoor, and it presents a very extraordinary natural phenomenon, to which we shall presently revert.

It is time, however, that we quit these speculations for that which after all constitutes the highest merit of the book and will prove its chief attraction ; we mean the delightful chapters which Sir Emerson Tennent has devoted to the natural history and to the varied natural productions of Ceylon. The part of the work embracing the physical geography of this enchanting region includes many valuable remarks on the geology of the island, The nucleus of its mountain masses consists of gneissic, granitic,

and other crystalline rocks. The author regards as extravagant the ideas propounded by the Hindus regarding the former position and extent of Ceylon, which expand the island to the proportions of a continent. But recent evidence of the high antiquity of the human race, in connexion with changes in the geographical contour of existing continents, might justify a more favourable reception of the traditions of the Buddhist historians, which were adopted by Sir William Jones, and of those with which the early Portuguese settlers found the Singhalese impressed, relative to the former extent of Ceylon, and its subsequent reduction by partial submergence. The facts and arguments adduced by Sir Emerson Tennent against the hypothesis of a former union of the island with the continent of India appear to be conclusive. He has ably applied the facts of the geographical distribution of organic nature to this question, and remarks that 'not only plants, but animals, mammalia, birds, reptiles, and insects, exist in Ceylon, which are not to be found in the flora or fauna of the Indian continent.' (Vol. i. p. 12.)

The evidence of subsidence is rarely of a kind to be patent, or to be had without expensive investigation; that of elevation is more obvious, and easier to be obtained; and is unmistakable in regard to its gradual operation on certain localities in Ceylon.

'Terraces abounding in marine shells imbedded in agglutinated sand occur in situations far above high-water mark. Immediately inland from Point de Galle, the surface soil rests on a stratum of decomposing coral; and sea-shells are found at a considerable distance from the shore. Further north at Madampe, between Chilaw and Negombo, the shells of pearl oysters and other bivalves are turned up by the plough more than ten miles from the sea.

'These recent formations present themselves in a still more striking form in the north of the island, the greater portion of which may be regarded as the conjoint production of the coral polypes, and the currents, which for the greater portion of the year set impetuously towards the south.

'On the north-west side of the island, where the currents are checked by the obstruction of Adam's Bridge, still water prevailing in the Gulf of Manaar, these deposits have been profusely heaped, and the low sandy plains have been proportionally extended; whilst on the south and east, where the current sweeps unimpeded along the coast, the line of the shore is bold and occasionally rocky.' (Vol. i. p. 13.)

The soil which covers the more elevated parts of the primitive rocks is formed almost entirely by their decay.

'The tertiary rocks which form such remarkable features in the geology of other countries are almost unknown in Ceylon; and the

"clay-slate, silurian, old red sandstone, carboniferous, new red sandstone, oolitic, and cretaceous systems" have not as yet been recognised in any part of the island. Crystalline limestone in some places overlies the gneiss, and is worked for economical purposes in the mountain districts where it occurs.' (Vol. i. p. 19.)

The labours of the coral polypes are adding valuable material to the soil of the northernmost parts of the island, where the calcareous rocks extend far above high-water mark, and where the land has been gradually upraised from the eastern to the western shore.

Amongst the observations recorded in the present work, which bear upon interesting general physical questions, are those relative to the wells in the north of Ceylon. All those that retain water at a certain level during the dry season are below the sea level: some, as the well of Potoor, indicate their connexion with the sea and the source of their water by a slight rise and fall in the course of every twelve hours, and this is the explanation of Sinbad's adventure; others, owing to their distance from the ocean, and the slowness and extent of filtration in the passage of the sea-water to them, do not vary with the tides. The government surveyors had found it, practically, to be useless to sink wells in the higher ground, where they could only collect surface-water. Thus by the carefully-studied phenomena of the useful wells in Ceylon, Sir Emerson Tennent arrives at the conclusion, that they are supplied by the sea-water, which becomes gradually deprived of its saline ingredients by slow percolation through great masses of porous strata.

The author applies his conclusions to explain the occurrence of fresh, or almost fresh, water in the shallow wells sunk in the sand of coral islands of limited area, and confutes, we think satisfactorily, the notion of Mr. Charles Darwin, that this valuable and unexpected supply of an elemental requisite of life is the result of the rain-water which falls on the surface, and displaces an equal bulk of sea-water; for, as Sir Emerson Tennent sagaciously remarks, rain falling on a substance already saturated with moisture would flow off instead of sinking into it, and, being of less specific gravity than salt water, it would fail to 'displace an equal bulk' of the latter. The ebbing and flowing of the sea would speedily effect the diffusion of a limited bulk of fresh water resting upon such moving salt water—a fact which the author demonstrates by an experiment attended with all the requisite conditions for its application to the question at issue.

'On charging a sponge with coloured fluid and immersing it in a vessel containing water perfectly pure, no intermixture takes place

so long as the pure water is undisturbed, but, on causing an artificial tide, by gradually withdrawing and as gradually replacing a portion of the surrounding contents of the basin, the tinted water in the sponge becomes displaced and disturbed, and in the course of a few ebbs and flows its escape is made manifest by the quantity of colour which it imparts to the surrounding fluid.' (Vol. i. p. 23.)

Amongst the valuable mineral products of Ceylon is plum-bago, the veins of which, in the hills near Nambrapane, are largely worked, and the quantity annually exported exceeds 2000 tons. The quantity of gold hitherto discovered is too small to reward the search. The most famous and characteristic mineral products of Ceylon are its precious stones. The promiscuous manner in which these are scattered about in some localities, is exemplified by the following curious circumstance :—'The cook of a government officer recently brought him 'a ruby about the size of a small pea, which he had taken from 'the crop of a fowl.' But the size to which this beautiful precious stone sometimes attains may be conceived by the testimony of Marco Polo of a royal ruby, belonging to a king of Ceylon in the thirteenth century, which was 'a span in length, without a 'flaw, and brilliant beyond description.'

The waters around the island have been duly noted by its present historian as well as the land itself. On both sides of Ceylon, during the S. W. monsoon, a broad expanse of sea assumes a red tinge, considerably brighter than brick-dust, and this is confined to a space so distinct, that a line seems to separate it from the green water which flows on either side. On examination it proved to be filled with infusoria, probably similar to those which impart the peculiar colour to the so-called Vermilion Sea off the coast of California.

In the chapter upon the climate of Ceylon, a most interesting summary of the characteristics of each month is given. The European physiologist cannot fail to be struck by the contrast of the physical agents causing or accompanying 'torpidity' in many of the lower animals, and necessitating the substitution of another term for 'hybernation.' In the hot months of March and April, the insects, deprived of their accustomed food, disappear underground, or hide beneath the decaying bark; the water-beetles bury themselves in the hardening mud of the pools, and the *helices* retire into the crevices of the stones, or the hollows amongst the roots of the trees, closing the apertures of their shells with the hybernating, or rather æstivating, epiphragm. 'Butterflies are no longer seen hovering over the flowers; the birds appear fewer and less joyous; and the wild animals and crocodiles, driven by the draught from their accus-

'tomed retreats, wander through the jungle, and even venture to approach the village wells in search of water.' (P. 59.) The preliminary phenomena to the wished-for change are philosophically described and explained, as they gradually concentrate to usher in the monsoon.

'At last the sudden lightnings flash among the hills and sheet through the clouds that overhang the sea, and with a crash of thunder the monsoon bursts over the thirsty land, not in showers or partial torrents, but in a wide deluge that in the course of a few hours overtops the river banks and spreads in inundations over every level plain.

'All the phenomena of this explosion are stupendous: thunder as we are accustomed to be awed by it in Europe, affords but the faintest idea of its overpowering grandeur in Ceylon, and its sublimity is infinitely increased as it is faintly heard from the shore, resounding through night and darkness over the gloomy sea. The lightning when it touches the earth where it is covered with the descending torrent, flashes into it and disappears instantaneously; but, when it strikes a drier surface, in seeking better conductors, it often opens a hollow like that formed by the explosion of a shell, and frequently leaves behind it traces of vitrification. . . .

'For hours together, the noise of the torrent, as it beats upon the trees and bursts upon the roofs, flowing thence in rivulets along the grot. ' occasions an uproar that drowns the ordinary voice, and renders sleep impossible.' (Vol. i. p. 62.)

The animals, which passed the parching months in senseless and motionless torpidity, now awake from their deep 'summer-sleep.'

'In ponds, from which but a week before the wind blew clouds of sandy dust, the peasantry are now to be seen catching the re-animated fish — the snail-shells and water-beetles revive, and wander over the submerged sedges. The electricity of the air stimulates the vegetation of the trees, and scarce a week will elapse till the plants are covered with the larvæ of butterflies, the forest murmuring with the hum of insects, and the air harmonious with the voice of birds.' (*Ibid.*)

Never were the phenomena of a tropical country more vividly brought before the mind than in the descriptions with which the present work abounds, fresh from impressions of the intensified powers of Nature upon a susceptible and poetic temperament; and we shall at once transport our readers into the heart of this enchanting scenery by transcribing the following sketch of the zoological phenomena that characterise each period of the tropical day, and succeed each other from its first beginning to its close:—

'With the first glimmering of dawn the bats and nocturnal birds retire to their accustomed haunts, in which to hide them from, "day's garish eye;" the jackal and the leopard return from their

nightly chase; the elephants steal back timidly into the shade of the forest, from the water pools in which they had been luxuriating during the darkness; and the deep-toned bark of the elk resounds through the glens as he retires into the security of the forest. Day breaks, and its earliest blush shows the mists tumbling in turbulent heaps through the deep valleys. The sun bursts upwards with a speed beyond that which marks his progress in the cloudy atmosphere of Europe, and the whole horizon glows with ruddy lustre;

“Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.”

At no other moment does the verdure of the mountain woods appear so vivid; each spray dripping with the copious dew, and a pendant brilliant twinkling at every leaf; every grassy glade is hoar with the condensed damps of night, and the threads of the gossamer sparkle like strings of opal in the sunbeams.

The earliest members of the animated world that move abroad are the tiny *Hesperida*, which are the first butterflies that make their morning visit to the flowers. To them succeed the *Thecla*, and the *Polyommata*, the minutest of the diurnal lepidoptera, and distinguished by the blue metallic lustre of their wings. With unerring certainty the other species make their appearances at successive stages of the morning; the *Thecla* are followed by the *Vanessa*, and these by the gaudy *Papilios*, till, as day advances, the broad-leaved plants and flowering shrubs are covered by a dancing cloud of butterflies of every shape and hue.

The earliest bird upon the wing is the crow, which leaves his perch almost with the first peep of dawn, cawing and flopping his wings in the sky. The paroquets follow in vast companies, chattering and screaming in exuberant excitement. Next the cranes and waders, which had flown inland to their breeding places at sunset, rise from the branches on which they had passed the night, waving their wings to disencumber them of the dew, and, stretching their awkward legs behind, they soar away in the direction of the rivers and the far sea-shore.

The songster that first pours forth his salutation to the morning is the dial-bird (*Copsychus saularis*), and the yellow oriole, whose mellow flute-like voice is heard far through the stillness of the dawn. The jungle cock, unseen in the dense cover, shouts his réveille; not with the shrill clarion of his European type, but in rich melodious call, that ascends from the depths of the valley. As light increases, the grass warbler and maynah add their notes; and the bronze-winged pigeons make the woods murmur with their plaintive cry, which resembles the distant lowing of cattle. The bees hurry abroad in all directions, and the golden beetles clamber lazily over the still damp leaves. The swifts and swallows sally forth as soon as there is sufficient warmth to tempt the minor insects abroad: the bulbul lights on the forest trees, and the little gem-like sun birds, the humming-birds of the East, quiver on their fulgent wings above the opening flowers.

'At length the fervid noon approaches, the sun mounts high, and all animated nature begins to manifest the oppression of his beams. The green enamelled dragonflies alone flash above every pool in pursuit of their tiny prey; but almost every other winged insect seeks instinctively the shade of the foliage. The hawks and falcons now sweep through the sky to mark the smaller birds which may be abroad in numbers in search of seeds and larvæ. The squirrels dart from bough to bough uttering their shrill, quick cry; and the cicada on the stem of the palm-tree raises the deafening sound whose tone and volubility has won for him the expressive title of the "Knife-grinder."

'It is during the first five hours of daylight that nature seems literally to teem with life and motion, the air melodious with the voice of birds, the woods resounding with the simmering hum of insects, and the earth replete with every form of living nature. But as the sun ascends to the meridian the scene is singularly changed, and nothing is more striking than the almost painful stillness that succeeds the vivacity of the early morning. Every animal disappears, escaping under the thick cover of the woods; the birds retire into the shade; the butterflies, if they flutter for a moment in the blazing sun, hurry back into the damp shelter of the trees as though their filmy bodies had been scorched by the brief exposure; and, at last, silence reigns so profound that the ticking of a watch is sensibly heard, and even the pulsations of the heart become audible. The buffalo now steals to the tanks and watercourses, concealing all but his gloomy head and shining horns in the mud and sedges; the elephant fans himself languidly with leaves to drive away the flies that perplex him; and the deer cover in groups under the overarching jungle. Rustling from under the dry leaves the bright green lizard darts up the rough stems of the trees, and pauses between each spring to look inquiringly around. The woodpecker makes the forest re-echo with the restless blows of his beak on the decaying bark, and the tortoise drops awkwardly into the still water which reflects the bright plumage of the kingfisher, that keeps his lonely watch above it. So long as the sun is in the meridian, every living creature seems to fly his beams and linger in the closest shade.

'Man himself, as if baffled in all devices to escape the exhausting glare, suspends his toil; and the traveller who has been abroad before sunrise reposes till the mid-day heat has passed. The cattle pant in their stifling sheds, and the dogs lie prone upon the ground, with their legs extended in front and behind, as if to bring the utmost portion of their body into contact with the cool earth.

'As day declines nature recovers from her languor and exhaustion, the insects again flutter across the open glades, the birds venture once more upon the wing, and the larger animals saunter from under cover, and move away in the direction of the ponds and pasture. The traveller recommences his suspended journey, and the husbandman, impatient to employ the last hours of fading light, hastens to bring the labours of the morning to a close. The birds which had made distant excursions to their feeding grounds are now seen re-

turning to their homes; the crows assemble round some pond to dabble in the water, and re-adjust their plumes before retiring for the night; the paroquets settle with deafening uproar on the crowns of the palm-trees near their nests; and the pelicans and sea birds, with weary wing, retrace their way to their breeding-place near some solitary watercourse or ruined tank. The sun at last

“Sinks, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall.”

Twilight succeeds, and the crepuscular birds and animals awaken from their mid-day torpor and prepare to enjoy their nightly revels. The hawk-moths now take the place of the gayer butterflies, which withdraw with the departure of light; innumerable beetles make short and uncertain flights in the deepening shade, and in pursuit of them and the other insects that frequent the dusk, the night-jar with expanded jaws, takes low and rapid circles above the plains and pools.

‘Darkness at last descends, and every object fades in night and gloom; but still the murmur of innumerable insects arises from the glowing earth. The fruit-eating bats launch themselves from the high branches on which they hang suspended during the day, and cluster round the mango-trees and tamarinds; and across the grey sky the owl flits in pursuit of the night moths on a wing so soft and downy that the air scarcely echoes its pulsations. The palm-cat now descends from the crest of the coco-nut where she had lurked during the day, and the glossy genetie emerges from some hollow tree; they steal along the branches to surprise the slumbering birds. Meanwhile, among the grass already damp with dew, the glow-worm lights her emerald lamp, and from the shrubs and bushes issue showers of fire-flies, whose pale green flashes sparkle in the midnight darkness till day returns and morning “pales their ineffectual fires.”’ (Vol. ii. p. 253-7.)

The botanist and lover of hothouse floriculture will derive instruction and pleasure from the perusal of the third chapter, on the Trees and Plants of Ceylon. To select from so concentrated a summary of the more striking phenomena of vegetable life, is difficult. We come occasionally upon most unexpected consequences of the peculiarities of tropical forms of plants, as in the instance of the aerial music, recalling that which Prospero commanded. The shipwrecked mariner cast upon the shores of Ceylon might well deem himself upon an enchanted island, when listening to the melodious sounds that in some localities fill the air: ‘some soft and liquid like the notes of a flute, others deep and full like the tones of an organ; sometimes low, interrupted, and even single, and presently swelling into a grand burst of mingled melody.’ Now to what natural cause, it may be asked, can this ‘music of the spheres’ be attributed? Sir Emerson thus recounts the

simple solution of the melodious mystery:—‘On drawing near to a clump of trees, above the branches of which waved a slender bamboo about forty feet in length, the musical tones issued from it, and were caused by the breeze passing through perforations in the stem.’

As an instance of the luxuriant development of the climbers, and other parasitic ‘epiphytes’ in the forests of the richly-wooded island, Sir Emerson Tennent narrates that he counted on a single prostrate stem no fewer than sixteen species of *Capparis*, *Beaumontia*, *Bignonia*, *Ipomœa*, and other genera, which, with its fall, the tree had brought along with it to the ground.

The beauty of many of the flowers stimulates the peculiar descriptive powers of the author in their praise. The *Anæctochilus setaceus* has drawn the attention of even the apathetic Singhalese, among whom its singular beauty has won for it the popular name of the Wanna Raja, or ‘King of the Forest.’ It is common in humid and shady places a few miles removed from the sea-coast: its flowers have no particular attraction, but its leaves are perhaps the most exquisitely formed in the vegetable kingdom, their colour being dark velvet, approaching to black, and reticulated over all their surface with veins of ruddy gold. This gorgeous species is the sole known representative of its genus in Ceylon.

The noble tribe of Palms receives its due meed of the author’s praise. The virtue and manifold utility of the cocoa-nut palm have been often the subject of description, but are nowhere more concisely and graphically told than in the present chapter. Of another species, the beautiful palmyra (*Borassus flabelliformis*), which grows in profusion in the peninsula of Jaffna, Sir Emerson remarks that a native of that peninsula, if he be contented with ordinary doors and mud walls, may build an entire house (as he wants neither nails nor iron-work), with walls, roof, and covering, from this palm.

‘From the same tree he may draw his wine, make his oil, kindle his fire, carry his water, store his food, cook his repast, and sweeten it, if he pleases; in fact, live from day to day dependent on the Palmyra alone. Multitudes do so live, and it may be safely asserted that this tree alone furnishes one-fourth the means of sustenance for the population of the northern provinces.’ (Vol. i. p. 111.)

The ‘Areca Palm’ (*Areca catechu*) supplies the astringent nuts which, with lime and the leaf of the betel-pepper, are so universally used in mastication by all classes in Ceylon. Sir Emerson Tennent suggests the following ingenious theory, to account for and excuse the seemingly disgusting habit:—

'In the chewing of the arcca-nut with its accompaniments of lime and betel, the native of Ceylon is unconsciously applying a specific corrective to the defective qualities of his daily food. Never eating flesh meat by any chance, seldom or never using milk, butter, poultry, or eggs, and tasting fish but occasionally (more rarely in the interior of the island), the non-azotised elements abound in every article he consumes with the exception of the bread-fruit, the jak, and some varieties of beans. In their indolent and feeble stomachs these are liable to degenerate into flatulent and acrid products; but, apparently by instinct, the whole population have adopted a simple prophylactic. Every Singhalese carries in his waist-cloth an ornamented box of silver or brass, according to his means, enclosing a smaller one to hold a portion of chunam (lime obtained by the calcination of shells) whilst the larger contains the nuts of the areca and a few fresh leaves of the betel-pepper. As inclination or habit impels, he scrapes down the nut, which abounds in catechu, and, rolling it up with a little of the lime in a betel-leaf, the whole is chewed, and finally swallowed, after provoking an extreme salivation. No medical prescription could be more judiciously compounded to effect the desired object than this practical combination of the antacid, the tonic, and carminative.' (Vol. i. p. 113.)

John Hunter made many experiments illustrative of the power possessed by living plants 'to produce or diminish heat,'* whereby their parts were higher or lower in temperature than that of the surrounding atmosphere. Many a resident in our tropical colonies will be ready to subscribe to the emphatic statement of the historian of Ceylon, that 'under the exhaustion of a blazing sun, no more exquisite physical enjoyment can be imagined than the chill and fragrant flesh of the pineapple, or the abundant juice of the mango, which, when freshly pulled, feels as cool as iced water.' (P. 120.) But few have proceeded to speculate on the cause of the phenomenon. The fruit once severed from the stem rapidly acquires the hot temperature of the surrounding air. 'It would almost seem,' he remarks, 'as if plants possessed a power of producing cold analogous to that exhibited by animals in producing heat.' (P. 121.) The numerous experiments by Hunter, recorded in the 'Philosophical Transactions for 1775 and 1777,' demonstrated that both divisions of organic nature possessed a vital power of maintaining a temperature sometimes higher, sometimes lower, than the external air. Dr. Blagden, at that time secretary of the Royal Society, had communicated to that learned body, in 1775, his 'Experiments and Observations in a Heated Room,' in which the power of the human frame to maintain its temperature of 96° Fahr., in a medium hot enough to cook a beef-steak,

* *Animal Economy*, Palmer's Edition, 8vo., 1837, p. 151.

was demonstrated. The explanation which the bold philosopher gave of his resistance of the roasting heat of the oven in which he stood, was the rapid transpiration and evaporation which took place from the surface of the skin. Only when a drop of perspiration happened to fall, before evaporating, and scalded the part of the body which it touched, was any inconvenience amounting to pain produced during the salamandrine experiment. The common phenomenon of the coolness of a dog's nose illustrates the influence of evaporation in keeping the temperature of a part below that of the rest of the body, and, in summer time, often lower than that of the atmosphere. That this is due to transpiration and evaporation is shown by the effect of disease, checking the former healthy action, when the nose of the dog becomes dry and as hot as the rest of his skin. It is commonly the first symptom by which the dog-doctor is guided in forming his opinion of the health of his patient.

By the same theory of evaporation our author explains the grateful coolness of the pulpy fruits of tropical trees:—

‘By referring it to the mechanical process of imbibing a continuous supply of fresh moisture from the soil, the active transpiration of which imparts coolness to every portion of the tree and its fruit. It requires this combined operation to produce the desired result; and the extent to which evaporation can bring down the temperature of the moisture received by absorption may be inferred from the fact, that Dr. Hooker, when in the valley of the Ganges, found the fresh milky juice of the madar (*calotropis*) to be but 72°, whilst the damp sand in the bed of the river where it grew was from 90° to 104°.’ (Vol. i. p. 121.)

The second part of the work is devoted to the Zoology of Ceylon. In entering upon this, to many the most interesting subject, Sir Emerson begins with the monkeys; and at once corrects an erroneous application of the Singhalese word ‘wanderoo,’ or ‘ouanderu,’ to a monkey (*Silenus veter*, Linn.), which is common to the Malabar coast, but is no native at all of the island of Ceylon. The monkeys first made known to us as ‘wanderoos,’ by Knox, are shown by our accomplished and accurate historian to be the *Presbytes ursinus* of that mountain zone of Ceylon in which, especially around Kandy, the good observer Knox spent so many years of his captivity.* The smaller *Presbytes cephalopterus* of the low country is also called ‘wanderoo,’ the term being used by the Singhalese in a sense equivalent to our word ‘monkey.’ Two other species of the same restricted genus

* ‘Historical Relation of Ceylon, an Island in the East Indies,’ fol., London, 1581.

Presbytes, viz. the *Pr. Thersites* and *Pr. Priamus*, are also peculiar to Ceylon.' A flock of the latter

'will take possession of a palmyra palm; and so effectually can they crouch and conceal themselves among the leaves that, on the slightest alarm, the whole party becomes invisible in an instant: the presence of a dog, however, excites such an irrepressible curiosity that, in order to watch his movements, they never fail to betray themselves. They may be seen frequently congregated on the roof of a native hut; and, some years ago, the child of a European clergyman stationed at Tillipally, having been left on the ground by the nurse, was so teased and bitten by them as to cause its death.' (Vol. i. p. 132, 133.)

Fatal accidents occasionally are due to attacks by the bear (*Prochilus labiatus*) and panther (*Felis pardus*) of Ceylon. The following narrow escape, which occurred to Major Skinner, is narrated by Sir Emerson Tennent. The major was pursuing his military survey of the mountain zone, and had bivouacked in the midst of a dense forest in the southern segment of the Adam's Peak range. Early in the morning,

'"anxious to gain a height in time to avail myself of the clear atmosphere of sunrise for my observations, I started off by myself through the jungle, leaving orders for my men, with my surveying instruments, to follow my track by the notches which I cut in the bark of the trees. On leaving the plain, I availed myself of a fine wide game track which lay in my direction, and had gone perhaps half a mile from the camp, when I was startled by a slight rustling in the nilloo to my right, and in another instant, by the spring of a magnificent leopard which, in a bound full eight feet in height over the lower brushwood, lighted at my feet within eighteen inches of the spot whereon I stood, and lay in a crouching position, his fiery gleaming eyes fixed on me.

"The predicament was not a pleasant one. I had no weapon of defence, and with one spring or blow of his paw the beast could have annihilated me. To move I knew would only encourage his attack. It occurred to me at the moment that I had heard of the power of man's eye over wild animals, and accordingly I fixed my gaze as intently as the agitation of such a moment enabled me on his eyes: we stared at each other for some seconds, when, to my inexpressible joy, the beast turned and bounded down the straight open path before me. This scene occurred just at that period of the morning when the grazing animals retired from the open patena to the cool shade of the forest: doubtless, the leopard had taken my approach for that of a deer, or some such animal. And if his spring had been at a quadruped instead of a biped, his distance was so well measured, that it must have landed him on the neck of a deer, an elk, or a buffalo; as it was, one pace more would have done for me. A bear would not have let his victim off so easily.'" (Vol. i. p. 142.)

The hyæna and cheetah, common in Southern India, are unknown in Ceylon; and, though abundant in deer, the island possesses no example of the antelope or the gazelle.

The chapter on birds is replete with vivid sketches, from personal observation, of living species in their natural localities and environments, infusing a healthy life into the dry catalogues of exotic species which too often constitute the staple produce of our home ornithologists. After perusing the pages reflecting the writer's insight into the vital phenomena to be witnessed in the noble forests of Ceylon, we look with a new and heightened pleasure at the series of tropical birds arranged and prepared in the galleries of our national museum. The seemingly monstrous beak of the hornbill becomes now, for the first time, intelligible. We picture, for example, the *Buceros pica*, with its monstrous double casque, mistaken for a second head by the wandering friar of the fourteenth century*, as it is described by Tennent, perched on the lofty branches of the higher trees, watching the motions of the small reptiles and birds on which it preys, tossing them in the air when seized, and catching them in its gigantic mandible as they fall; and we seem to witness the omnivorous glutton grasping a large fruit, to which the huge beak is adapted, and, if the stem be too tough to be severed by the strength of the beak and neck, flinging himself off the branch so as to add the weight of his body to their pressure and force. Another function, or need, of the long and large beak, relates to the peculiarity of the incubation of the hornbill, now demonstrated by the concurrent but independent testimonies of Livingstone in Africa, and Edgar Layard in Ceylon—viz. that when the female has finished her oviposition and taken her seat on the eggs for the task of incubation, the male closes the hole in the tree which she has selected for her nest, leaving only an aperture big enough for the passage of the bill, by which he feeds his mate.

‘As we emerge from the deep shade and approach the park-like openings on the verge of the low country, quantities of pea-fowl are to be found either feeding amongst the seeds and nuts in the long grass or sunning themselves on the branches of the surrounding trees. Nothing to be met with in demesnes in England can give an adequate idea either of the size or the magnificence of this matchless bird when seen in his native solitudes. Here he generally selects some projecting branch, from which his plumage may hang free of the foliage; and if there be a dead and leafless bough, he is certain to choose it for his resting-place, whence he droops his wings and suspends his gorgeous

* ‘Itinerarius Fratris Odorici,’ &c. in Hakluyt, vol. ii. p. 39., . quoted by Sir E. Tennent.

train, or spreads it in the morning sun to drive off the damps and dews of the night.' (Vol. i. p. 165.)

To the still unsolved problem of the source of the material of the soluble nests of the esculent swift (*Collocalia brevirostris*, McClell.) Sir Emerson contributes the remark, that some of the caves frequented by them in Ceylon are so far in the interior as, notwithstanding the power of wing possessed by those birds, to make it difficult to believe that the nest is wholly composed of glutinous algæ. He avers that the fibre of the recent nests presents no trace of organisation, and that whatever may be the original material, it is so elaborated by the swift as to present the appearance and consistency of strings of isinglass.

Among the most significant evidences of a quasi-reasoning faculty in the lower animal is, the co-operation of two individuals to obtain, by distinct manœuvres, a foreseen end. The dog has furnished more than one instance of this kind. Sir Emerson Tennent narrates the following anecdote of the small glossy crow (*Corvus splendens*) of Ceylon.

'One of these ingenious marauders, after vainly attitudinising in front of a chained watch-dog, which was lazily gnawing a bone, and after fruitlessly endeavouring to divert his attention by dancing before him, with head awry and eye askance, at length flew away for a moment, and returned bringing with it a companion, who perched itself on a branch a few yards in the rear. The crow's grimaces were now actively renewed, but with no better result, till its confederate, poising himself on his wings, descended with the utmost velocity, striking the dog upon the spine with all the force of his beak. The ruse was successful: the dog started with surprise and pain, but not quickly enough to seize his assailant, whilst the bone he had been gnawing disappeared the instant his head was turned. Two well-authenticated instances of the recurrence of this device came within my knowledge at Colombo, and attest the sagacity and powers of communicating and combining possessed by these astute and courageous birds.' (Vol. i. p. 171.)

Does any Shakspeare-worshipper desire to learn how far and wide may be spread the superstition embodied in the chaunt round the cauldron by the witches in 'Macbeth'? Let him turn to the chapter on the reptiles of Ceylon, and peruse the part played by the unhappy 'Kabrageyas'—the largest kind of Iguana lizard—in the preparation of the mysterious poison, the *Cobra-tel*, which is held in utmost horror by the Singhalese. Instead of the 'sweltered venom' of the toad, the less problematical poison of the Cobra de Capello is used, by making an incision in the head of several of these deadly snakes, which are suspended over a 'chattie' or native alembic to collect the virus. This with other ingredients of the 'gruel thick and

slab' is 'boiled in a human skull, with the aid of three Kabra-goyas, which are tied on three sides of the fire, with their heads directed towards it and tormented by whips to make them hiss, so that the fire may blaze. The froth from their lips is then added to the boiling mixture, and so soon as an oily scum rises to the surface, the *Cobra-tel* is complete.'

Modern toxicology destroys much of the romance of these ancient concoctions. Even the poisonous secretion of the Cobra and other venom-snakes has been shown to be innocuous when swallowed, provided there be no abrasion of epithelium in the 'primæ viæ': it is only when the poison is directly introduced into the current of the circulation that its lethal effects are manifested. To what then must be attributed the dread of the charmed potion, as prepared by the Singhalese witches? Its real poisonous quality is due to the quantity of arsenic which it contains, and which is stated, on the authority of the colonial magistrate, Mr. Morris, to be the main ingredient.

The lakes and still waters of Ceylon, especially those of the northern district, are remarkable for the numbers and prodigious size of the crocodiles infesting them. They seem to reproduce a picture of the oolitic world—that 'age of reptiles' of the geologist. The author records the following instance of his personal experience of one of these saurians:—

'On the morning after our arrival a crocodile was caught in the lake, within a few yards of the government agent's residence, where a hook had been laid the night before, baited with the entrails of a goat, and made fast, in the native fashion, by a bunch of fine cords, which the creature cannot gnaw asunder as he would a solid rope, since they sink into the spaces between his teeth. The one taken was small, being only about 10 or 11 feet long; whereas they are frequently killed from 15 to 19 feet in length. As long as he was in the water he made a strong resistance to being hauled on shore, carrying the canoe up into the deep channel, and occasionally raising his head above the water, and clashing his jaws together menacingly. This action has a horrid sound, as the crocodile has no fleshy lips, and he brings his teeth and the bones of his mouth together with a loud noise, like the clank of two pieces of hard wood. After playing him a little, the boatmen drew him to land, and when once fairly on the shore all his courage and energy seemed suddenly to desert him. He tried once or twice to regain the water, but at last lay motionless and perfectly helpless on the sand. It was no easy matter to kill him: a rifle ball sent diagonally through his breast had little or no effect, and even when the shot had been repeated more than once, he was as lively as ever. At last he feigned death and lay motionless, with his eyes closed, but, on being pricked with a spear, he suddenly recovered all his activity. He was at last finished by a harpoon and opened. His maw contained several small tortoises and a quantity of broken

bricks and gravel, taken medicinally, to promote digestion, which in these creatures is said to be so slow that the natives assert that the crocodile, from choice, never swallows his prey when fresh, but conceals it under a bank till far advanced in putrefaction.

‘During our journeys we had several opportunities of observing the habits of these hideous creatures, and I am far from considering them so formidable as is usually supposed. They are evidently not wantonly destructive; they act only under the influence of hunger, and even then their motions on land are awkward and uncomfortable, their action timid, and their whole demeanour devoid of the sagacity and courage which characterises other animals of prey.’ (Vol. ii. p. 467.)

The inferences philosophically drawn from the peculiarity of most of the species of Ceylon Reptiles, as to the circle of physical geography to which that island belongs, merit the attention of all who are interested in that important branch of natural science. The remarks on the chameleon, and the anecdotes of the little house gecko or lizard, that runs, like a fly, up the wall and along the ceiling, are full of the freshness and attraction that characterise, and result from, direct observation.

The peculiar charm of the famous stone confided in for its preventive effects by the snake charmers of Ceylon, is shown to be due to its rapidly absorbing power when applied to the recent bite of a cobra or other poisonous snake. Sir Emerson submitted one of these ‘snake stones’ to the scrutiny of Faraday, who reported it to be

‘A piece of charred bone which had been filled with blood perhaps several times, and then carefully charred again. Evidence of this is afforded, as well by the apertures of cells or tubes on its surface as by the fact that it yields and breaks under pressure, and exhibits an organic structure within. When heated slightly, water rises from it, and also a little ammonia; and if heated still more highly in the air, carbon burns away, and a bulky white ash is left, retaining the shape and size of the “stone.” This ash, as is evident from inspection, cannot have belonged to any vegetable substance, for it is almost entirely composed of phosphate of lime.’ Mr. Faraday adds, that ‘if the piece of matter has ever been employed as a spongy absorbent, it seems hardly fit for that purpose in its present state; but who can say to what treatment it has been subjected since it was fit for use, or to what treatment the natives may submit it when expecting to have occasion to use it?’ (Vol. i. p. 199, 200.)

Thunberg gives a similar explanation of the cause of the property of the snake-stone, held in high esteem by the Boers of the Cape. A list, drawn up by the able head of the zoological department in the British Museum, of the reptiles of Ceylon, closes the original and interesting chapter of the present work on that part of its natural history.

Of the Fishes of Ceylon, the Tora-malu (*Cybius guttatum*), a Scomberoid fish allied to some fossil found in our London-clay, at Sheppey Island, is reckoned the finest for the table; its flesh, though white, resembling that of the salmon in firmness and flavour. The naturalist or curious reader, who may take delight in fish-lore, will meet with much novel and strange matter in the present chapter; to which he is referred for the marvels, well-scrutinised and attested, relative to, 'travelling fishes,' 'climbing fishes,' 'burying fishes,' and 'hot-water fishes,' besides those which, descending from the air in showers, may truly be called 'flying fishes.'

A 'talking fish' has recently attempted to take the 'town' by surprise; but the same prosaic matter-of-fact zoology, which reduced the McQuæian sea-serpent to a seal, has raised the Barnumite fish of Piccadilly to an equally intelligent mammalian grade of organisation. The natural voice of the *Phoca leptonyx* resembles 'ba-ba' sufficiently closely to satisfy the credulous listener prepared to hear and comprehend articulate sounds from the mouth of the uncouth amphibian. But if the lover of marvels would really hear a 'musical fish,' he must travel under the intelligent guidance of the author of the present work to Batticaloa on the north coast of Ceylon. On the occasion of a visit to that part of the island in September, 1848, Sir Emerson Tennent made inquiries relative to the musical sounds alleged to issue from the bottom of the lake. The fishermen vouched for the truth of the story, stating that the sounds are heard only during the dry season and cease when the lake is swollen by the freshes after rain.

'In the evening when the moon had risen, I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about 200 yards north-east of the jetty, by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind, and not a ripple but that caused by the dip of our oars; and on coming to the point already mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the sound was greatly increased in volume by its conduction. They varied considerably at different points as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greater in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed.

'This fact seems to indicate that the causes of the sound, whatever they may be, are stationary at their several points; and this agrees

with the statement of the natives, that they are produced by mollusca, and not by fish. They came evidently and sensibly from the depth of the lake, and there was nothing in the surrounding circumstances to support a conjecture that it might be the reverberation of the noises made by insects on the shore, conveyed along the surface of the water, for they were loudest and most distinct at those points where the nature of the land, and the intervention of the fort and its buildings, forbade the possibility of this kind of conduction.' (Vol. ii. p. 469.)

Under the impression that the sounds had been produced by shell-fish, our Author took steps to obtain a specimen of the mollusca of the lake: but the only ones which were sent to him were *Cerithia*. Learning that evidence of the power of certain marine mollusca to produce audible sounds under water, had been adduced by Dr. Grant, Sir Emerson applied to that eminent Professor of Natural History, and received from him a letter, which he publishes, and from which we extract the following:—

'My two living tritonia, contained in a large clear colourless glass cylinder, filled with pure sea water, and placed on the central table of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, around which many members were sitting, continued to clink audibly within the distance of twelve feet during the whole meeting.

'These small animals were individually not half the size of the last joint of my little finger. What effect the mellow sounds of millions of these, covering the shallow bottom of a tranquil estuary, in the silence of night, might produce, I can scarcely conjecture.

'Your authentication of the hitherto unknown fact, would probably lead to the discovery of the same phenomenon in other common accessible paludine, and other allied branchiated animals, and to the solution of a problem, which is still to me a mystery, even regarding the tritonia.' (Vol. ii. p. 480.)

The malacologist will find a rich store of interesting remarks on the living habits of Ceylonese mollusca, in the chapter devoted to Conchology. To each of the sections appropriated to a class of Singhalese animals in the present comprehensive history, a critically prepared list, with the technical names of every well-ascertained species, is appended. The work, indeed, will be indispensable to the library of every systematic zoologist, and of every museum or other establishment of natural history. The list of the shells alone, of Ceylon, fills eight closely-printed pages.

The chapter on Insects is replete with notices of the living habits of this most curious, numerous, and diversified class of animals. The climate and other conditions of Ceylon favour the full development of the tropical forms of all the orders of

the class. The Author gives due space and attention to the important subject of the 'Coffee-bug' (vol. ii, p. 242-246.), and diverges with just and philosophical speculations on the consequence of the singular phenomena which certain other insects present. Thus—quoting Livingstone's question,—'Can the 'white ants possess the power of combining the oxygen and 'hydrogen of their vegetable food by vital force, so as to form 'water?' Sir Emerson Tennent deems it highly probable, from observations which he narrates, 'that the termites are endowed 'with some such faculty.' (Vol. i. p. 253.) The solidity and complexity of the termite mounds, the rapidity with which they are constructed, the economy of the complex society, and the destructive habits of these insects, are briefly and graphically described.

In reference to bees, Hunter, in his 'Observations' on these insects, remarks, 'Upon a superficial view, one conceives that 'the first intention of the bee having a sting is evident: one 'sees it has property to defend.' In Ceylon, however, the hymenoptera which are most formidable for their barbed and envenomed weapon, are the wasps, especially the great *Sphex ferruginea*. Of the several species and genera of true bees in the island, its present historian avers that 'some are divested of 'stings;' and, on the authority of the natives, he instances, 'those most productive of honey,' as being devoid of the defensive weapon. A valuable summary of the insects of Ceylon, by Mr. F. Walker, concludes this highly interesting chapter; their names alone occupy twenty closely printed pages.

A much larger proportion of the insect class, including the myriapods and spiders, are directly noxious than directly useful to man; but 'of all the plagues which beset the traveller in 'Ceylon, the most detested are the land leeches.'

'They are terrestrial, never visiting ponds or streams. In size they are about an inch in length, and as fine as a common knitting needle; but capable of distension till they equal a quill in thickness, and attain a length of nearly two inches. Their structure is so flexible that they can insinuate themselves through the meshes of the finest stocking, not only seizing on the feet and ankles, but ascending to the back and throat, and fastening on the tenderest parts of the body. In moving, the land leeches have the power of planting one extremity on the earth and raising the other perpendicularly to watch for their victim. Such is their vigilance and instinct, that on the approach of a passer-by to a spot which they infest, they may be seen amongst the grass and fallen leaves on the edge of a native path, poised erect, and preparing for their attack on man and horse. On descriing their prey they advance rapidly by semicircular strides, fixing one end firmly on the ground and arching the other forwards,

till by successive advances they can lay hold of the traveller's foot, when they disengage themselves from the ground and ascend his dress in search of an aperture to enter.' (Vol. i. p. 303, 304.)

A most graphic cut of the Liliputian army, marching to the attack, and greedy for the blood of the enemy they scent from afar, illustrates this description: it is worthy of Cruikshank. Although terrestrial, these little suctorial pests are helpless without moisture; they disappear during long droughts, but reappear instantaneously on the very first fall of rain. The author's suggestion, that these leeches, like the fresh-water mollusks, fishes, and reptiles of Ceylon, fall into a 'summer-sleep,' or a state of torpidity, induced by heat and drought, is a highly probable one. We may, however, be permitted to doubt, whether the period during which the leeches retain a latent life in a dried state, would be so long as in the alleged case of the *Rotifera*. Recent, and we may add, carefully conducted, experiments, have greatly modified the belief in the indefinite torpor which Spalanzani attributed to these microscopic crustacea.

We have reserved for the conclusion of our review of the natural history chapters of the present work, a notice of that devoted to the Elephant, in which, we can with confidence state, is given the most complete and correct history on record of this stupendous animal.

The former abundance of the species described (*Elephas indicus*, Cuv.) is exemplified; and the causes which have led to a diminution of their numbers, and their disappearance from districts where they once abounded, are ably exposed. Elephants were regarded as royal game in the time of the Kandyan empire, and their slaughter without permission was classed amongst the gravest offences. The poacher of proboscidiæ, by a kind of retributive justice, was given up to the elephant executioner, who placing his foot on the prostrate victim, plucked off his limbs in succession by a sudden movement of his trunk.

The wild elephants of Ceylon are now common to all pursuers, and have educated extraordinary skill and 'pluck' in some of our adventurous military men stationed on the island. The author, citing the curious fact that, — whilst in Africa, both sexes of the elephant have tusks, with some slight disproportion in the size of those of the females, — not one elephant in a hundred is found with tusks in Ceylon, and the few that possess them are exclusively males, remarks, that had all been provided with tusks, 'they would long since have been annihilated for the sake of the ivory.'

The peculiarly partial development of these monstrous teeth

in the elephants of Ceylon, and the absence of any direct observation of their use in the few elephants there possessing them, have begot the grave doubts as to their alleged functions, which the author expresses. Of one hundred and eight inquests on cases of death by wild animals, during five years in Ceylon, only sixteen are recorded to have been caused by elephants, whilst sixty-eight were due to poisonous serpents. •

The value of direct observation by a clear-headed naturalist, is shown in the refutation of the alleged antipathies of the elephant to other quadrupeds, handed down in histories from Pliny to Buffon. They show no impatience in the company of the elk, wild buffaloes, the deer, the bear, and the wild hog; but the elephant's caution leads him to take alarm at the appearance in the jungle of any animal with which he is not familiar. The tame elephant soon becomes reconciled to other domestic quadrupeds. He has been said to be afraid of the horse, but the experience of the Author favours the belief that it is the horse which is alarmed at the aspect of the elephant. Of this fact, Sir Emerson Tennent records an instance which we quote, because it illustrates at the same time the peculiar sagacity of the great proboscidian, and illustrates also the disposition to make good use of his tusks when he happens to have them.

‘One evening whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, towards the scene of the massacre of Major Davie’s party in 1803, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation *urmph! urmph!* in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was labouring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks, but the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head to one side to permit it to pass endways; and the exertion and inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitered us for a moment, then threw down the timber and forced himself backwards among the brushwood so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse still hesitated: the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of *urmph!* in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to come on. Still the horse trembled; and anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious creatures, I forbore any interference: again the elephant wedged himself further in amongst the trees, and waited impatiently for us to pass him; and after the horse had done so tremblingly and timidly, I saw the wise creature stoop and take up his heavy burden, trim and balance it on his tusks and resume his route, hoarsely snorting, as before, his discontented remonstrance.’— (Vol. ii. p. 282, 283.)

There appears to be a direct relation, at least in the mammalian class, between the vocal powers and the grade of intelligence; and the various noises which the elephant makes to intimate his pleasure, anger, suspicion, and alarm, as described by Sir Emerson Tennent, are truly remarkable.

The grounds on which the opinion of the superior sagacity of the elephant is founded, have been derived almost exclusively from observations of the animal in a state of domesticity. In its wild state, for reasons well given, by the author, the elephant may seem to casual observers to exhibit even less than ordinary ability; but, when danger and apprehension call for the exertion of his physical powers, those who have witnessed their display are seldom inclined to undervalue their degree. Sir Emerson relates, in illustration of this fact, a most curious instance of an elephant which, in the belief of the natives, feigned death in order to regain his freedom. The animal had been captured with the rest of his herd, and was being

'led from the corral as usual between two tame ones, and had already proceeded far on its way towards its destination; when night closing in, and the torches being lighted, it hesitated to go on, and finally sunk to the ground apparently lifeless. Mr. Cripps ordered the fastenings to be removed from its legs, and when all attempts to raise it had failed, so convinced was he that it was dead, that he ordered the ropes to be collected and the carcass to be abandoned. While this was being done, he and a gentleman by whom he was accompanied leaned against the body to rest. They had scarcely taken their departure and proceeded a few yards, when, to their astonishment, the elephant rose with the utmost alacrity, and fled towards the jungle, screaming at the top of his voice, its cries being audible long after it had disappeared in the shades of the forest.' (Vol. ii. p. 321, 322.)

The most striking of all the instances of man's mastery over inferior animals is the exploit of his wholesale decoy and capture of the hugest and wisest of terrestrial quadrupeds. The procedure of the 'corral,' or elephant trap on the grand scale, have been often described; but never with so much comprehensiveness and accuracy, or with such exact appreciation of the relation of the several steps in the procedure to the idiosyncracies of the gigantic brute, as in the chapter which the author devotes to this exciting subject.

The skill of the professional elephant catchers in Ceylon, the 'panikeas,' as they are called, who inhabit the 'Moorish villages' in the north and north-east of the island, is described as having almost the certainty of instinct.

'Hence their services are eagerly sought by the European sports-

men who go down into their country in search of game. So keen is their glance, that almost at the top of their speed, like hounds running "breast high," they will follow the course of an elephant, over glades covered with stunted grass, where the eye of a stranger would fail to discover a trace of its passage, and on through forests strawn with dry leaves, where it seems impossible to perceive a footstep. Here they are guided by a bent or broken twig, or by a leaf dropped from the animal's mouth, on which they can detect the pressure of a tooth. If at fault, they fetch a circuit like a setter, till lighting on some fresh marks, then go a-head again with renewed vigour. So delicate is the sense of smell in the elephant, and so indispensable is it to go against the wind in approaching him, that the Panikeas, on those occasions when the wind is so still that its direction cannot be otherwise discerned, will suspend the film of a gossamer to determine it, and shape their course accordingly.

'They are enabled by the inspection of the footmarks, when impressed in soft clay, to describe the size as well as the number of a herd before it is seen; *the height of an elephant at the shoulder being as nearly as possible twice the circumference of his fore foot.*' (Vol. ii. p. 337.)

Sir Emerson was present during the wholesale capture of wild elephants by the Singhalese modification of the corral, and gives a most vivid description of the strange and exciting scene. The passing allusions to the scenery and botany of the tropical forest traversed by the Governor's party to witness them carry one completely into the midst of the wild and primitive scene of action.

After detailing the preliminary proceedings of the native hunters, the author proceeds as follows:—

'Two months had been spent in these preparations, and they had been thus far completed, on the day when we arrived and took our places on the stage erected for us, overlooking the entrance to the corral. Close beneath us a group of tame elephants, sent by the temples and the chiefs to assist in securing the wild ones, were picketed in the shade, and lazily fanning themselves with leaves. Three distinct herds, whose united numbers were variously represented at from forty to fifty elephants, were enclosed, and were at that moment concealed in the jungle within a short distance of the stockade. Not a sound was permitted to be made, each person spoke to his neighbour in whispers, and such was the silence observed by the multitude of the watchers at their posts, that occasionally we could hear the rustling of the branches as some of the elephants stripped off their leaves.

'Suddenly the signal was made, and the stillness of the forest was broken by the shouts of the guard, the rolling of the drums and tom-toms, and the discharge of muskets; and beginning at the most distant side of the area, the elephants were urged forwards towards the entrance into the corral.

'The watchers along the line kept silence only until the herd had passed them, and then joining the cry in their rear they drove them onward with redoubled shouts and noises. The tumult increased as the terrified rout drew near, swelling now on one side now on the other, as the herd in their panic dashed from point to point in their endeavours to force the line, but were instantly driven back by screams, guns, and drums.

'At length the breaking of the branches and the crackling of the brushwood announced their close approach, and the leader bursting from the jungle rushed wildly forward to within twenty yards of the entrance followed by the rest of the herd. Another moment and they would have plunged into the open gate, when suddenly they wheeled round, re-entered the jungle, and in spite of the hunters resumed their original position. The chief headman came forward and accounted for the freak by saying that a wild pig, an animal which the elephants are said to dislike, had started out of the cover and run across the leader, who would otherwise have held on direct for the corral; and he intimated that as the herd was now in the highest state of excitement; and it was at all times much more difficult to effect a successful capture by daylight than by night, when the fires and the flambeaux act with double effect, it was the wish of the hunters to defer their final effort till the evening, when the darkness would lend a powerful aid to their exertions.

'After sunset the scene exhibited was of extraordinary interest; the low fires, which had apparently only smouldered in the sunlight, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected round them; while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds of spectators maintained profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible beyond the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the roll of a drum, followed by a discharge of musketry. This was the signal for the renewed assault, and the hunters entered the circle with shouts and clamour; dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watch-fires till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side, except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves, followed by the yells and racket of their pursuers.

'They approached at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood and crushing the dry branches, the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed headlong through the open gate followed by the rest of the herd.

'As if by magic the entire circuit of the corral, which to this moment had been kept in profound darkness, now blazed with a thousand lights, every hunter on the instant that the elephants entered, rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watchfire.

'The elephants first dashed to the very extremity of the enclosure, and being brought up by the powerful fence, started back to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime: they hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on

every side; they attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on which ever side they approached they were repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off in another direction, as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly returned to their forlorn resting-place in the centre of the corral.

'The interest of this strange scene was not confined to the spectators; it extended to the tame elephants which were stationed outside. At the first approach of the flying herd they evinced the utmost interest in the scene. Two in particular which were picketed near the front were intensely excited, and continued tossing their heads, pawing the ground, and starting as the noise drew near. At length when the grand rush into the corral took place, one of them fairly burst from her fastenings and started off towards the herd, levelling a tree of considerable size which obstructed her passage.' (Vol. ii. p. 353, 354.)

The mode of securing and marching out the captives is next given. The wonder of a London audience has been recently excited by the performance of an elephant, at Astley's, exhibiting attitudes which seemed quite incompatible with a creature of its form, shape, and structure; but the tame performer is outdone by the actions of the enraged wild elephant, in the first struggles against his bonds. The first of the entrapped herd which was tied up

'felt the ropes with his trunk and tried to untie the numerous knots; he drew backwards to liberate his fore-legs, then leaned forward to extricate the hind ones, till every branch of the tall tree vibrated with his struggles. He screamed in his anguish with his proboscis raised high in the air, then falling on his side he laid his head to the ground, first his cheek and then his brow, and pressed down his doubled-in trunk as though he would force it into the earth; then suddenly rising he balanced himself on his forehead and his fore-legs, holding his hind-feet fairly off the ground. This scene of distress continued some hours, with occasional pauses of apparent stupor, after which the struggle was from time to time renewed abruptly, and as if by some sudden impulse; but at last the vain strife subsided, and the poor animal stood perfectly motionless, the image of exhaustion and despair. . . . Some in their struggles made no sound, whilst others bellowed and trumpeted furiously, then uttered short convulsive screams, and at last, exhausted and hopeless, gave vent to their anguish in low and piteous moanings. Some, after a few violent efforts of this kind, lay motionless on the ground, with no other indication of suffering than the tears which suffused their eyes and flowed incessantly. Others in all the vigour of their rage exhibited the most surprising contortions; and to us who had been accustomed to associate with the unwieldy bulk of the elephant the

idea that he must of necessity be stiff and inflexible, the attitudes into which they forced themselves were almost incredible. I saw one lie with the cheek pressed to the earth and the fore-legs stretched in front, whilst the body was twisted round till the hind-legs extended at the opposite side.' (Vol. ii. p. 363, 364.)

The function of a peculiar structure of the elephant's stomach, suggested by physiological induction, is now established by direct observation on the living animal, for the first time made and communicated by the author of the present work.

'One practice was incessant with almost the entire herd; in the interval of every struggle, they beat up the ground with their fore-feet, and taking up the dry earth in a coil of their trunks, they flung it dexterously over every part of their body. Even when lying down, the sand within reach was thus collected and scattered over their limbs: then inserting the extremity of their trunks in their mouths, they withdrew a quantity of water, which they discharged over their backs, repeating the operation again and again, till the dust was thoroughly saturated. I was astonished at the quantity of water thus applied, which was sufficient when the elephant, as was generally the case, had worked the spot where he lay into a hollow, to convert its surface into a thin coating of mud. Seeing that the herd had been now twenty-four hours without access to water of any kind, surrounded by watch-fires, and exhausted by struggling and terror, the supply of moisture he was capable of containing in the receptacle attached to his stomach must have been considerable.' (Vol. ii. p. 364, 365.)

Nothing seems to have escaped the quick and comprehensive glance of Sir Emerson. The varied demeanour of the different elephants, as they were successfully 'noosed' and tied up, is so told, as to fix it in the mind like a picture. Old elephants and young, males and females, respectable members of the herd and exiled 'rogues'—each and all pass in review before us. Much as we welcome the artistic drawings which illustrate this stirring chapter in the zoology of Ceylon, they are superseded by the word-painting, which impresses the multiform features of the wild and complex spectacle on the reader's imagination. The baby-elephants add the ludicrous element to the performance. Two tiny ones had been entrapped with the herd, one about ten months old, the other somewhat more.

'These two little creatures were the most vociferous of the whole herd, their shouts were incessant, they struggled to attack every one within reach; and as their bodies were more lithe and pliant than those of greater growth, their contortions were quite wonderful. The most amusing thing was, that in the midst of all their agony and affliction, the little fellows seized on every article of food that

was thrown to them, and ate and roared simultaneously.' (Vol. ii. p. 369.)

'Amongst the last of the elephants noosed was the *rogue*. Though far more savage than the others, he joined in none of their charges and assaults on the fences, as they uniformly drove him off, and would not permit him to enter their circle. When dragged past another of his companions in misfortune, who was lying exhausted on the ground, he flew upon him and attempted to fasten his teeth in his head; this was the only instance of viciousness which occurred during the progress of the corral.' (Vol. ii. p. 369.)

'When they attempted to drag him backwards from the tree near which he was noosed, he laid hold of it with his trunk and lay down on his side immovable. The temple tusker and another were ordered up to assist, and it required the combined efforts of the three elephants to force him along. When dragged to the place at which he was to be tied up, he continued the contest with desperation, and to prevent the second noose being placed on his foot, he sat down on his haunches, almost in the attitude of the "Florentine Boar," keeping his hind-feet beneath him, and defending his fore-feet with his trunk, with which he flung back the rope as often as it was attempted to attach it. When overpowered and made fast, his grief was most affecting; his violence sunk to utter prostration, and he lay on the ground, uttering choking cries, with tears trickling down his cheeks.' (Vol. ii. p. 375, 376.)

The process of taming the captive giants usually extends over a period of two months, when the presence of the decoy elephants is dispensed with, and the captive is ridden to the river alone. Amongst numerous instances of the superior psychical endowments of the elephant, adduced by Sir E. Tennent, we select the following:—

'When roads are to be constructed along the face of steep declivities, and the space is so contracted that risk is incurred either of the elephant falling over the precipice or of rocks slipping down from above, not only are the measures which he resorts to the most judicious and reasonable that could be devised, but if urged by his keeper to adopt any other, he manifests a reluctance which shows that he has balanced in his own mind the comparative advantages of each. He appears on all occasions to comprehend the purpose and object which he is expected to promote, and hence he voluntarily executes a variety of details without any guidance whatsoever from his keeper. This is one characteristic in which the elephant manifests a superiority over the horse; although in strength in proportion to his weight he does not equal the latter.' (Vol. ii. p. 387.)

Two instances of births are recorded in the case of elephants which had been long in captivity. In regard to the duration of life of the elephant, estimated by Professor Owen* at a hundred

* 'Odontography,' p. 635.

and fifty years, on the basis of the duration of the grinding-teeth as effective instruments of mastication, Sir Emerson Tennent quotes a memorandum which he found among the papers left by Col. Robertson (son of the historian Principal Robertson), 'showing that a decoy was then attached to the elephant establishment at Matura, which the records proved to have served under the Dutch during the entire period of their occupation, that lasted for upwards of one hundred and forty years, and was said to have been found by them in the stables on the expulsion of the Portuguese in A.D. 1656.' (Vol. ii. p. 389.)

It is possible, therefore, that two or three generations of Singhalese elephants may have witnessed the singular and violent political revolutions, which in the last three centuries and a half have overthrown the native dynasties, and ended by the annexation of the whole island to the dominions of the Queen of England. It was in 1505 that the flag of the Portuguese first appeared in the waters of Ceylon, and Sir Emerson Tennent has drawn from their own records a dark picture of the rapacity, bigotry, and cruelty which characterised their sway. The resistance they encountered from the hardy mountaineers of Kandy was, however, so vigorous, that they were compelled to wage an internecine war against the native forces, and were at length expelled from Ceylon, one hundred and fifty years after their first landing, when the Dutch entered upon the scene of Indian adventure, and succeeded in forming alliances with the kings of Kandy fatal to the ascendancy of their commercial rivals and their religious antagonists. The chapters which Sir Emerson Tennent has devoted to these struggles are a valuable contribution to the colonial history of the European Powers.

It was not till the close of the last century that British forces and British policy appeared in Ceylon. Holland had been overrun by France: her colonies were attacked by England, and the King of Kandy was just as willing to accept our assistance to turn out the Dutch, as his predecessors had been to accept the assistance of the Dutch to turn out the Portuguese. The conquest of Colombo by Colonel Stuart in 1796 speedily followed, and the dominion of this country over the Dutch settlements was established. On the administration of the island by Mr. North, immediately after its surrender by the Dutch, and on the highly questionable negotiations which took place between that officer and the Prime Minister of the King of Kandy, which were the prelude to the massacre of the British troops under Major Davie in 1803, a new and unexpected light has been thrown by the researches of Sir E. Tennent in the

Wellesley Papers. The transaction which led to the establishment of British authority in the independent portion of the island was of the most painful and treacherous character. The young king was stimulated by his Adigar or Minister, who was in treasonable correspondence with Mr. North, to acts of atrocity calculated to bring about his own overthrow; in 1803 a British force seized Kandy; a sanguinary reaction followed; and the first years of the English government of Ceylon are deeply stained with humiliation and bloodshed.

We hope it is true, as Sir Emerson Tennent confidently believes, that these recollections have been effaced by the benefits which fifty years of British rule have conferred on the island: roads have been constructed, civil organisation has been matured, domestic slavery has been abolished, a charter of justice promulgated, trading monopolies extinguished, and vast encouragement given by British capital and skill to the cultivation of the staple products of the country. The Singhalese of the maritime provinces are not disaffected, and it is hoped that the Kandians will eventually allow the progress of civilisation to reach their mountain solitudes. But the work of reconciliation is still by no means complete.

To this important object the work of Sir Emerson Tennent is destined, we are convinced, in no slight degree to contribute, by making this magnificent island, with its romantic history and its boundless natural resources, more completely known to the people of this country; and no service which the late Colonial Secretary of Ceylon can have rendered in his former administrative capacity is comparable to the benefit which the existence of such a book must confer on all who are interested in the welfare of a colony, which is in itself a kingdom. A memorial was recently addressed by the governor of our remote possessions to the Colonial Minister to induce the Government to consider the best mode of collecting and publishing complete histories and surveys of the colonial dependencies of Great Britain. The suggestion was referred by the Colonial Office to the Royal Society, and is still, we believe, under the consideration of the savans of Burlington House. In the meanwhile, Sir Emerson Tennent has, by the labour of years, anticipated their conclusions, and given the country an admirable example of the interest, entertainment, and utility which attach to the successful achievement of this great design.

ART. IV.—1. *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia — called Frederic the Great*. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Vols. I. and II. London, 1858.

2. *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand*. 24 vols. 4to. Imprimerie Royale de Berlin. 1846—1856.

A PUBLICATION which lays claim to the title of a history ought, in our opinion, to recommend itself to the reader by a perspicuous narrative, a vigorous and unaffected style, a just appreciation of truth and falsehood, a discriminating insight into character and the motives of human actions, an accurate survey of the sequence of events, and a conscientious regard for those who have previously laboured in the same vineyard. If it be too much to require that all these qualities be united in a historian, it is at least to be expected that they shall not all be wanting. But this is a test to which it is impossible to subject Mr. Carlyle's last production. By this rule his 'History of 'Frederic II.' would deserve to be remembered chiefly as a conspicuous example of all that a history ought not to be. In common justice to Mr. Carlyle the reader must at once consent to view every object through a transcendental medium. If a single beam of daylight were to pierce the murky atmosphere of this necromantic cave, the illusion would be gone. Mr. Carlyle treats of history surrounded by legions of phantasms, mud-gods, Dead-Sea and demon-apes, hobgoblins, and visionary tormentors. He appears to have brought himself to the belief that there is a sort of reality in the fanciful and uncouth creations with which he has peopled some of the most imposing scenes in the annals of mankind; but it needs no very close inspection to discover that these grotesque beings, and these tremendous coruscations of subterranean fire, are, after all, no more than the pasteboard masks and the Bengal lights of a pantomime.

Recognising, as we willingly do, the merits of some of Mr. Carlyle's earlier writings, the flashes of genius with which he has illuminated some important passages in history, the pathos and originality of many of his biographical and critical efforts, the generous audacity of his early career, and his simple and grand utterance of much that was good and much that was noble, we regret that he should have indulged his foibles and fostered his prejudices to such a degree, that we have little to praise and much to condemn in the volumes before us. No parallel is to

be found in the worst epochs of the world's history to the contemptuous scorn in which Mr. Carlyle affects to hold his own generation, to his elaborate ridicule of every institution and usage of this and the last century, and to the contumely which he heaps on every writer, no matter whether he be as profound as Leibnitz or as subtle as Machiavelli. In the obloquy he so unsparingly throws on all the aspirations of the age, and on all who share the hurry and press of actual life, we recognise a discontent of a deeper Stygian hue than that of Byron, without his generosity or romance. Yet, to quote Mr. Carlyle's own words in the work before us: 'Let us pity a man of genius, mounted on so ungovernable a hobby, leaping the barrier in spite of his best intentions. Perhaps the poetic temperament is more liable to such morbid *biases*, influxes of imaginative crotchet and mere folly that cannot be cured.' (Vol. i. p. 588.)

As for this age, since the Latter Day pamphlets have failed to frighten it out of its love for steam engines and constitutional government, it may pass for incorrigible. But if the eighteenth century deserves one-thousandth part of that metaphorical abuse for which Mr. Carlyle ransacks heaven and earth and the regions under the earth, he himself is one of the greatest culprits of the time, for he has striven, more than any other living writer, to make us acquainted with its history. In fact, his greenest literary laurels have grown entirely in that field, and he really shows ingratitude of no ordinary kind, after having borrowed by far the greater portion of his own spiritual culture from minds like those of Schiller, Goethe, Herder, Fichte, Jean Paul, Lessing, Voltaire, Diderot, Mirabeau, Burns, and Johnson, to denounce their epoch with such extravagant incoherence. When Mr. Carlyle describes the eighteenth century as barren of great men, we readily grant it to be barren of those personages, part saint or hypocrite, part buccaneer or savage, who are the objects of his admiration; but the world finds no difficulty in recognising great men in the century which included within its limits Marlborough, Louis XIV., Charles XII., Peter the Great, Frederic the Great, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Adam Smith, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Washington, Napoleon, Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Wellington, to say nothing of a host of men of science and letters, and many soldiers and statesmen who would have passed as great in another age. In truth, it is an entire matter of idiosyncrasy of opinion and sentiment as to who is a great man and who is not; and dispute on such a topic is puerile. Mr. Carlyle has no sympathy with, or capacity for esteeming, the great men admired by an age of organisation or sobriety of thought and conduct. His wild and irregular heroes are as much crea-

tures of the irrecoverable past, as the savage Vikings whose sails were the terror of the coasts of Europe from the Baltic to the Bosphorus. Oliver Cromwell, William the Conqueror, Mirabeau, and even Mahomet or Attila, are admirable in their historic position, but Mr. Carlyle himself would not feel more helpless among a party of Scandinavian marauders, than one of his fulminating sons of Thor in our present more regulated and more civil state of existence.

A more constant topic, however, than the ridicule of the nineteenth and the eighteenth century, is the complaint of Mr. Carlyle in these volumes of the quantity of work he has had to do to write them. 'Carlylius in tormentis scripsit,' should be, in imitation of the epigraph in Frederic William's pictures, that of this work. The Prussian writers have evidently gone to work with malice prepense to write dull books for the torture of Mr. Carlyle. No abuse is sufficiently virulent for these honest labourers, who got together all the materials of which Mr. Carlyle has often made an insufficient use. Mr. Carlyle is not the first writer of history, nor consequently the first who has undertaken the labour of research; there are eminent writers still in existence who have consecrated as much research to one work as Mr. Carlyle has given to the whole of his writings. The late Mr. Prescott, suffering under an unexampled calamity, uttered no murmur at the slow toil which hard necessity inflicted upon him; nor has the most splendid historical genius the world has yet seen, permitted himself to use such contumelious language towards the darkest chronicler of the monkish ages as that with which Mr. Carlyle belabours the Prussian analyst. He is 'a hapless nigger gone masterless,' 'a dark-chaotic dullard,' whose books are 'mere blotches of printed stupor,' 'tumbled mountains of marine stores.' The term Dryasdust, in the mouth of the kindly-hearted Ariosto of the North, had a gentle humour about it appreciable by Dryasdust himself, but this life-long *renchérissement* on the witty expression of a great poet and romancer, and these uncouth contortions of language, have become more intolerable than the commonest jokes of Joe Miller.

But it is by no means true that the Prussian writers and historians are not deserving of praise; they evince a sobriety and a respect for fact in which Mr. Carlyle would have done well to have followed them. Ranke's work is well known. Buchholz is conscientious if somewhat dull; and Voigt's history of Prussia is especially worthy of commendation. And for the life of Frederic the Great, we doubt if any one ever had materials so well manipulated and so well prepared to his hand;

independently of the memoirs of great value, and of the highly meritorious works of Preuss, Ranke, Förster, and Vehse, the works of Frederic himself, including the whole of his correspondence, have been issued, under the superintendence of Dr. Preuss, from the Royal Press of Berlin, with most careful annotation, and with a splendour almost unparalleled in the annals of bibliography.

One would imagine that Mr. Carlyle could hardly offend more than he has already done in matters of taste and style; but, nevertheless, he has now outdone his former self, and though these volumes contain some fine passages, yet the nauseous depths to which he drags his readers for metaphors are sufficient to revolt the most enthusiastic of his admirers. The Countess of Darlington is always mentioned as a 'cattact of tallow skinned over.' The young soul of Frederic is described during some youthful aberrations, 'as a rhinoceros wallowing in its mud-bath, with nothing but its snout visible, and a dirty gurgle all the sound it makes.' Of the literary trick of turning simple expressions into Carlylian jargon, the following instance will suffice:—The Princess Wilhelmina says, when she heard the Prince of Wales had written that he was 'amoureux comme un fou,' 'Je n'en fis que rire.' Mr. Carlyle's paraphrase is, 'she answered his romances and him with tiffs of laughter, and in a prettily fleering manner.' The correspondence of Voltaire and Frederic the Great, which offers a most interesting study of character, and which certainly deserves a more serious consideration than Mr. Carlyle has given it, is condensed down to the comic form:

'Oh what a Crown Prince, ripening forward to be the delight of human nature, and realise the dream of sages; Philosophy upon the throne on the one side; on the other, Oh what a Phœbus Apollo, mounting the eastern sky, chasing the nightmares, sowing the earth with orient pearl to begin with.'

If this is history or biography, Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett's *Comic History of England* has a claim to the serious perusal of every historical student.

Undoubtedly the evidence by which the existence of Prussia was first revealed to history is of high interest, but it is not beyond question that Pytheas 'gazed with his Greek eyes,' as Mr. Carlyle phrases it, at all on the north border of the Prussian dominions. Humboldt and Heeren are of opinion that Pytheas proceeded no further than the mouths of the Weser and the Elbe; but we really feel it to be impossible to accompany Mr. Carlyle through the præ-historic ages in which he traces through 378 pages the outline of what was one day to become the kingdom

of Prussia. Indeed, this part of Mr. Carlyle's performance is of the most disjointed and bewildering character. One by one he calls up before us spectral and monstrous figures, sets them spasmodically in action, talks in a Carlylian strain either of them, at them, or for them, then opens the trap-door, lets one down and sends up another. Of the nobles, of the clergy, of the towns, of the changes of manners, of the laws, of the general progress of that country which was to be the theatre on which his hero was to play his part, we get not one tittle of information.

It was not till the beginning of the fifteenth century that the House of Hohenzollern had any connexion with the March of Brandenburg. Three races of princes had died out without heirs; and after a long period of anarchy, when the country was desolated by the oppression and rapine of the robber-barons, the Emperor Sigismund, distracted with the dissensions of the Church and with the disorder of the Empire, unable in any way to maintain his authority in the March, made over for a sum of 250,000 gulden the electorate of Brandenburg, to his friend and relative Frederic Burggrave of Nürnberg, to whom the March was already pledged for 150,000 gulden, and to whom the Emperor lay personally under great obligations.

The House of Hohenzollern ('Upper Tillery,' as Mr. Carlyle translates it), of which this burggrave of Nürnberg was a descendant, had its original castle-seat not far north from Constance, at the southern extremity of the Black Forest, near the springs of the Danube. Some few years previous to 1170, Conrad, a cadet of this house, sought his fortunes under the banner of Frederic Barbarossa; his service prospered, and he was appointed Burggraf of Nürnberg. The Burggraviate became in the course of a generation or two hereditary in the family, which, by dint of foresight, energy, and good fortune, extended their dominions on every side throughout the Franconian circles.

The House of Hohenzollern having thus, by purchase and by investiture, become possessed of the government of the Imperial fief of the Churmark of Brandenburg, took firm root; and, much as the descendants of Frederic Burggraf of Nürnberg may have differed in other respects, there is one quality common to them all,—an indefatigable talent for annexation and aggrandisement, by means of which they expanded the small and subordinate electorate into an independent kingdom, comprising territories seven times larger than their original

We are disappointed not to find in these volumes a better

account of the rapidity with which the Reformation first spread in Brandenburg, where the Catholic faith had so little root, that the adhesion of a whole town to the reformed faith was often decided by the first sermon of a reformed preacher from the pulpit. Considering that Brandenburg is the second Protestant Power in Europe, and that Mr. Carlyle has treated its early history at such length, it seems a fatal omission that he should not have illustrated this interesting part of the history of the electorate. Mr. Carlyle likewise passes over in contemptuous silence the Landtag, or estates of Brandenburg, upon which institution even the courtly Ranke looked back with a respectful admiration. 'All the more important undertakings,' says Ranke, 'of the Hohenzollerns were effected only with the agreement and assistance of the estates.' They sanctioned the taxes, they endorsed the foreign policy, they actively promoted internal reforms. The assistance they rendered to the early princes of the house is freely acknowledged by Frederic the Great in his 'Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg.' They continued to be called together with considerable regularity up to the time of Frederic William, the Great Elector, when the nobles in 1630, on account of a dispute about indirect taxation, left the Assembly, and it was never convened again.

Before the fortunes of Brandenburg were to be upraised and firmly established by the Great Elector, the electorate was destined, during the Thirty Years' war, to suffer the worst calamities which that terrible conflict inflicted on every part of Germany. The pusillanimous and vacillating policy of its ruler, George William, laid the country open to the ravages of the ruthless and murderous bands of Wallenstein, as well as to invasion by the army of the king of Sweden. Amid the desolation of his country the elector found diversion in every sort of frivolous and besotted enjoyment. His imbecility of character made him the creature of Austria and the object of the scorn of Gustavus Adolphus, who, on one occasion, after having extorted some of his finest fortresses in an interview, saluted him at parting with shotted guns, by way of showing his contempt for the prince to whose irresolution and imbecility he attributed the horrors of the siege of Magdeburg.

The real founder of the Prussian monarchy was Frederic William, the Great Elector. Never did a prince of twenty undertake the duties of government in more desperate circumstances than those in which he found his hereditary dominions at the death of his father. Famine, war, and pestilence had desolated the country; but his wisdom, courage, and activity

rendered him the saviour of a country exhausted, defenceless, and despised; and Brandenburg, when it came to his successor, forty-eight years after his accession, was a state of European importance with an army of 28,000 men.

In his early youth he had been sent, through fear of the plague in Brandenburg, to be educated in Holland. At Leyden he learnt the value of education; at the Hague he gained an insight into politics; and in the busy energy and free atmosphere of a thriving republic he acquired an admiration for the arts of peace, in which his achievements were as great and more durable than in the arts of war; and he always looked affectionately towards the residence of his youth as to another home, and declared himself on their side at the most desperate crisis of their contest with Louis XIV. His first military success was at Warsaw against the Poles; in conjunction with Montecuculi, he commanded the Imperial forces against the armies of Louis XIV. on the Rhine. But the greatest day of his life was the victory at Fehrbellin. Without doubt, said Frederic, the greatness of the House of Brandenburg dates from Fehrbellin. He cleared the Swedes out of Pomerania; though he was compelled by Louis XIV. to relinquish his conquest at the peace of Nimwegen. Yet although he received the rich diocese and district of Magdeburg as some compensation, and although he made an arrangement with Austria about the famous Silesian claims, never admitted by the Imperial House, and although he left a territory largely increased, these antiquated pretensions of the House of Hohenzollern were destined to be the cause of frightful calamities to the whole civilised world. The internal policy of the elector was equally energetic. In his organisation of industry he laboured with unwearied benevolence; he founded libraries, encouraged arts and sciences, embellished the capital, colonised lands, drained the marshy grounds, opened canals, and established every kind of industrial fabric in Prussia. He personally superintended the most minute operations, grafting trees with his own hands. Yet some of the superstitions of dark times lingered in his mind; he kept a professor of occult sciences, and spent large sums in endeavouring to make gold. The Edict of Nantes recruited the industrial strength of his country by 20,000 intelligent Frenchmen, and rewarded his zeal for the Protestant cause. To the same measure of persecution he was indebted for Marshal Schomberg, a name not unknown in English history.

His first marriage with Louisa of Orange was a most happy one; he relied upon her judgment, he was strengthened by her piety, and after her decease was observed frequently to re-

gard her portrait and lament her loss. 'At the moment of her death,' it is said, 'when speech had fled, he felt from her hand which lay in his, three slight pressures. "Farewell" thus mutely spoken in that manner, not easy to forget in this world.' (Vol. i. p. 359.)

His second marriage was not felicitous, and his wife, Dorothea of Hanover, was suspected, justly or unjustly, of an attempt to poison his son Frederic, who succeeded him, and was the first King of Prussia.

This prince was not without spirit or abilities, and showed some talent in military campaigning. He was distinguished by his love of expense, of court ceremonials, of being constantly surrounded by armies of court officials, and by his attainment of the regal dignity, but his most worthy claim to our consideration is that he was the husband of a charming wife, — Sophie Charlotte, termed by Leibnitz 'une des princesses les plus accomplies de la terre : ' she was also called the Republican or Philosophic Queen. She attracted great attention in early youth at the court of Versailles. The 'Mercuré Galant,' at the time of her marriage, was enthusiastic in describing the charms of her person ; the brilliant delicacy of her complexion, her prodigious quantity of beautiful black hair, her large blue soft eyes, and her fine black eyebrows, 'as delicately traced as though done with a compass,' her delicately chiselled nose, her carnation lips, and very white teeth. She spoke perfectly several languages, played, sung, and danced to perfection, was sprightly in repartee, playful in manner, and so well versed and quick-witted in all the topics of debate in religion and philosophy that she was sometimes more than a match for Leibnitz himself, wanting to know, he said, 'le pourquoi du pourquoi.' She was very fond of the society of men of intelligence, and especially of that of Leibnitz, of whom she wrote and spoke as 'le grand 'Leibnitz,' evidently to Mr. Carlyle's disgust, for he spitefully calls that philosopher a 'wiseacre.' She died at the age of thirty-six ; on her deathbed she said she was very happy, for now she was going to satisfy her curiosity about a great many things on which she could get no information from Leibnitz, and to procure for the king the spectacle of a court funeral, at which he could display all his magnificence. She was quietly satirical on the king's love of ceremony. 'Leibnitz,' she wrote, 'talked to me about the infinitely little, Mon Dieu, as if I did not know enough of that ;' and at the most solemn moment of her joint coronation with the king, when Frederic was absorbed in the august nature of the ceremony, she took, to Mr. Carlyle's intense delight, a delicate pinch of snuff,—a quiet protest on her

part, which drew down a fulminating look from the injured monarch.

Frederic William succeeded on the death of his father in 1713. Neither in mind or body did he in anything resemble his parents. Mean, avaricious, illiterate, brutal, choleric, and intemperate, this odious monarch formed as direct a contrast to the frail form and refined manners of his father, and the vivacity, intelligence, and delicate sensibility of his mother, as it is possible to conceive. Nevertheless - -

‘Nature well known no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular and Wharton plain.’

The fact is, that he was an only son and a spoilt child, whose violent and contradictory spirit had never been placed under the slightest control. His stature was short, his habit of body full and sanguineous, his form ungainly, and his temper and spirit of opposition ungovernable. As a child his refractory spirit displayed itself in swallowing buckles, in threatening to jump out of window, and in stuffing his clothes into the fire. No attempt, unfortunately, was made to check his wilful passions, and the consequence was he grew up the most boorish sovereign who has ever sat upon a throne. He refused to listen to any of his teachers, and to learn any of the accomplishments fit for a prince. But he set himself to work with all his might to acquire habits odious both to the king and queen. His niggardly nature as a child affected his mother with horror; and in spite of all opposition from his father, his great delight was to ape the barrack coarseness of the drill corporal, and to maltreat a little company of boy soldiers whom he got together on the sly. His mother died, unfortunately, while he was still young. It was determined to see if a marriage at eighteen would have any effect in humanising the young monster.

The prospect did not seem to be a happy one for his wife. Sophie Charlotte had been horrified at the tales brought her of his savage bearing towards the other sex. Once only had he been a Corydon, and that to Caroline of Anspach, his cousin, afterwards Queen of England, who seems to have laughed at his clumsy attentions as she would at the gambols of a young walrus. However, he was married to Sophie Dorothea, daughter of George I., one year older than himself; a lady who seems to have had an estimable character, and to have borne the inflictions such a marriage entailed upon her with exemplary patience. Frederic William claimed great virtue to himself for his constancy to his wife; but, to say the truth, the only notice we have of an attempted infidelity does not exhibit him

as a fit subject for the tender passion. Twenty-five years after marriage, his daughter tells us, he fell in love with Mademoiselle de Pannewitz, maid of honour to the queen; and finding some difficulty in catching 'le style amoureux,' 'voulait commencer le roman par la fin;' till one day the unhappy lady, after a year's persecution, put an end to his coarse importunities by striking him with clenched fist on the face, so that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth.

No sooner did he mount the throne than he changed the whole system of government and administration. Kammerjunker, Kammerherrn, and the whole legion of court officials, were sent adrift. Science, letters, and refinement were treated with undeviating contempt; a new order of precedence was established, in which the humblest and stupidest subaltern was treated with more favour than the highest merit and the noblest intelligence. To turn Prussia into one huge barrack yard, with a large army and a full treasury, was the end and aim of the king's life.

His system of administration and his economical ability in managing the crown lands was, if we except the capricious tyranny which he showed in this and in every department, worthy of praise; but Mr. Carlyle goes into rhapsodical ecstasies of admiration (to justify which he has recourse to the lucubrations of Sauerteig), to the effect that the worst barbarities of an illiterate drunken tyrant and buffoon were amply atoned for by being a good bailiff of his own farms, by eating bacon and greens, sitting on wooden chairs, and using soap and water with unimpeachable regularity.

Frederic William at his death left a force of 89,000 soldiers in such discipline as the world had never seen since the invention of fire-arms. All that painful precision of drill and stiff accoutrements which modern armies are beginning to lay aside, were invented in the Prussian service. The troops were kept at drill so constantly that mutiny and desertion were only prevented by the terrors of barbarous punishment, running the gauntlet, mutilations of ears and nose, and death. From the length of the ribbons of their pig-tails, down to the buttons of their gaiters, everything was the subject of invariable rule. The king himself, scissors in hand, would sometimes cut an officer's skirts to the prescribed limit. His delight in manœuvring was extraordinary, and he was determined his whole family should share it. The queen and princesses were obliged to pass the day on the ground in the blazing sun, fainting with heat and exhausted, in order that he might have the pleasure of their looking at him and his troops. The end of

life with him was to make his troops march with one step, fire with one report, blaze away in battalions, and divisions, and companies. To play on the whole mass, says a witness, like a vast piano, and then in the evening to get drunk with his generals on floods of beer or Rhenish wine.

The injustice, suffering, and terror, caused by keeping so disproportionate an army, and by the inflexible severity of recruiting, is inconceivable. His press-gangs hunted down soldiers for him in every part of Germany, and got him into constant disputes with his neighbours; but in his own country they ranged without mercy. Tribes of industrious Prussian subjects fled from the corporal's stick across the frontier, and founded towns and villages. His recruiting ruffians surrounded villages when at prayer in the church, and conflicts ensued with the exasperated peasantry. On one occasion they fell upon a congregation while the sacrament was being administered, and the clergyman, a man of refinement and literary distinction, died of horror at the sacrilege. Whole schools of boys were marked off for the king's service by a red neckcloth, and the head-money paid to the parents. The *morale* of such an army was savage in the extreme. Notwithstanding the frightful punishments, desertion was common, and then the whole country were obliged to join in the pursuit. Mutinies, too, were constantly breaking out. Even while the king was reviewing his own colossal guards, bullets would whistle past his ears, and stray ramrods be shot into the palace; and once a conspiracy was discovered amongst the troops to burn Potsdam, and desert during the fire.

We know not how much credence is to be given to the statement that, when his will was opened, it was found that he had affected his notorious mania, and his love for huge soldiers, in order to divert the attention of Austria from the real increase of his army.* But it seems improbable that he should have carried mere dissimulation to so extravagant a pitch as to have his 3000 Potsdam giants painted in full length, and the sergeant-major carved in stone; and that, when in ill-health, he should order 200 of them upstairs to tramp through the palace, and enliven his hypochondriacal fancies. Wilhelmina tells us this regiment was called the Canal des Graces, since the surest way of propitiating this enlightened monarch's favour was by procuring him, by fair means or foul, a lanky private for the Potsdam guards. A regular tariff was drawn up,—every inch above six feet was worth hundreds of thalers. Ge-

* Vohse, Geschichte des Preussischen Hofes, ii. 286.

neral Schmettau received 5000 thalers, and an appointment for his sister to a religious foundation, for one recruit; and the bill for the Irish recruit, Kirkland, of 7000 thalers, is yet in existence. An Austrian ambassador, much above six feet, was kidnapped by mistake by the Prussian press-gangs; and a tall carpenter was inveigled into making a box big enough to hold himself, and then into getting inside it, being shut in and carried off: when the box was again opened he was found dead.

This military mania stopped short at the manœuvring. Of actual fighting the King saw next to none. He was present at the battle of Malplaquet; and he got drunk to the memory of it every year with his generals, when, the ladies being excluded, the king danced with his military guests. He used his army but once in his life, and that was, strange to say, against Charles XII., the wild Viking of the North, from whom he had wrung that most important strip of territory so much coveted by the Great Elector, — the country between the Oder and the Peene, and Pomeranian Haff, with its three outlets into the Baltic.

But it was in the negotiations in which Frederic William participated that Prussia first took rank as an European Power. He was formally recognised as such by the treaty of Hanover, in which he sided with France and England to restore the balance of power, endangered by the unexpected alliance of Austria and Spain. Austria, however, knew too well the capricious temper of Elizabeth Farnese of Spain, to count very strongly on her friendship, and looked with anxiety to the probability of being left isolated in Europe. She accordingly determined to detach Frederic William from the Anglo-French alliance. This was not very difficult. The Prussian monarch prided himself on his Germanism, which principally displayed itself in his hatred of the most civilised nations of Europe. Everything French was his abhorrence; he never mentioned the name of a Frenchman without an oath, and, as he boasted, spat whenever he saw one. Next to the French, he hated the English, as a supercilious race, '*Hoffärtige Leute*,' and their land as a '*Sünden-land*' (land of sin). He suspected, too, that the two courts looked down on him as a *parvenu* monarch. The Court of Vienna despatched Count Seckendorf, a sly and adroit diplomatist and soldier, to Berlin. Seckendorf bought over Grumkow — a Prussian general, who, though a sot, hypocrite, traitor, and poltroon, was the chosen friend of the king, and governed the clownish monarch by his superior *finesse* and understanding. Grumkow got up a scene to introduce Seckendorf, as though by

accident, to the king's smoking-room; and once a member of that tobacco-parliament, the two rogues together governed the king, and made him the humble servant of Austria for the rest of his life.

By knowing when to be silent and when to speak; by coaxing, joking, flattering and resisting, by humouring every weakness and every folly, and by taking advantage of that pliancy of humour which follows a burst of ungovernable passion, they made the monarch, who was the terror of his subjects, a mere instrument in their hands, and got to know his nature so well that they could play on him as on a pipe. But more especially they ingratiated themselves with him by giving him good dinners, which, of course, were paid for by Austria. For, though he kept such a table himself that the stomachs of his wife and children loathed the food he gave them, yet he willingly dined well at the expense of other people. 'S. M. dîna hier,' writes Grumkow, 'chez moi comme un loup, soupa de même, se soula, et s'en alla à minuit.'

The anecdotes of the capricious tyranny of this king are endless, and all excite one emotion—disgust. Destitute of all the ordinary sympathies of human nature, to inflict pain seemed the chief pleasure of his existence. His bamboo cane was laid on everybody within his reach. People fled before him in the streets, and bolted their doors. One day a person in the streets ran away, and he sent after him: the man being questioned said he ran away for fear: 'You should love, love, love me, you villain, not fear,' said the king, with a blow at every word. He thrashed the judges of his criminal court one by one for condemning a soldier for burglary, and knocked some of their teeth out; he struck an officer in the face, who drew a pistol and blew his brains out before him. When sick, he lamented his incapacity to thrash everybody he had a fancy for thrashing, and the bulletins of his convalescence contained the passage:—'His majesty is better, and has thrashed a page to-day.' He had a passion for building, and sentenced men to build fine houses whether they could afford it or no, and many bankruptcies were the consequence. Academies and professors were treated with insult. He made one of his court fools argue before the University of Frankfurt, on the theme 'Learned men are charlatans and blockheads.' Leibnitz, the friend of his mother, he said 'was a fool of a fellow, not fit for a sentinel.' To the Academy of Sciences he gave for discussion 'the reason why champagne effervesces,' which discussion they wittily avoided by asking for fifty bottles for the necessary experiments. And he kept a learned weak man, Gundling, at his court as a fool,

tortured and nearly killed him with barbarous practical jokes, and buried him in a wine cask in spite of the protestations of the clergy. Wolf, the philosopher, was forbidden to remain in the country on pain of the halter, because he had been told his philosophy on the doctrine of Necessity would lead his grenadiers to mutiny. Mantoufel, a friend of Wolf's, wrote, 'Tout sujet en ce pays-ci, de quelque condition qu'il soit, est regardé comme un esclave né.' Even the privileged Grumkow wrote, 'Le bon Dieu me fera voir une porte pour sortir de cette maudite galère!'

Such beyond question was King Frederic William; yet Mr. Carlyle does not scruple to take him under his peculiar protection, and in describing this truculent and besotted monstrosity of kingship gives utterance to such nonsense as this:—

'A wild man, wholly in earnest; veritable as the old rocks, and with a terrible volcanic fire in him, too. There is a divine idea of fact put into him, the genus *sham* never hatefuller to any man. . . . A just man, too, would not wrong any man . . . a just man, I say, and a valiant and veracious. . . . He was a very arbitrary king. But then a good deal of his *arbitrium*, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heavens as well, and did exceedingly behove to be done if the earth would prosper. . . . I find, except Samuel Johnson, no man of equal veracity with Frederic William in that epoch. . . . Full of sensitiveness, rough as he was, and shaggy of skin. . . . I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great.'

Frederic the Great, was born on Sunday, January 24. 1712, about mid-day, in the reign of his grandfather Frederic I. The christening, a week afterwards, took place with great splendour, the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, and George I., Elector of Hanover, were among the godfathers by proxy. Frederic, as a child, was very beautiful; his large blue beaming eyes were already remarkable; those eyes which possessed such fascination after times, and, as Mirabeau said, 'portaient au gré de son âme héroïque la séduction ou la terreur.' There exists a very graceful picture, by Pesne, of the little prince at three years of age, beating a little drum and looking up with bright vivacity at his sister Wilhelmina, about three years older, who, with her hair stiffly dressed and powdered, looks demurely out of the picture on the spectator, while a negro page in the background, with a sentinel in the distance, gives the character of the place and epoch. Madame de Roucoulles, a French Protestant refugee, the instructress of Frederic's father, was also his own until the age of six, when Duhan de Jandan, a young, ingenious, and kind-hearted French Protestant, was appointed his preceptor. With Duhan were appointed two military

governors, and soon a company of little boys was formed as an infant regiment for Frederic to take the command of:—

‘Dites que mon berceau fut environné d’armes,
Que je-fus élevé dans le sein des alarmes,
Dans le milieu des camps sans faste et sans grandeur,
Par un père sévère et rigide.censeur.’

(*Œuvres*, tom. x. p. 221.)

The father had set his heart upon making him an illiterate and drunken drill sergeant like himself, but the son was unfortunately intelligent, sprightly, and affectionate; and inspired by Duhan with a love of literature and making verses which was the cause of much calamity, he also had a passionate fondness for music, and became an exquisite performer on the flute, on which he played an hour or two every day till the end of his life; he also had a dash of coquetry about him, and was proud of his clustering hair and of his small feet; but beneath all this, acute observers remarked extraordinary intelligence and generosity of nature. The favourite expression of Madame de Roucouilles was, ‘c’est un esprit angélique.’ Herr Von Loen writes, ‘he is a most alert and vivacious prince; he has fine sprightly manners, and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be expected of him.’

But the accomplishments and vivacity of the young prince were viewed by his father with detestation; that good could come of anything so different from his own grovelling and boorish habits was not to be imagined by the paternal Bruin. Then began a tragic struggle between the irrepressible sparkling nature of the young boy and the iron will of his savage parent, in which the whole moral nature of the young prince was so distorted that up to the last hour of his life those about him had reason to regret the barbarities to which he was subjected by Frederic William. The king drew up with his own hand two pedantic, narrow-minded, and despotic schemes of education. It is well known that he interdicted the teaching of ancient history, and also of Latin, and forbade any one to mention it to him; at the same time he showed a laudable anxiety to instil sound Protestant views into his son, and also that his manners should be affable and familiar. Under the severe discipline to which the unfortunate prince was thus subjected, his youth was rapidly consumed, and he began, as Seckendorf wrote, at fourteen to look prematurely stiff and old. But as he grew older it became more and more difficult to follow his father’s prescribed rules of conduct; although drenched with beer soup as a child, he disliked intoxication; the drilling and re-

viewing became more and more hateful; the stiff, military uniform in which it was not possible to move with activity or to sit still in ease, was especially irksome, he called it his *sterbekittel*, or grave suit, and seized every opportunity of throwing it off. Every little aberration from the paternal standard was assiduously brought with additions to Frederic William's ears, who began to hate his son with all his soul, to call him, 'Quer-pfeifer und Poet,' 'fife-player and poet,' 'Effeminirten Kerl,' 'effeminate fellow,' and to curse, kick, and beat him without mercy.

The troubles which ensued in the family of Frederic William were well known to the world, and excited attention in every court in Europe; but the smallest journalist of that time felt more compassion for the victims of Frederic William than is shown by Mr. Carlyle. The intolerable and daily tortures of a whole family are treated with mockery and scorn, and Mr. Carlyle clumsily gambols and gives out horse-laughs amid the despair and tears of women and children, sneers at the bruises of a young princess half beaten to death, utters sophisticated and solemn nonsense about the 'doings of the gods' to justify the murder of a young companion of the prince; and suppresses in many cases the most revolting incidents of the conduct of the king, and, in fine, outrages all notions of decency, manliness, and humanity. The last hero of Mr. Carlyle was Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay — now we have Frederic William. Mr. Carlyle has, after his fashion, conceived a character; but his creation is just such a Prince Furioso as delights schoolboys and apprentices with extravagant antics and paroxysms of humorous rage in some Christmas extravaganza. The sight on the stage of such a grotesque character chopping people's heads off, throwing the crockery about, and beating men, women, and children is not revolting, because we know that no blood is spilt or hearts broken, or whatever damage is done is paid for. But it is revolting to see such a character paraded about in history, and described only from a humorous point of view, when he is dealing with real axes which do shed blood, and subjecting the helpless women and children of his family to most inhuman treatment.

We do not deny that Mr. Carlyle has shown considerable talent in constructing such a lay figure bearing some resemblance to these intolerant and intolerable heroes, whom he is for ever preaching up to the world, and having a ghastly sort of similitude to life when he has got hold of the strings to give it spasmodic action. But having once fashioned this

grotesque monster in his brain, he becomes seized with the most vehement and even jealous affection for his creation, and whatever brutal or unmanly excesses are committed, there is Mr. Carlyle in the stage-box, as it were, thrusting his tongue in his cheek, shaking his sides in suppressed laughter, and occasionally breaking into rapturous applause. Mrs. Hardcastle was not more in love with the follies of her clownish son than Mr. Carlyle with the disgusting and criminal extravagances of this Royal Tony Lumpkin of his imagination. But Mr. Carlyle, although he has outvied the most adulatory historiographers of the court of Prussia in the exculpation of Frederic William, feels that some blame must be thrown somewhere, and therefore he endeavours to turn aside upon Grumkow and Seckendorf, and upon the double marriage project with England, the indignation which the recital of such scenes must necessarily cause. Grumkow and Seckendorf were the Black Artists, the 'Meerkatzen,' the Demon apes, who forced the poor Royal Bear to beat and starve his daughters, ill-treat his wife, and try to strangle his son. Grumkow and Seckendorf were the real culprits. The poor king was merely possessed by these magicians, and was conscious to himself of the best intentions all the while, and of no wish but to act in conformity with the laws of the universe.

Now, if there is anything which can increase our contempt for the character of Frederic William, it is that he who was insensible to the persuasions of high principle, reason, affection, intelligence, and every refined influence, should, nevertheless, be played with like a puppet by two such barefaced intriguers as Grumkow and Seckendorf, men who spoke contemptuously of him in their correspondence as 'Le Gros,' 'the fat fellow,' and looked upon him as a perverse irrational animal, who might, by due management, be driven like an ox to the shambles. Everybody about the court of Berlin knew very well the characters of Grumkow and Seckendorf—that they were venal, treacherous, and deceitful, and that Grumkow, especially, was a greedy hypocritical libertine; and yet, in spite of every warning, these were the men Frederic William chose for his boon companions and best friends. Ilgen, the best foreign minister Prussia then possessed, an astute and able diplomatist, and entirely in favour of the English alliance, endeavoured to counteract their influence in vain; nor did the attempts of the queen or the English ambassador meet with more favour. It is said that the king actually raised his foot to kick the English ambassador when he had the proofs of Grumkow's treachery in his hand, and wished His Majesty to see them. The

spirit of opposition and passionate contradiction early manifested, was so strong in him till his dying day that he was deaf to all entreaty and all remonstrance, and not amenable to any influence but that of these two fawning and shameless parasites, who despised him while they gave in to his humours, watched for his weaknesses, devoured his bounty, and betrayed his country.

The same entire want of judgment, honesty, and good faith characterised all his negotiations with England about the marriage of the Crown Prince to the Princess Amelia. But a retribution was reserved for him: he fancied that he was deserving meritoriously of Austria by the refusal; when no sooner had he pledged himself to marry his son to the Princess of Bevern, recommended by the Imperial Cabinet, than Austria changed her policy towards England, and advocated the English marriage. Then, indeed, the king seems to have been struck with deadly agony of remorse at the reflection that he had nearly killed his son, sacrificed the peace and future of his whole family, and broken his word, in a fruitless desire to ingratiate himself with a foreign Power. He had played the tyrant, the valet and the dupe, been a bad husband and a bad father, all to find himself an object of contempt to the Power, to gain whose favour he had degraded his own dignity and that of his country. 'There stands one that will avenge me,' said he, in after times, pointing to the young prince; and writhing under the remembrance of the humiliations he had both suffered and inflicted, he looked for an avenger in the son he had so brutally and cruelly outraged.

Mr. Carlyle endeavours to bring in the testimony of his son in after times, as favourable evidence for Frederic William. But it is strange that Mr. Carlyle does not appreciate the filial feeling and delicacy with which Frederic simply hints at the domestic troubles of his father, and insinuates the fault may have been with the children.

That king who never after his accession molested the enemies of his youth, and used to point with a smile to men living in security, by whom he had been condemned to death, was not the man to heap contumely on the memory of his father; nor as a son, we should imagine, was he singular in a wish to save his father's reputation at the expense of his own. As counter evidence there exist the letters of Frederic, written at the time, and his attempted flight from intolerable persecution — the memoirs of his sister, and the evidence of many witnesses. 'My youth,' wrote Frederic to the Marquis d'Argens, many years afterwards, 'was sacrificed to my father.'

Mr. Carlyle has unfortunately become so enamoured of the unseemly countenance of Frederic William, that he has very much neglected the other members of the family; the portraits of the Crown Prince, of the Princess Royal, and of the Queen, are very insufficiently given; and the development of the youth Frederic, which is the topic of these two large volumes of 1,300 pages, is really not delineated with that unity and fulness which the subject requires. He has also missed much of the tender and pathetic in the relation which subsisted between the different members of the family, and especially between Frederic and his sister Wilhelmina. Out of Frederic William's ten children, these two, from their superior cleverness and vivacity, appear to have attracted his hatred in an especial degree. Amid the turmoil and terrors of the palace life, the affection of the brother and sister was their only consolation. They were somewhat similar in temperament, both sprightly, both witty, both fond of literature and music, and both sarcastic. From the Roman Comique of Scarron they gave nick-names to the *habitudes* of the Court, and they spoke and wrote irreverently of papa, as *Ragotin* (stumpy). They exchanged stolen visits, read together, composed together, and had private concerts of music together; Frederick played on his flute, and Wilhelmina on her lute, which instruments they christened *principe* and *principessa* respectively, Frederic declaring that it was his destiny never to be enamoured of any other *principessa*; and on one occasion when Wilhelmina was ill of an infectious malady, Frederic was the only one of the family who visited her.

There is a scene not mentioned by Mr. Carlyle, which is to us a very touching one, and highly illustrative of Frederic's affectionate character as a boy, before his feelings had been entirely blunted by ill-usage. After a long course of ill-treatment, he sat one day at the table of his father, when the queen and several visitors were present; a huge silver tankard of wine kept circling round. Emboldened by the wine, he uttered aloud frequent complaints of his intolerable position; and then, affection getting the mastery over his fears, he went and kissed the king's hand, and threw himself sobbing on his neck. The king was touched, and for a few days spared Frederic the usual cuffs and kicks. But he soon commenced again, declaring that he saw the bad spirits in his son's heart in thirty places. He not only hated Frederic for what he called effeminate practices, love of reading, music, and polite amusements, dislike of tobacco-smoke, and refusing to get drunk, but the crazy monarch began to be jealous of him as the 'rising sun.'

The scenes in the household became worse and worse, until Frederic William had a fit of gout and hypochondria, brought on, not as Mr. Carlyle would have us believe, by excess of hunting and killing 3602 head of wild swine, but as his daughter informs us, by an habitual excess of drinking. And then, from that time until the catastrophe which nearly terminated the prince's life, the king's conduct was that of a madman and a savage. In a celebrated article which formerly appeared in the pages of this Review, it was said that 'the palace at Berlin was hell, and the king the most execrable of fiends, 'a man between Moloch and Puck;' and if the king appears otherwise in Mr. Carlyle's book, it is because Mr. Carlyle has perverted the evidence or given mutilated extracts.*

We prefer to pass over the disgusting details of his incredible barbarity and brutality, which are easily accessible, and which no one before Mr. Carlyle ever disputed. But we cannot conceive on what principle these facts, painful as they are, do not occupy a more prominent position in a work purporting to be a history of the youth of Frederic the Great.

To take one single example of these strange omissions. Of the days of agony and suspense in which the mother and sister of Frederic were left till they knew the result of the court-martial on the prince and his companion Katte, we find no account in these volumes. The king ordered the form of a trial to be gone through on the prince and on Katte; but it was a mere form—he substituted his own judgment in both cases for that of the court-martial. Katte was sentenced by the court to be imprisoned for life; the king ordered him to be executed in the presence of the Crown Prince, intriguing with the 'rising sun' being expressly inserted in the judgment as the main crime. Now as far as the cruelty of the king is concerned, it can be no extenuation to make out that Katte was not executed in the presence of the prince—he ordered him to be so; the barbarity is morally the same; but still weak human nature draws a distinction between intention and execution, and does not regard with quite the same horror the man who attempts an assassination as the man who succeeds, although the failure may be a matter of chance. The judgment always, in such cases, endeavours to insert a *locus pœnitentiæ* for the transgressor, although it may have no foundation in fact. And of this feeling

* We are aware that some subtraction is to be made from the Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth, but we do not find, when we compare her statements with contemporary evidence, that she has blackened her father's character unnecessarily. .

Mr. Carlyle takes advantage in following Preuss and asserting that Frederic did not see the execution of his friend. Ranke, who has written since Preuss, has examined the authorities, and says, 'It is perfectly true that the place of execution was immediately under the windows of the prince, near the guard-house above the Millgate (in the fortress of Cüstrin).'* Katte was brought from Berlin after the sentence, expressly to have his head cut off at Cüstrin, immediately on his arrival, under the prince's eyes. The journey was for no other purpose. He travelled all night, the distance being about sixty miles, with the chaplain in the carriage, and an escort of dragoons, and was brought into the fortress in the grey of a November morning. The prince was made to appear at his window—the place of execution was immediately under it; and there Katte stood with a circle of officials around him, stripping for death. Frederic offered his life, his liberty, his right to the crown, anything if they would only stay the execution, and let him send to the king. 'Mon cher Katte,' cried he, 'je vous demande mille pardons.' Katte answered, 'Monseigneur, vous n'avez rien à me demander.' Katte took off his neckcloth, and turning his eyes to the prince, stood ready to die. At this sight Frederic fainted. When he recovered, all was over, and the head and trunk of Katte were placed together on the ground. Frederic would not quit the window till the body was put in a coffin and taken away about two or three in the afternoon, and even then sat with his eyes fixed on the spot till it was dark: in the night he was heard to rave in his sleep. Surely that winter day's agony was an invention worthy of Carrier of Nantes, or Fouquier Tinville. Wilhelmina, who must have heard every circumstance of the tragic event, corroborates Ranke's account in every important particular; but Mr. Carlyle, leaving Frederic out of the fatal scene, suggests that such doings are not more cruel than those of the gods, but does not say what god Frederic William most resembled, whether it is with Saturn or Belial that he makes this odious comparison. A complete change came over Frederic's moral nature from that day. Frank, confiding, affectionate, and tender-hearted, wrong, suffering, and helplessness now hardened his heart, steeled his sympathies, and perverted his moral feelings. In a convict's dress, within the four bare walls of a prison, with death in prospect, the fate of Katte taught him that he was alone in the world—that no human aid could avail him in the face of brutal and irresistible power. If he had news from

* * See the report of the commandant of Cüstrin, General Lepel, quoted by Ranke.

without, it was that every creature who had either shown him favour or affection was undergoing martyrdom for his sake.

Frederic William appears now to have been quite mad. He was drunk from month's end to month's end. To the Dutch ambassador, when ordered by his government to solicit for the Crown Prince, he talked of nothing but blood, thirsting for vengeance on his whole family, and fancying everybody, except Grunkow, was in league against him. He wandered about from room to room in the night like one possessed; ordered his carriage at two in the morning to drive to his country house, and then returned. Wilhelmina, after her narrow escape, was shut up in confinement and starved. Duhan, the Crown Prince's tutor, was banished to Memel. The bookseller who supplied the prince with books banished too. Exile, or imprisonment was the doom of all his friends. A French count who had lent him money fled, but his effigy was nailed to the gallows; and Doris Ritter, a pretty girl whose singing had attracted the Crown Prince's notice, was flogged through the streets by the beadle and sent to beat hemp for three years.

In this state of things the Crown Prince had one consolation: religion and the Bible. In a devotional book of which Frederic made use during this confinement, was found a pencil sketch of the figure of a man on his knees with two swords hanging cross-wise over his head, and beneath it a quotation from the seventy-third psalm, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses: 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart panteth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.' But the stupid tyrant would not even leave him in the enjoyment of his religion. Frederic's main crime was not treason, nor immorality, nor even attempting to run away. His father's blood boiled within him at the thought that his son held the cursed Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. The king had some dim notions about religion, but of one point he was quite sure, that predestination, as taught by Calvin, as well as Wolf's philosophy, led to desertion and the devil. One fixed idea took possession of the paternal mind, that his son, if he escaped the hangman at all, should no longer hold that accursed tenet.

At length, while the prince himself expected death, after the royal family, the town of Berlin, and all ranks of people had day after day, and month after month, been wound up to the highest pitch of anxiety, and all the Courts of Europe had interceded, the king consented to grant a pardon to Frederic on condition that he would take an oath to obey him blindly, without

reservation, in every particular, and especially in the matter of predestination. Special ministers and teachers were appointed to argue orthodox views about free will into Frederic's mind. The result might have been anticipated. The prince was not ready to undergo martyrdom for his opinion, and nominally abandoned the doctrines of Calvin; but his inquiring spirit soon ceased to look at the question in a theological light, the dispute took him into the regions of philosophy, where he became a disciple of Voltaire.

The prince came out of prison only to live under intolerable restraint in the town adjoining the fortress. But 'soffri e 'taci' became henceforward his motto. He was placed under the supervision of men sworn with trembling to obey God and Frederic William. He was never to be alone; every word and every action were to be strictly observed, writing, reading, and music strictly forbidden. The prince's directors asked for permission to let the prince have books on finance and police. 'People learn nothing from books,' said the king. Besides all this, his allowance of money was insufficient even for his small establishment, and the people of the neighbourhood subscribed sums of money to enable him to live. The officials, too, placed to keep watch over him, executed their orders with all possible leniency, and, seeing doubtless their future sovereign in the Crown Prince, treated him with a kindness and sympathy he had never met with from the king or his advisers.

The king at first upbraided him by letter with his *petit maître* ways and his French predilections, telling him all his learning and fine tastes had brought him to dirt and nothingness, and usually ended with allusion to the cursed doctrine of predestination. Frederic began to fear that even at that distance it would be impossible to live without offence, and so he determined upon what, to his proud temperament, must have been an intolerable step,—to make the main author of his misfortunes, that member of the commission who had threatened him with the rack at his examination, his confidant and ally. Frederic, in his communion with the arch-hypocrite, completely outdid him in his own weapons of artifice and dissimulation. Once or twice he endeavoured to throw off the mask and to see if there was a human heart in the false man, but finding there was not, he returned to his scoffing worldliness of tone, and a boisterous air of affected frankness. He gained his purpose and found a defender in Grunow, so far as it was possible to depend upon an hypocritical, treacherous poltroon and parasite, existing by the breath of the king's favour. This correspondence is of inestimable value for gaining an insight into the character of

Frederic, and deserves a far more serious and a widely different interpretation from that which Mr. Carlyle has given it or that we here have space for. Frederic at once from a boy rises up to a man in worldly dealing and diplomatic cunning. The irony of the spirited youth breaks constantly through the veil he throws around his thoughts, and Grumkow, though captivated to his service, must have felt a dim and constant suspicion whether the Crown Prince was not mocking and scorning him while making use of his intriguing services. Grumkow undertook to manage the king, to instruct Frederic what letters to write, how he and his keepers should behave, and what tone to take in certain letters to himself, which might be shown to the king. So there was a double current of correspondence between Frederic and Grumkow; some written for Grumkow's private perusal, and some for Grumkow to show to the king, in which Frederic was to protest affection for the king, desire for his long life, contrition for his own faults, and content with his present destiny. With what bitterness of heart must the young prince, in the hands of such a knave, have exhorted Grumkow to frankness in a passage like the following: 'La fausseté marque 'une grande haine pour ceux envers qui on la met en usage.' But to Grumkow the irony of his letters passed without notice; and a couple of them, in which it was most apparent, the old dupe showed about with pride to his friends as 'lettres fort 'spirituelles.' Knowing well that Grumkow was entirely occupied with the king and dared not leave him, he was always sighing for his company, drinking his health, extolling the pleasure of his society, and planning journeys together which he knew could not be executed. He so far succeeded in cozening the old rogue that he actually got him to commit himself to verse. He addressed as 'Mon très-cher et généreux ami;' 'mon 'très-cher ami, très-cher et généreux Cassubien,' the man whose acquaintance he dropped as soon as he could afford it, and whose memory, he wrote to his sister on his death, was held in universal execration, and on whom he composed a stinging epitaph; and it surely is a most singular omission on the part of Mr. Carlyle, after filling so many pages with the doings of Grumkow, that his book should give us no information that his Black Artist died more than a year before Frederic William.

This correspondence was, however, nearly broken off while the prince's marriage was being negotiated, and Frederic saw himself about to be condemned to a detested union, which should render him, perhaps, a celibate in all but in name. The king determined to marry his children to whomever he pleased, and Grumkow and Seckendorf determined to whom he should

please. Wilhelmina, after unheard-of cruelties, consented to accept the Markgräf of Baireuth, and such was her anticipation of the marriage, that she fainted away on her first presentation to her future husband. It was represented to her that her consent would put the king in a better humour, and alleviate the miseries of the galley life of her brother, and she consented. A little more than a year after, Frederic William announced to his son that he was to marry the Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick Bevern, a cousin of Maria Theresa. Prince Eugenc had instructed Seckendorf to get the marriage arranged with all speed. Seckendorf had bought Grumkow, and the matter was concluded. Frederic, at the suggestion of Grumkow, and seeing no hope, wrote to his father that he submitted implicitly to his will, though, as it appears from a subsequent letter to Grumkow, he declared himself ready to put an end to his wretched existence rather than take so fatal a step. This was the last stage of what Mr. Carlyle terms Frederic's apprenticeship, a forced assumption of hypocrisy and a hated marriage. He complied; was married to a woman for whose person he felt repulsion, and for whose mind contempt; who, he said, danced like a goose, and who was so awkward and stupid on the day of his marriage that he cried, before a crowd of people, 'Peste soit de la bête!' In assenting to the marriage he expressed himself to Grumkow thus: 'Je me maricrai, mais après voilà qui est fait, et bon jour, Madame, et bon chemin. Vive la liberté!' He kept his word. As long as his father lived he remained under the same roof with his wife, but after that he lived separately from her, visited her once a year respectfully, while she never placed foot in his palace. 'A quite human wedding, now and afterwards,' Mr. Carlyle calls this, as indeed he does all weddings.

That Frederic's feelings underwent any real change towards his father, there is not only no proof, but his correspondence clearly shows the contrary. When the vigilance and restraint was relaxed around him after his marriage, he was happier than ever he had been before, and in his country retirement and in the society of his friends, he endeavoured to forget his past grievances and the existence of the court altogether; but if he was brought into contact with his father he found his position as intolerable as ever. The king, on his part, was continually suspicious that the prince would play him a new trick, and that his submissive conduct was mere artifice and delusion. When the prince wrote to be reinstated in military service, he replied he knew it was a mere device, and that the prince would prefer a flute master with a dozen flutes, a set of comic actors and

French men and women, and a big theatre, to a company of grenadiers. Frederic placed upon himself the severest restraint, and was careful never to go beyond the most ceremonious professions of submission and duty, and never to be found tripping. But the task was a hard one. He writes in December, 1738, only two years before the King's death, to his friend M. de Camas : —

‘L'humeur du roi s'est aigri si fort et sa haine contre ma personne s'est manifestée sur tant de différentes choses, que si je n'étais ce que je suis j'aurais demandé mon congé dès longtemps, et j'aimerais mieux mendier mon pain honorablement autre part que de me nourrir des chagrins qu'il me faut dévorer ici ; si ma physionomie a le malheur de lui déplaire, qu'il me laisse à Remusberg à l'écart.’ (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, vol. xvi. p. 159.)

‘Il faut que je l'envisage comme mon plus cruel ennemi, qui m'épie sans cause, pour trouver le moment où il crut pouvoir me donner le coup de jarnac. Il faut être sur ses gardes sans se relâcher ; le moindre faux pas, la moindre improvidence, une bagatelle, un rien grossi et amplifié souffriront pour ma condamnation.’ (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, vol. xvi. p. 161.)

During an illness of the king, the Margravine of Baireuth had written to say she could not help feeling sorrow for his loss—if it should happen. Frederic wrote in reply, September 9th, 1734 :—

‘Enfin j'ai pris le dessein de me consoler de tout ce qui arrivera (the King's death), car au bout du compte je suis fort persuadé que pendant qu'il vivra je n'aurai guère de bon temps, et je crois que je trouverai cent raisons pour une qui vous le ferait oublier assez, car ce qui vous attendrit envers lui c'est que vous ne l'avez pas vu depuis longtemps, mais si vous le revoyiez je crois que vous le laisseriez bien reposer en paix sans vous chagriner. Consolons-nous donc ensemble.’ (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, vol. xxvii. p. 20.)

On the 29th of January, 1739, he writes :—

‘J'ai été pendant six semaines l'objet des plaisanteries amères du roi, et le souffre-douleur de sa colère.’ (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, vol. xxvii. p. 60.)

On the 26th of February, 1740, the king was getting worse. Frederic was prepared to bear his loss with resignation. Wilhelmina wrote to say she longed to see the king before he died. On the 10th April, 1740, Frederic replied she had better not, that it was eight years since she had been in Berlin. ‘I say,’ in the words of Scripture, ‘Happy are the absent—’ ‘Fear nothing.’

The king died on the 30th May, 1740. The Crown Prince was called suddenly to Berlin on the 27th, on the same day he

wrote briefly off to De la Motte Fouquè, his dearest friend, then in exile, to be preparèd for a recall; and on the 3rd of June he wrote off to his old tutor, Duhan, also in exile, whom he loved tenderly, whom he had not seen for *ten years*, and announced his loss in this curt fashion:—‘*Mon sort a changé, mon cher, je vous attends avec impatience.*’

Far otherwise was it with the king. That this extraordinary monster should have gradually recognised the great qualities of the Crown Prince, and should have died blessing God who gave him such a son, we must regard as Frederic's most wonderful triumph—a triumph achieved by ten long years of quiet endurance in the freshness of boyhood and the heyday of the blood. At the time when Katte's head fell upon the scaffold Frederic was of the age at which beardless boys are just entering a university career, full of all the illusions and the joyous emotions of youth. At that usually careless epoch Frederic had need of the intelligence of a man of the world and the patience of a saint to survive the difficulties of his position; he retired into himself and overcame. But long and tedious as the struggle was, not one symptom of impatience was discoverable by his father, unceasing as were his exactions and exasperating his persecutions. At Cüstrin and Ruppín, in obedience to his orders, he devoted himself day after day, beginning at seven in the morning, to the study of Finance and the economical management of the Crown domains. He gave himself up to these pursuits with such assiduity that one of his directors soon said no one of the board could draw up a better report. When he reviewed a regiment again, he drilled it incessantly. ‘I drill, I have drilled, I shall drill,’ he writes, and he made it one of the best regiments in the service. Though he was constantly in debt, he expended large sums in order to make propitiatory offerings of tall privates to his father. ‘Whatever can be done,’ he wrote, ‘by the intercession of colossi, shall be done.’ As soon as he ventured to write to his friends his letters were full of affection, of opinions about politics, literature, and philosophy; but to his father his letters were always of the most brief and stately character: ‘*Allergnädigster König und Vater,*’ and ending ‘*treu gehorsamer Diener und Sohn.*’ But a nature so suppressed, striving against a weight of difficulties, living in an atmosphere of suspicion, in such a state of penury that he was obliged to borrow money in every direction, and be indebted to all the crowned heads of Europe, must find vent in some direction, and hence he contracted that habit of rough banter, practical jokes, and love of tormenting people on their weak sides which never left him, and towards

which he was doubtless impelled by the memory of the savage buffoonery of his father's tobacco-parliament.

In August, 1736, in his twenty-fourth year, a bright change came over his hitherto darkened existence; he began to inhabit the Château of Rheinsberg, which had been preparing for him for three years previously. The mansion was Gothic, and of stone, of quadrangular form, surrounded on all sides by a moat, and spacious enough to hold the little court coterie he now collected around him, with halls and saloons brilliantly decorated by Pesne. From the windows, the eye looked on a lake dotted with islands, bordered by oak and beech woods, and away over undulations of tilled country, diversified by water and forest. Around the house the grounds were laid out with great care; there were pavilions, gardens, grottoes, and orangeries. Except the duties of the district, which habit had made easy to him, and an occasional visit to Berlin, the prince had now his time at his own disposal, and he often looked back to this period of his life with pleasure. The activity of his spirit manifested itself in every direction, and his life was such as to give support to his statement, that he was endeavouring, by study and reflection, to make himself fit for the high dignity to which he was born. He read much, and on every subject, and after poring over his books for months took up his pen to write. He might, brought up as he was, have turned out a drunken, illiterate, military despot, as ruthless as the most ruthless captains of the Thirty Years' war; but becoming what he did, the native strength of his disposition is most apparent. The companions whom he now had about him seemed to have comprised all the wit and intelligence which the Prussian capital afforded, and what was wanting in brilliancy was made up in good spirits and geniality. The greater part of his associates were of the families of French refugees, and were more or less his friends through life. There was a good deal of gaiety, good dinners, good suppers, and good wine, and a concert every day, the Prince performing on his flute, with a company of professionals and amateurs. He busied himself also with out-of-door improvements; with hot houses, forcing beds, garden walks and plantations, farming improvements, and live stock, and by keeping up a stream of presents to the king, of early asparagus and brocoli, strawberries and melons, fatted calves and capons, pasties and plovers' eggs, with an occasional colossus for the Potsdam guards, he did his utmost to be allowed to possess his soul in peace. But a residence in Berlin was from time to time unavoidable, and then the old torments commenced, more especially as the king's intemperate

habits had brought on a complication of frightful maladies; and Frederic was sometimes irritated by being called over to Berlin merely to see a morning drill, or to be growled at about his doings at Rheinsberg; but he bore it patiently, and got back to Rheinsberg, to his flute, his books, his cheerful friends, and his gardening as soon as he could. Although, at the age of nineteen he had written a most remarkable letter on the policy which Prussia should follow to take first rank as an European Power, showing that the desire for the aggrandisement of the House of Brandenburg had already taken possession of his soul, and although he was continually with his friends turning his attention to politics, he steadily refused to take any public part, and held his peace before the king; he would hear nothing of the court intrigues or state business. The ministers could get nothing from him; he chose, he said, to be a private man and a subject; and on one occasion, when the ministers, in order to lessen their responsibility towards their future king, laid some important papers before him, he returned them without one word of remark.

But the most important event of Frederic's Rheinsberg life was the opening of his correspondence with Voltaire. And here, again, we must remark that Mr. Carlyle has not given sufficiently serious attention to this correspondence, and that the contemptuous humour with which he regards it has prevented his getting any real insight into its reason and value. It was not a mere idle curiosity, nor a love of bandying compliments, which led Frederic to correspond with the greatest reputation in Europe, but the desire of truth. Frederic was during this period fighting out in his mind the great battle between belief and unbelief. The discussion about free will and predestination, inflicted on him by his father, had deeply moved him; but so far from remaining quiet in the Lutheran belief on this point, a few years later he began to doubt about the immortality of the soul. In this state of mind, he became intimate with Count Suhm, the Saxon ambassador at his father's court*, the charm of whose conversation, and the gentleness of whose character, give a quiet and touching grace to their existing correspondence which is still felt, and he took the trouble to translate Wolf's

*. Suhm afterwards was sent to St. Petersburg. As a proof of the *gêne* in which Frederic lived, he was unable to retain his dearest, most esteemed, and pious friend about him. His fears that the climate of Russia would be too severe for Suhm's delicate health were realised. He recalled him immediately on his accession; but

° Suhm, already stricken, died *en route*, writing from his death-bed a most pathetic and simple letter to his royal pupil.

Philosophy out of German into French for Frederic's use. Frederic perused Suhm's translation with avidity chapter by chapter, comparing it with the German, and became orthodox once more; his letters on the subject evince a great thirst for knowledge and a really religious temperament. Christian Wolf was, without doubt, one of the greatest intellects of Europe at that time; his philosophy was an ingenious adaptation of that of Leibnitz, endeavouring, by the invention of a system of monads or simple atoms, to bridge the infinite abyss between the real and the ideal, but idealist in the main. Frederic considered that his debt of gratitude, both to Suhm and to Wolf, was immense. But Europe at that time in Voltaire possessed a man whose universal genius and persecutions had placed him far in reputation above every other writer, and who was of the opposite school to Wolf—the sensational, whose doctrines he had acquired in England by the study of Locke. Frederic was not only desirous that a genius whom he admired so much as Voltaire should become acquainted with Wolf, but he was himself anxious to fix his own belief on matters of the most vital importance. And though Mr. Carlyle may have reached those heights of spiritualism from which he can look down with derision on the achievements of Leibnitz and Wolf, and all questions connected with them, yet ordinary persons must admire the courage with which this almost self-educated youth grapples with the most abstruse questions of philosophy, and rises up in argument against the greatest and most practised intelligence of the time. These letters of his were no idle amusement or mere exercise of display, but most of them were written with great care, and one can see that the ambition of the heir of the House of Hohenzollern is bent on wringing esteem and recognition from the renowned writer eighteen years his elder. The first letter of Frederic was sent especially for the purpose of introducing the philosophy of Wolf to Voltaire's notice. And during the long correspondence which ensued up to the time of Frederic's accession, the subject was earnestly discussed, and with such ability on the part of Frederic that Voltaire grew impatient at being pressed so hard, and felt that his opponent was getting the best of the struggle. In many points, the correspondence shows Frederic the superior as a man to Voltaire, however inferior as a writer. It is true there are exaggerated compliments on both sides; but some allowance must be made for, perhaps, the two greatest men of their time—for Frederic, who, in his boyish enthusiasm and literary ardour, is inflamed at the thought that he is in communication with a man of immortal celebrity; and for Voltaire, startled at the apparition of this young Hype-

tion of the North, who addresses him in a style which certainly no other prince of the day could have rivalled.

These two intellects, moreover, towering as they did above the generations of their time, were more capable than any of understanding each other. Perhaps not even Lord Chatham was so well able as Voltaire to admire the great achievements of Frederic's many-handed genius; and certainly no man in Europe was so capable as Frederic of feeling the wit and fancy of Voltaire, and the humane tendency of his writings. There is no portraiture equal to Frederic's of the charm of Voltaire's conversation, and the inexhaustible fertility and delicacy of his wit; and each of them was in himself a symbol of his own age, and an illustration of that remarkable combination of the practical and the speculative which has produced the wonderful results of this present century. The correspondence with Voltaire, however, was not restricted to philosophy. Frederic soon began to submit his verses to Voltaire's criticism. Verse-making, like flute-playing, continued to be a relaxation of Frederic's up to the end of life. He never published more than one small volume, for the use of his friends. No one could in justice speak more severely of these compositions than Frederic himself. He said what made him persevere was his want of success. 'C'est un grand dommage,' said Diderot, 'que l'embouchure de cette belle flûte soit gâté par quelques grains de sable de Brandenbourg!'

Indeed it would be evident from his poetry alone that there was, as M. de Sainte Beuve says, existing in Frederic 'un homme de lettres avant tout;' for there are passable imitations of most of the French poets, of Scarron, Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire, and even La Fontaine, and the verses are very often better than those the age did admire. But if to have written mediocre poetry be an inexpressible crime, it is one Frederic must share with Richelieu, Lord Chatham, and Warren Hastings, and with Cicero and Burke.

But the versatility of his literary powers are most apparent in prose; he could parody the style of Massillon, catch the tone of an *éloge* of the Académie, sketch a satirical apologue in the manner of Voltaire, and write the history of the house of Brandenburg and his own with a dignity, firmness of touch, and clearness of narrative which called forth the eulogies of Gibbon, and of most of the celebrities of the time.

From the literary avocations and pleasures of Rheinsberg Frederic was suddenly called, on the 27th of May, 1740, to attend the king, who was dangerously worse. 'The king received him affectionately, and the next day discoursed to him

'on the home and foreign policy of Prussia. He was so satisfied with the crown prince's replies that he said to the bystanders, "Am I not happy to leave such a son behind me?"' His dying moments were of a most extraordinary character. Piety, curiosity about his appearance and his funeral, fearlessness, and his old violent habits of contradiction, were all mixed up together. When during a Psalm the verse was sung, 'Naked shall I depart from hence;' 'No, that's a lie,' he cried; 'not naked, I shall have my uniform.' 'There are no soldiers above, your majesty.' 'How? What? Sapperment! How so?' Looking from the window, some grooms vexed him by their manner of saddling some horses, and he regretted he could not cudgel them himself, and sent an attendant down to do so. When the doctor told him his pulse stood still, he lifted his hand saying, 'It shall not stay still.' After some words of pious ejaculation, he fell into a faint and died. If Frederic had not sorrowed for his father's death, after a reconciliation, and while the blow was recent, it were strange indeed. He wept much; the change was sudden; but immediately he was approached in his new authority, his eyes dried, the past was gone; his soul leapt to its full height; he was king, and felt it in every nerve.

Although acute observers had foretold his future greatness, the general expectations formed of him were such, that the day of his accession was called 'la journée des dupes.' Crowds of poetasters, musicians, and adventurers flocked to Berlin to meet with rejection; his enemies trembled, but without reason; his dependents were disappointed of a golden harvest; and when the ministers of the late king applied to be reinstated, he replied, 'I know now of no authority but what resides in the sovereign.'

The acclamations of the people were immense; he was always a favourite, and his misfortunes had deeply stirred the popular sympathies. Most were convinced that there was much that was good and much that was great in his character; but there was also a great deal that was unknown. The victim of unexampled cruelty, constantly surrounded by spies, the object of the machinations of treacherous enemies, alone in the world, with no one in whom he could wholly confide, mistrust, hardness of heart, and cynicism were welded into his very soul. Such a character would be almost inexplicable if the influence of his early education in forming it were not duly considered. For within him were deep affections, a nature generous and capable of sincere and lasting friendship; a restless intelligence; a patience and power of endurance beyond

praise, and a generous philanthropy. Under the guidance of a Fénelon or a Herder such a prince might have been not only the greatest but the wisest and best who has ever ascended a throne. But as it was, he resembled a sword of invaluable temper, which, hacked and blunted in parts, retains some portions of its blade untarnished and of matchless keenness.

If we were to consider the history of Frederic William as portrayed in these volumes to be a sort of *Komisches Helden-gedicht* — a parody upon Mr. Carlyle's style and manner of treating history, to show how one of the meanest and most barbarous of modern kings may, by his method and peculiar phraseology, be converted into a hero, — we should regard it as a monotonous, somewhat audacious, but certainly clever performance; but looking at it as a serious attempt at representing actual facts, we cannot but declare it to be deserving of the gravest condemnation. To say that in Frederic William's character there were not occasional gleams of light; that both in his home policy and in his protection of Protestant refugees, and in his defence of the Protestant cause, although it proceeded principally from a prejudiced and unreasoning hatred of the Catholic religion, there is something to be commended — is only to assert that he was not altogether inhuman; but at every glimmer of generous or just emotion in a man who was as unfit for a royal destiny as Caliban or Tinker Sly, Mr. Carlyle bursts out into rhapsodies, as though he were a Protestant Trajan, or Marcus Aurelius. No country of modern Europe can happily offer a parallel to a character who united the meanness of Harpagon to the intemperance and violence of a Squire Western; who with the intolerance and ignorance of an Anabaptist cobbler had neither his morality nor enthusiasm, and with the ferocity of an oriental despot had neither his poetry nor generosity.

Apart from all considerations of the morality of the book, looking at it as a work of art, it sins against all ideas of proportion and all notions of taste. Indeed, we cannot help thinking that a man of Mr. Carlyle's irregular and unbridled genius has done himself wrong by venturing on the biography of Frederic the Great, which required a concentration of purpose and an orderly manner of treatment foreign to his nature. In spite of Mr. Carlyle's continued preaching about good government, and his tirades against anarchy, the only epochs which seem to be favourable to his genius are anarchical epochs. His best books are his volumes of the French Revolution and his edition of Cromwell's Letters. Across the terrible scenes of the great Pandemonium which terminated the eighteenth century, the

blue light of his imagination has been thrown to reveal some very striking but ghastly and isolated pictures. In the same manner, his commentaries on the Letters of Oliver Cromwell are sometimes very graphic, but they are only commentaries. He had never until now attempted a prolonged biographical or historical work requiring a long sequence of narrative; and it would seem that his peculiar principles and contemptuous scorn of every human opinion, science, and profession, all which make up the 'progress of the species,' must be against the very conception of a work of historical value. All, not even great, but tolerable historic works are the application of the principle of causation to the great events of the world. From the time of Thucydides down to the time of Mr. Buckle no good historian has ever attempted to write without making the gravitating power of his history the explanation of events by causes; these causes being moral, religious, political, and physical. Now, cause and effect necessarily mean progress; and the multiplication of 'causes and effects' means 'progress of the species,' for which Mr. Carlyle has an unmitigated contempt. Hence not only has he no notion of history as history has been conceived since Bossuet, Voltaire, Vico, Montesquieu, Herder have written, who ascended to higher notions of causation in history; but his idea of what history should be falls infinitely short of the old classic conception of history. To get history in Mr. Carlyle's form, one must go to the monkish historians or to the Hebrew Chronicles, where all the objects of narrative are the actions of individuals. Mr. Carlyle's method is to send upon the stage a few phantasmagoric figures, who stand up alone against the dark chaotic back-ground of infinity, who rush about wildly, and then go off to Nox and Erebus, leaving a strong smell of brimstone in the atmosphere. Fresh batches jump upon the stage, and disappear in like manner. His method of treating history may be called the phantasmagoric, anecdotic, and comic. It has been said that the end of Mr. Carlyle's teaching is to show us God in history. What Mr. Carlyle does attempt to do is to show us the demonic in history,—using demonic in the sense in which Goethe used it,—and his heroes, like Byron's Conrads, Alps, Giaours, and Manfreds, are all cut out of one block, all men of ungovernable temperament, all consuming noble efforts after their own wilful fashion, and scourging anarchy—everywhere except within their own hearts and minds.

Moreover, much as Mr. Carlyle raves against the age, he partakes of its literary vices in no small measure, and especially in the exaggerated attempt to convert the garments of men and their outward peculiarities into historic portraits, which ought

to be drawn for the mind, and not for the eye. He belongs to that school which the lamented and accomplished M. Rigault called *les Gobelins de la Littérature*, from their servile attempts to imitate painting. These writers go off to the old clothes' shops of the Houndsditch of history, collect a few curiosities, and conceive, by flirting some red stockings, an old hat, or a pair of jack-boots constantly before the reader's eyes, they are drawing portraits superior to Tacitus or Sallust. All this is an entire mistake. We do not know any more about Napoleon when we see his shaving utensils at Madame Tussaud's, and we should not know any more of Frederic's character if we had his pigtail in our hands. Such accessories, when properly used, give life and colour to history no doubt, it is only their disproportionate use of which we complain; the moral and intellectual peculiarities of individuals being the more essential objects of historical note.

Mr. Carlyle's theories, to suit which he moulds his facts, have been too often refuted to require notice now. They seem only original from his manner of putting them. His notions about government and the necessity of despotism are based upon the assumption that the natural state of society is anarchy, which is only another version of Hobbes, that 'the natural state of mankind is war.' In all the governments which he admires fear has been the predominating influence. A fatalist in principle, he seems to regard every exercise of the free-will as necessarily opposed to the laws of the universe. For liberty, which gave glory to Greece and grandeur to Rome, and has made England the envy and wonder of the world, he has no place in his system, so he hates and despises it with all his soul. His doctrine of reverence for power is no more than a civilised version of the abject superstition which made the savage transform thunder, war, and pestilence into divinities, and sent him on his knees to kiss the feet of white men with fire-arms. He appears to think, with an old French general, that, 'Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons.' The old-fashioned truism that 'might is right,' that 'the great soul of the world is just,' explains nothing in individual instances. It is like the old story of the infallibility of the Pope; the dogma being true, who shall decide when the application is right? Such notions as Mr. Carlyle's, if prevalent, would bring on a general condition of moral apathy and cowardice, and if the lessons of history were to be thus written and thus received, all that ennobles and improves our species would be degraded, confounded, and lost.

- ART. V.—1. *Monumenta Epigraphica Pompeiana, ad Fidem Archetyporum expressa. Pars prima, Inscriptionum Oskarum apographa.* Curante JOSEPHO FIORELLIO, Ordinis Academicorum Herculaneusium Adlecto. Atlas Fol. Neapoli: 1854.
2. *Le Case ed i Monumenti di Pompei, designati e descritti.* Imp. Fol. Fasc. I.—XII. Napoli: 1854–7.
3. *Graffiti de Pompei. Inscriptions et Gravures tracées au stylet.* Recueillies et interprétées par RAPHAEL GARRUCCI, S. J. 4to. Paris: 1856.
4. *Un Graffito blasfemo nel Palazzo dei Cesari.* [*Civiltà Cattolica.* Serie 3. vol. iv.] 8vo. Roma: 1856.
5. *Intorno, ad una Iscrizione Osca recentemente scavata in Pompei.* Brevi Osservazioni del P. RAFFAELLE GARRUCCI. 4to. Napoli: 1851.

THE President of the Herculanean Academy, in an address presented to Humboldt on the occasion of his memorable visit to Naples, declared that, fearful as has been the ruin wrought by the successive eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, nevertheless the treasures of literature, science, and art which it has been the means of preserving to the modern world, more than compensate for the destruction brought on the victims of its fury. There is hardly an object connected with the public or private life of the Romans of which some actual representative is not to be found, either in the remains of these cities, or among the numberless relics which have been transferred from them to the Bourbon Museum at Naples. And, however we may hesitate at the sweeping assertion of the enthusiastic academician, it is no great exaggeration to say that the discovery of Pompeii and its sister city of Herculaneum, has done as much for the elucidation of classical antiquity, as the united labours of all the critics and commentators since the revival of letters.

For those too who can pass beyond the mere technicalities of classical learning, Pompeii has an interest far higher than this, and entirely independent of the archæological advantages to be derived from the exploration of its remains. Even unlearned visitors experience there a sensation altogether different from the impressions created by any other remains of antiquity, hardly excepting those of Rome itself. The most

commonplace mind is there irresistibly carried back to the times and scenes, stereotyped in the deserted streets and the tenantless, but almost unviolated, homes, of this city of the dead. The very stains and tracks of the goblet may still be seen on the drinking-tables in the wine shops, as if the noisy groups which used of old to gossip or quarrel over their cups were still seated round them. Propertius's curious allusion to the practice of *bella depingere vino*, finds here almost a literal commentary; for the straggling lines and blotches still fresh upon the marble at Pompeii might be the handiwork of some veteran of the Dacian or Marcomannic war, 'fighting his battles o'er again,' and, in the excitement of his narrative, tracing out in the dregs of his Massic or Calenian wine a plan of the movements and positions of the hostile armies. And so it is for numberless other equally curious details: the shrivelled olives in the jars; the wine or conserves incrustated upon the amphoræ; the fine lady's box of cosmetics; the loaded dice of the gambler; the carpenter's tools laid ready to his hand; the surgeon's case of instruments; the apothecary's pills and phials; the names still legible over the shop-doors; the loaf with the baker's name and the very impress of his elbow; the skeleton with the irons upon its ankles; the purse still grasped in the bony hand of the fugitive; and, saddest of all, the impress of that fair young female form still delicately visible in the indurated mass of ashes which overwhelmed her;—are all so many links connecting the past with the present,—so many evidences of real and tangible existence,—in the presence of which we forget the long interval of ages that separate us from the days to which they belonged. Pompeii appears, in truth, a deserted, but not a ruined city. It would seem as if there Time, the great Destroyer, had been baffled of more than half his work of ruin; and the roofless houses and empty streets remind us far more of a place abandoned at no very distant date by its inhabitants on the approach of an invading army, than of a buried city, the sad story of whose destruction was already old and forgotten before Rome had passed through the first phase of her incipient decay.

Hence it is that in Pompeii, far more than in any other ancient locality, if we except the analogous deposit of early Christian memorials—the Catacombs of Rome, we are brought into actual contact with the realities of the every-day life of the ancients. Very many most interesting objects of which we read in ancient authors, or which we elsewhere see engraved upon ancient monuments, have themselves been discovered here, and are still to be seen in the Museum at Naples. Others are

found depicted on the frescoes of the walls, with a vividness and lifelike truth of which the written or sculptured representations, elsewhere accessible, give but a faint and imperfect idea; and, although it is quite certain that by far the largest proportion of the property of the inhabitants must have been removed from the city, either before its destruction or on a subsequent exploration of the ruins, yet the examples already referred to will show that, among the objects which have come down to us, are many, not only extremely perishable in their nature, but also of the very highest interest, as illustrating the domestic life and manners of the period.

It need hardly be said, therefore, that on the first news of its discovery, classical antiquaries were not slow to avail themselves of the great resources of this ancient treasure-house; and it must be owned that they have turned them sedulously to account. Most of the illustrations of the admirable antiquarian dictionaries and similar aids to study, which it is the luxury of the present generation to enjoy, are directly copied from the objects themselves as found in Pompeii. The publications of Mazois and Sir William Gell supply to more advanced readers what may almost be called facsimiles of every monument of interest discovered up to the time of their publication. The magnificent work of the Signori Niccolini, '*Le Case ed i Monumenti di Pompei*,' now in progress, promises to surpass them all immeasurably in the completeness of its plan, the correctness of its detail, and, above all, in the splendour and beauty of its execution, upon which all the resources of modern art have been lavishly expended. The plates of this gorgeous volume may truly be called reproductions, rather than representations, of the original; and although its costliness and rarity must, of necessity, restrict its circulation within a very narrow compass, yet there are many popular compilations in the various languages of Europe—that of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge in English, Bréton's '*Pompeia*' in French, and Overbeck's '*Pompeji*' in German, which have not only brought home to unlearned readers all the most striking and important general results of the earlier explorations, but have continued, at least in outline, the history of the discoveries down to the date of their publication.

Nevertheless, even a cursory glance at the publications named at the head of these pages, and still more an examination of the literary journals, or of the proceedings of any of the learned societies of Naples, will show that there is still much to be learned by the general reader, both as to the present condition of the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and as to

the actual results of the more recent investigations into their history by the local scholars and archæologists. Very few outside of Naples are aware of the amount of learning and industry which has been expended of late years upon these studies, or of the minute and systematic examination to which all their details have been subjected. The new series of the '*Bulletino Archeo-logico*' is a complete repertory of classical scholarship; and there are few *fascicoli* of the Memoirs of the Herculanean Academy which do not contain papers of interest, not alone for the special questions of Pompeian or Herculanean archæology upon which they bear, but for the various and accurate general information which they contain. And although many of the subjects which they discuss may appear to ordinary readers to possess very little practical utility, the manner in which they are treated is such as amply to repay a careful study. There is a series of papers*, for example, on the skeletons and even the detached bones discovered at Pompeii, which, unpromising as the topic might seem, the author has contrived to make the vehicle of a mass of most curious learning both old and new, on the sciences of anatomy, physiology, and pathology, as studied by the ancients. He has employed the relics of these unknown and long-forgotten Pompeians as witnesses of the character and pursuits, as well as of the physical conformation, of the generation to which they belonged; nay, some of them, which retain traces of former fractures and other injuries, are used with great ingenuity and ability as tests, both of the nature of the ancient practice of surgery, and of the actual skill of the operator to whom the treatment of the injury was entrusted. Another series by the Cavaliere Vulpes†, descriptive of the various surgical instruments found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, contains a greater amount of information on the state of surgical science among the ancients than we have ever seen brought together by any single writer. These papers have been collected into a separate publication illustrated by many admirable engravings. The existence of the collection of instruments to which they relate has long been known; but Cavaliere Vulpes has been the first to subject it to a detailed examination. The

* '*Cenno notomico-patologico sulle Ossa Umane scavate in Pompei. Dal Signor Stefano delle Chiaje. Napoli, 1853.*' Signor delle Chiaje is well known as one of the most voluminous medical writers of modern Italy.

† *Illustrazioni di tutti gli Strumenti chirurgici scavati in Pompei, che ora conservansi nel R. Museo Borbonico di Napoli comprese in sette Memorie lette all' Accademia ercolanese, dal Cav. Vulpes. Napoli, 1847.*

instruments* are for the most part in excellent preservation. They are above two hundred in number, and may be supposed to comprise specimens of most of the instruments known to the surgeons of the classic times, not only lancets, scalpels, forceps, needles, bistories, &c., but also implements of dental surgery, cauterising irons, catheters of various forms, cupping instruments of glass and of horn, and even specula and other appliances of the accoucheur. It would be out of place here to enter into so technical a subject, but we can promise even to unprofessional scholars that they will be much interested by the manner in which it is treated, and by the learning with which it is illustrated from the ancient medical authorities, Hippocrates, Galen, Paul of Egina, and most of all from Celsus, who is especially minute and elaborate on the uses of instruments in the healing art.

We only allude, indeed, to these and other recent publications of the same school, as specimens of the curious lines of inquiry into which the learning or ingenuity of the archæologists of Naples has turned itself of late years. The subject with which we are directly concerned is one of much more general interest—a particular class among the numerous inscriptions, which, after the lapse of so many ages, are still discoverable in Pompeii. The general subject of Pompeian inscriptions has long been familiar to the learned. Almost immediately upon the first disinterment of the city, all those which appeared, whether on the public monuments or on the private buildings, were subjected to a careful examination. Many of them were published soon after; and since that time the results of each new discovery have been carefully chronicled, as the occasion arose. All these M. Mommsen, in his general work '*Inscriptiones Regni Neapolitani*,' has collected from the various publications through which they were dispersed; and as many of them, owing to the haste or inexpertness of the original transcriber, were exceedingly inaccurate, he has carefully revised, and as far as possible corrected, the text of the entire collection.

There is another class of Pompeian inscriptions, however, which, in the abundance of more obvious and more striking objects of interest, was for a long time overlooked; a class, too, which, from the very nature of the case, is only to be met with at Pompeii, or in the few ancient localities which

* A large proportion of the instruments now in the Museum, it is true, were discovered in Herculaneum, and are described by Bayardi in his '*Catalogo degli Antichi Monumenti*.' But a number of most interesting instruments were also found at Pompeii in a house since known as the '*Surgeon's House*,' or the '*School of Surgery*.'

resemble Pompeii, in having lain for ages completely buried, and as it were hermetically sealed against the action of light and air; such as the substructions of the Palace of the Cæsars, the tombs on the Latin Way, and, above all, the catacombs of Sant' Agnese and San Callisto, at Rome. We allude to the so-called *graffiti**, or street-scribblings,—the names, words, or sentences, which are found rudely traced in charcoal or red chalk, or scratched with a stylus on the plaster of the walls or pillars in the public places of the city. In the ardour of a first exploration, fragments like these were naturally neglected for what seemed to be of higher and more permanent importance; but it cannot be doubted that, rightly considered, they are not only extremely curious in themselves, but also calculated to throw light on the every-day life and manners of the ancient world, or at least to exhibit some of the lighter traits of popular character and the tone of mind which prevailed among a class to whose feelings and habits, as being unrepresented in the higher literature, hardly any other clue is now obtainable. Porson used to say that more of the every-day life of the Athenians would be learned from a single newspaper such as ours, than from all the comedies of Aristophanes. What the newspaper would have told of the higher and more educated class, a few specimens of what Mr. Mayhew describes as 'patter literature,' would disclose of the street life of the ancients; but, highly as we should prize a Pompeian street-ballad or broadsheet, we cannot help thinking that, at least as regards the out-of-door life of the population of Pompeii, these random scribblings afford by no means a bad substitute.

Many curious and interesting gleanings of them, indeed, both at Pompeii and elsewhere, have already been made public, and more than one eminent scholar has applied himself to the subject as a special study. But up to the present time the skilful and systematic researches of Father Garrucci, author of the '*Graffiti di Pompei*,' have thrown the labours of all former explorers into the shade. He may be said to have elevated the subject to the dignity of a distinct branch of classical antiquarianism, and he has even turned it to the illustration of sacred antiquities. A *graffito* discovered by him at Rome, to which we shall hereafter allude, is, in our opinion, one of the most curious and interesting monuments of the early conflict of Christianity and Paganism which has reached our time.

* It is hard to find an English equivalent for this word, which, in its literal acceptation, means 'scratchings,' with a stylus or pointed instrument. It includes, however, scribblings with charcoal or red chalk. The French have adopted it into their vocabulary, untranslated.

The practice of scribbling upon walls, if we may trust the proverb, has been the resource of idlers and fools since men first learned to express their thoughts in writing. We meet it in every country. Some of the most venerable monuments of Egyptian art have been profaned by it. The majestic ruins in the valley of the Nile exhibit a series of these idle scribbings, stretching from the days of the Ptolemies down to the reign of Queen Victoria. In the rocky passes of the peninsula of Sinai, side by side with those mysterious inscriptions which have long perplexed critics and archæologists, are to be found travellers' or pilgrims' names and salutations, in Greek or Latin, which, although of somewhat uncertain age, undoubtedly belong at least to the time of the first Byzantine empire. In the cities of Greece and Italy the practice was early and universal. Aristophanes and his scholiasts frequently allude to it.* The western gate of Athens was covered with scribbings in the time of Lucian†; and from Plautus' play of the *Merchant*‡ it is clear that the doors and porticoes of private houses at Rome were exposed to the same annoyance. The subjects of this wall literature of the ancients appear to have been very miscellaneous. Sometimes it confined itself to the humble office of the modern bill-sticker, at least if we may argue from Propertius' instruction to his slave about advertising the lost tablets:

‘I puer, et citus hæc aliquâ propone columnâ,
Et dominum Esquilii scribe habitare tuum.’

Many of the inscriptions were of a religious character, as the verses on the fountain and the God Clitumnus referred to by Pliny§; others, especially in later times, were political in their object. Thus Tiberius Gracchus was mainly encouraged in the agitation of his agrarian scheme by the addresses written upon ‘the houses, pillars, and monuments of the city.’|| On the other hand, Cicero, in his invective against Verres, appeals to the verses about Verres' mistress, Pipa, which were written up, not only in his court, but even over the tribunal where he used to sit in judgment. The great majority of the writings, however, appear to have been personal, and for the most part of a satirical and often grossly libellous character; and an allusion in the treatise ‘De Cereis Paschali,’ attributed to St. Jerome, shows that even Christians were not strangers to the practice.¶

* See *Acharnians*, v. 144.; *Wasps*, v. 99, &c. .

† Luciani opp. p. 711. (Didot's ed.)

‡ Act. II. sc. 3.

§ Ep. viii. 8.

|| Plutarch's *Lives*: *Tib. Gracchus*, vol. v. p. 8.

¶ ‘Per omnes columnas tibi Manichæi titulus adscribetur.’

The first notice of any inscription of this class discovered at Pompeii occurs in the 'Journal de Fouilles' for Oct. 18. 1765, some specimens of which are given by Father Garrucci (p. 9.); and about twenty years later a small collection, consisting of a few pages, was published by the celebrated antiquarian of Hanover, M. Murr*, for whom they had been transcribed on the spot by a friend who visited Pompeii about the year 1783. None of the inscriptions of either collection, however, appear to have possessed much value; and were it not that a few fragments are given in the 'Museo Reale Borbonico,' and that an occasional reference is made to others in communications to the Archæological Journals of Rome and Naples, the subject, for nearly half a century, might be supposed to have been altogether forgotten by the antiquaries of Italy.

It is gratifying to think that for the first really interesting publication on the subject (in 1837) we are indebted to an English scholar, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, at that time Head Master of Harrow School. On his return to England, after a visit to the spot, Dr. Wordsworth, in a letter addressed to his travelling companion, published a detailed account of a number of these inscriptions (for the most part accompanied by *facsimiles*), which took the learned entirely by surprise, even in Naples itself. It would appear as if these particular inscriptions, the chief part of which are from the outer wall of the Basilica, had not, until then, been observed by the local antiquaries; and, immediately upon the appearance of Dr. Wordsworth's essay, they were carefully removed, under the direction of the eminent antiquary, Signor Avellino, to the Museum at Naples, together with many other similar ones from different localities in Pompeii. A short time afterwards (1840) Signor Avellino published a memoir on a series of rude *graffiti* of gladiators, with inscriptions of the same character; a similar collection is appended to an essay on an Oscan inscription published by Raimondo Guarini (1839)†; and, from that year till its suspension in 1848, the Archæological Journal of Naples regularly devoted a considerable amount of its space to the publication and elucidation of these so-called *graffiti*. But by far the most comprehensive, as well as the most magnificent, work on the subject of the *graffiti*, will be, when completed, that of Signor Fiorelli, which stands first in the list prefixed to these pages, and which is the fruit of upwards of nine years of laborious research. As yet it has made but

* Norimbergæ, 1792; with a supplementary sheet in 1793.

† In Cippum osco-abellanum Divinatio Raymundi Guarini. 8vo. Neapoli: 1839.

little progress; but it is intended to consist of three parts, the first comprising the Oscan *graffiti*; the second, those in Greek; and the third, those in Latin. The last of these parts is by far the most considerable, and is that which will contain all the really important *graffiti*. The illustrations are on a scale of the utmost magnificence, being printed not only in the colours and forms of the originals, but in their exact dimensions. The plates of the portion already printed are of enormous size, each being made up of several sheets of the largest folio.

Unfortunately, however, the parts of Signor Fiorelli's work published up to the present time only comprise the first portion of the entire, the Oscan *graffiti*. For the Greek and Latin *graffiti*, we must still, until the completion of the 'Monumenta 'Epigraphica,' have recourse to the less magnificent, but nevertheless very comprehensive and interesting collection of Father Garrucci, and the atlas of illustrations which accompanies it. Father Garrucci's 'Graffiti di Pompei' is a careful *résumé* of all that has been done by those who have gone before him in the inquiry, together with much interesting matter collected by himself. He has, moreover, collated the text of his predecessors, in most cases, with the actual inscriptions. This, however, has not been always possible, as a considerable number of the *graffiti* are no longer legible; for although the archæologists of Naples—unlike the notorious Abbé Fourmont, who in his visit to Athens and other cities of Greece made it a point to obliterate every inscription as soon as he had copied it, lest some other should share the glory of the work—have taken great pains to preserve these interesting relics, yet in very many cases the frail and perishable nature of the material has rendered their efforts unavailing.

Dr. Wordsworth's little collection would in itself deserve a detailed notice; more especially as the inscriptions which it contains are chiefly of one character, —verses and similar literary scraps, scratched upon the wall of the Court-house portico—the Pompeian 'Salle des Pas perdus'—probably by briefless lawyers or expectant clients as they lounged away the idle hours within its precincts. It happens, moreover, that this is precisely the class of inscriptions for the illustration of which the taste and scholarship of such an editor as Dr. Wordsworth are peculiarly adapted. But, as P. Garrucci has included these inscriptions in his collection, and especially as he has, in some instances, corrected Dr. Wordsworth's readings of the original, we shall not separate them from the general body.

It is difficult to give a full and satisfactory account of these curious compositions without distributing them into classes,

either according to the subject-matter, or according to the localities from which^o they are severally derived. But Padre Garrucci has not followed this plan. It is obvious that any attempt at such a classification would be out of place in an essay like the present; and we must content ourselves with a general account of the most remarkable of the *graffiti*, together with such observations on their peculiarities of palæography and language, as may appear interesting to the general scholar.

Very many of the *graffiti*, indeed, hardly admit of regular classification, being, as might be anticipated, of a most motley character. Some are scraps of poetry from well-known authors; others are doggerel verses or short sentences of unknown origin. Some are expressions of affection for a friend, or of respect for a master or benefactor. Some simply record, in the very same terms which may still be read in any place of public resort, that the writer visited the spot on such or such a day. Some are mere names, or names accompanied by an epithet, complimentary or otherwise, as the case may be. Thus we are told of one that he was a pilferer (*furunculus*); of another, that he was a downright thief (*fur*); while a third, a certain Oppius, as if uniting the bad qualities of both characters, is addressed, *OPPI EMBOLARI**, *FUR FURUNCULE*! Some extol the charms, or deplore the cruelty, of a mistress; some are advertisements of lost property, with a promise of reward for its restoration, or for the discovery of the thief. Some have all the pretension of philosophical apophthegms; as, *MINIMUM MALUM FIT CONTEMNENDO MAXIMUM*; or, *NON EST EXILIUM EX PATRIA SAPIENTIBUS*; others appear to be the first efforts of schoolboys practising their morning lesson — lists of nouns, verbs, or adverbs, seemingly intended to be committed to memory; or even early essays in penmanship, — ill-formed letters, half-finished alphabets, and other similar fragments.

A large number of them consist of lists of champions in the arena, generally followed by an enumeration of their victories, and often accompanied by a grotesque illustration rudely scratched upon the wall. Many of them are evidently lampoons, and the figures which accompany them, caricatures. Many, too, are mere ribaldry, sometimes of the grossest and most disgusting tendency. It is unnecessary to add that, from almost all, in addition to the light which they throw on the social and

* Probably *Emboliari*. The name designated a particular class of actors who appeared chiefly in the *Embolium* or interlude. It is more commonly used in the feminine, and it would seem as if the *Embolium* were chiefly intended for female characters. They were generally not of the best reputation.

moral condition of Pompeii, much may be learned illustrating not only the palæography, but also the popular idioms and the peculiar orthography, of the city, and perhaps of the period generally.

It would be vain of course to look to such a quarter for new lights on the literature of the period. The writers of *graffiti* are generally of a class laying but little claim to the literary character. Father Garrucci imagines (p. 61.), that he discovers in one of the *graffiti* the names of two dramatists hitherto unknown, Accius Cæsius, and Amaranthus. But we must confess that this conclusion appears to us exceedingly doubtful; nor indeed do we fully understand the argument on which it is founded. On the whole, indeed, it must be acknowledged that the literary value of the *graffiti* is extremely trifling.

The poetry popular with the majority of the scribblers at Pompeii was of the very lightest, and chiefly of the amatory school. Ovid and Propertius seem the great favourites. There are two or three phrases and broken lines from Virgil; but we find only one complete verse from that author * —

‘Carminibus Circe socios mutavit *Olyxis* ;’

which is only noticeable for the peculiar orthography of the name of Ulysses; and, strangely enough, not a single line from Horace has yet been discovered. The citations from Ovid are mainly from the *Amores* and the *Ars Amatoria*. One of these, from the latter book, exhibits a singular reading of the well-known lines † —

‘Quid magis est saxo durum, quid mollius undâ ?

Dura tamen molli saxa cavanur aquâ.’

The Pompeian scribbler wrote :—

‘Quid pote tam durum saxo, aut quid mollius undâ ?

Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aquâ.’

The form *quid pote* is plainly one of those Græcisms which lingered so long in Magna Græcia; but it is difficult to say how much of the remainder of the reading is due to local idiom, and how much to the individual scribe, especially as, in most other cases, the words of the original are tolerably exactly rendered.

In one case the writer has brought together, and written as one continuous passage, two couplets of like import, one from Ovid ‡ and one from Propertius.§ We can imagine some disappointed suitor writing it upon the door-post of his venal mistress :—

* Ecl. viii. 70.

‡ Amor. i. viii. 77.

† De Art. Am. i. 475.

§ El. iv. v. 47.

‘ Surda sit oranti tua janua, laxa ferenti ;
 Audiat exclusi verba receptus amans.
 Janitor ad dantis vigilet : si pulsat inanis,
 Surdus in obductam somniet usque seram.’

In other cases we meet tender appeals, such as love-sick swains still offer to their Delias and their Chloes. Thus :—

‘ ‘ Scribenti mi dictat Amor, monstratque Cupido ;
 Ah ! peream, sine te si deus esse velim !’

Occasionally we find paraphrases or imitations of some popular strophe, applied at second hand to the writer’s own flame. Thus an artful Pompeian lover has translated Propertius’s

‘ Cinthia me docuit castas odisse puellas,’

into

‘ *Candida* me docuit *nigras* odisse puellas.’

It would be tedious, however, to multiply quotations. The few which we have given will suffice as a specimen, as well of the poetical tastes of the Pompeians, as of the assiduity with which the lessons of the *Ars Amatoria* were cultivated among them. Love, indeed, is the burden of a vast number of the inscriptions. ‘Crispus’ and ‘Septumius’ make no scruple of recording their love for ‘Rufa’ or ‘Avitilla.’ More bashful lovers, who preserve their own incognito, beseechingly appeal to their cruel mistress under her proper name : VALE MEA SAVA, FAC ME AMES. (p. 89.) Even the fair themselves do not shrink from avowing their flame. A nameless fair one ‘loves ‘Casuntius’ (p. 76.); ‘Nonia,’ less diffident, ‘salutes her ‘Pagurus’ (p. 81.); ‘Auge loves Arabienus’ (p. 83.) ‘Methe’ (p. 89.), still more melting, ‘loves Chrestus *in her heart*,’ and prays that ‘Pompeian Venus may be propitious to them, and ‘that they may ever love in concord.’ In a word, to live and love would seem to have been the philosophy of life at Pompeii. Thus one inscription proclaims SUAVIS AMOR ; another declares, NEMO EST BELLUS NISI QUI AMAVIT ; a third pronounces the sweeping denunciation —

‘QUISQUIS AMAT VALEAT, PEREAT QUI PAROIT AMARE :’

It were well if these were the only evidences of the licentious manners of Pompeii which the *graffiti* supply ; but there are others of a far more revolting character. Into these, of course, P. Garrucci does not enter ; but there can be no doubt that many of the street scribblings fully confirm, if indeed they do not darken, the hateful impressions regarding Pompeian morality which were produced by the pictures,

images, and other relics of the city, brought to light by the earlier explorations.

The very worst of these revelations, it must be confessed, are borne out by the *graffiti*. Many of the persons who form the subject of their strictures are described as making immorality their profession. A large proportion of the epithets, too, contain allusions of the darkest and most disgusting character, while the sentiment of some of the *graffiti* themselves exhibits a cynicism at once so gross and so unblushing that we can only understand their presence in a public place by supposing the whole tone of the public mind to be sunk to those lowest depths of hideous and unnatural depravity, of which so awful a picture is drawn in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

The reader will gladly turn with us to the other themes suggested by P. Garrucci's volume. There are few metrical *graffiti*, except of the class to which we have been alluding; nor, in general, do the others seem to contain much that is specially characteristic. Still some of them are amusing.

The following may be supposed to have been written over his empty platter, by some grumbler, just cheated of his supper by the unexpected incursion of a hungry guest, who ate up the dish which had been prepared for himself.

'QUOI [cui] PERNA COCTA EST, SI CONVIVÆ APPONITUR,
NON GUSTAT PERNAM, LINGIT OLLAM AUT CACCABUM.'

Another pentameter verse betrays a disappointed diner-out, venting his ill-humour against some inhospitable churl who had failed to ask him to dinner, and whom in his indignation he sets down as a barbarian:—

'AT QUEM NON CENO, BARBARUS ILLE MIHI EST.

Again, a jealous husband or lover warns off his rival in the following puzzling quatrain:—

'QUISQUIS AMAT VENIAT VENERI VOLO FRANGERE COSTAS
FUSTIBUS, ET LUMBAS DEBILITARE BENE.
SERMO EST ILLE MIHI TENERUM PERTUNDERE PECTUS
QUOI [cui] EGO NON POSSIM CAPUT ILLUD FRANGERE FUSTA.'

There is a story of an Irishman writing to his mother to inform her that he 'had just died and wanted money for his funeral.' This wag may be supposed to have stolen the idea from the following grotesque letter; which is further amusing for the drollery with which it mimics the formalities of the fashionable epistolary style of the Augustan age:—

*Pyrrhus C. Hoio conlegæ salutem. Molestè fero quia audiivi te mortuom: itaque vale.'

The *graffiti* of the purely personal class cannot be expected to present much novelty. Whatever of interest they may originally have had must, of course, have depended in great measure on allusions and associations which it is now impossible to realise. They are for the most part, *mututis nominibus*, just such as the mischievous street-wags of the present day might be supposed to deal in; and tell us that some long-forgotten 'Cinthia was a 'pretty girl,' or that some Pyrrhus, now unknown to fame, 'was 'a fine fellow in his day;' that 'Primus was as blind as a bat;' or that 'Epaphras had lost his hair.' An inscription which denounces one Cosmus as a consummate villain for marrying his own daughter, is noticeable for what our youngest schoolboy would condemn as an unpardonable solecism,

'*Cosmus nequitiae est MAGNUSSIMÆ : ducet filiam.*'

But in most cases the interest which these inscriptions originally possessed is lost with the history of the individuals. Some of them clearly must have had a story in their day, and afford endless scope for conjecture and speculation. We cannot doubt, for example, that there was some jest, under a half-defaced fragment which quizzes 'sheep-faced Lygnus, strutting 'about like a peacock and taking airs on the strength of 'his good looks.' In like manner, things must have come to a curious pass between Virgula and her Tertius, before she could have brought herself to write up on the wall: VIRGULA TERTIO SUO: INDECENS ES. And we may easily imagine what a town's talk Miccio had become, when a mischievous wag could venture to write: MICCIONIS STATUM CONSIDERATE. But, amusing as such fancies might prove, it would be idle to speculate farther regarding them. Who Virgula and her Tertius were, and what was the nature of their quarrel, what were Lygnus's little vanities, or what the cause of Miccio's notoriety, must now for ever remain a secret.

There are some of these *graffiti*, however, which are sufficiently interesting, even where there is no clue to the allusions which they contain. There is one which, with very little effort of fancy, might supply materials for a regular novel: TENEMUS! TENEMUS! (it bursts out abruptly) RES CERTA; ROMULA HEIC CUM SCELARATO MORATUR! 'We have it—we have it—the 'thing is certain. Romula is staying here with the miscreant!') What a world of romance is hidden in these simple words! How many tender but melancholy recollections do they suggest! Romula, the pride and ornament of her quiet home—her guileless and happy girlhood, the affectionate devotion of her family, the deeper devotion of her betrothed; and then, alas! the ap-

proach of the ensnarer — her weakness, her betrayal, her shame, her ignominious flight; the despair of the forsaken lover, the pursuit, its alternate success and disappointment, the recovery of the track of the fugitives, and the final discovery of their guilty retreat.

Nor are there wanting other and less painful sources of interest. It is refreshing, for instance, in the midst of the universal corruption which seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of Pompeii, to find that the domestic virtues were not quite unknown, and that at least one honest citizen, Primus, was not ashamed to profess that 'he loved his wife Missila.' In like manner, when we recollect the doom which impended over the city and its inhabitants, it is difficult to read without emotion, even though the name of the writer be unknown, the simple prayer for many happy new years—*JANUARIAS NOBIS FELICES MULTIS ANNIS*,—uttered perhaps on the very eve of the catastrophe. It is curious, too, to find that the custom which still prevails among ourselves, of securing a place by affixing the name of the occupant, was in full use in the Pompeian amphitheatre. *NARCISSUS HIC*, or *LÆLIUS NARCISSUS OCCUPAT*, may still be read chalked on the benches of the circus, as honourable members among ourselves mark their seat for the night by attaching their card. Another ancient usage may be learned from an inscription which reproaches a certain Rufus, that, whereas the family of the Vibii, with all their wealth and dignity, never thought of appearing in public with a staff or sceptre in their hands, he, in his arrogance, may be seen daily with this mark of distinction, from the assumption of which his betters had recoiled. These may seem trifling things: but, besides that they tend, each in its own degree, to the elucidation of obscure allusions or doubtful phrases in the poets and historians of ancient Rome, they serve better than many a more solemn, and seemingly more important, document, to realise to the imagination the men and things of the period to which they belong.

And yet it cannot be denied that the want of knowledge as to the individuals is occasionally tantalising. It is particularly so in the case of a few caricatures, which are not without a dash of rude humour. Most probably there was some amusing history connected with a certain *PEREGRINUS*, who is represented with a surprisingly developed nose, and who, as he is painted with a laurel crown, must have been a notable in his day. On the other hand, a similar sketch, entitled *NASSO* (properly *Naso*, for no doubt the pun is intended) *FADRUS*, represents the hero with hardly any nose at all. These, and almost all

the other sketches, it is true, are of the very rudest and most inartistic class. Many of the artists were evidently idle boys, although some of them, in the ambition of immortality, have subscribed their names to their work. There is one, and by no means a bad specimen, representing two horses, — evidently winners in the circus, from the artist's droll conception of representing them carrying palm branches in their mouth, — signed with the words *PINGIT FORTUNATUS AFER*. Another, representing a gladiator of the class called *retiarius*, and his antagonist, is marked *PINGIT ZOZZO*. But, with all their rudeness of execution, we must confess that we cannot contemplate even the coarsest of them without great interest. It is startling to stumble upon a rude scratching, by some school-boy eighteen hundred years ago, of what our own schoolboys still trace under the name of 'the walls of Troy,' and to find it marked *LABYRINTHUS. HIC HABITAT MINOTAURUS**; or to meet with what even yet is regarded as the true lover's emblem — a heart, with the simple word *PSYCE* (*Psyche*, 'my life,') — roughly scrawled within it. Alas! how soon perhaps was that young life, thus precious in the fond lover's eyes, cut short by the fearful visitation which overwhelmed Pompeii and so many of its inhabitants! Some of the groups, too, have a certain quiet humour in the conception, which is amusing for its own sake. Thus there is a (by no means the least skilful) little sketch of an ass turning a mill, with the words, *LABORA, ASELE, QUOMODO EGO LABORAVI, ET PRODERIT TIBI*. Another similar sketch in a different quarter of the city has written beneath it the significant words *VÆ TIBI!* And a still larger proportion of the *graffiti*, the subjects of which are gladiatorial, are highly valuable, as illustrating with great clearness many details of the battles of the arena, regarding which considerable uncertainty prevailed. Father Garrucci has collected into four or five plates (x.—xvi.), all the principal gladiatorial subjects; and there is no part of his book which exhibits more learning and ingenuity than the commentary which accompanies these rude, but yet most significant, sketches.

Prefixed to the first of these sketches of the amphitheatre are two documents of no slight interest. The first is a list of gladiators, with the numbers of their victories appended to their names. The second is still more curious, being a programme of the games to be exhibited on a certain day, corresponding with

* This scrawl is found on one of the columns of the house of M. Lucretius. A very graphic facsimile of it, in which the colours as well as the form of the original are exhibited, is given by Niccolini, pl. i. fig. 6.

one of our modern play-bills, and detailing the particulars of the sport which might be expected.* This curious document sets forth the name of the purveyor of the games, and enumerates the various matches which were to 'come off.' First there was to be a *Thrax* pitted against a *mirmillo*; then a match between two *essedarii*; next a *Thrax* was to engage a *retiarius*; and the 'event' of the day was to be a fight between a *dimachærus* and *hoplomachus*. Of all or most of these forms of combat, Father Garrucci has collected from various quarters (not exclusively at Pompeii) illustrative *graffiti*; and although most of them, as specimens of art, are grotesque beyond conception, we do not hesitate to say that these few plates form a more intelligible popular commentary on the details of the gladiatorial profession, than all that has been written on the subject by the critics and antiquaries since the days of Onofrio Panvino. From the first scene to the last,—from the crier at the gate calling out, '*Ad amphitheatrum!*' to the unhappy wretch grovelling at the feet of his victorious adversary, and appealing with uplifted finger for the signal of mercy from the spectators,—all is here coarsely, but, for the most part, vigorously and intelligibly, represented. Each of the varieties of gladiatorial battle, as well as all the various stages of the conflict, may be seen in these singular scrawls; and, as they are generally accompanied by inscriptions, it is not difficult to recognise each by its proper characteristics. The most curious form of battle is that of the *retiarius* with the *secutor*, of which Father Garrucci's plates contain several examples. The former is seen at one time standing with trident in hand (the only weapon which the law of the battle allows him), watching to fling his net over the head of his adversary as he advances; at another, this attempt having failed of success, the *secutor* is shown in full pursuit after him, while he endeavours to prepare his net for a second throw. And in one at length the *secutor* is represented fairly caught, enveloped in the net, and lying at the mercy of his adversary. The inscription under one of these sketches may remind the patrons of the modern ring of the periodical struggles for the championship which, among ourselves, take place at intervals among bro-

* These or similar announcements are not uncommon. A curious one, announcing an intended exhibition of wild animals, is given in the '*Memorie dell' Accad. Ercolanese*,' v. 64. *HIIC VINATIO PUGNABIT, V. K. SEPTEMBRIS.* (Hic (*hec* for *heic*) *venatio* pugnabit (for *bit*) quinto Kalendas Septembris.) Another promises a bear-fight. *T. PHILIX, AD URSAS PUGNABIT.* The phrase *venatio pugnabit* may appear novel; but it was one of the established forms of the language of the amphitheatre.

thers of the fancy, as the young blood aspires to share the honours of the elders of the craft. From this curious inscription we learn that Spiculus Neronianus, an untried man (tiro), engaged the freedman Aptónetus, who had been victor in no fewer than sixteen battles, and that the tiro slew his adversary!

Nor did these rude artists confine themselves to gladiatorial subjects exclusively. We have already seen that some sketches from the circus have also been discovered. P. Garrucci gives a picture of a horseman in pursuit of a stag, which he has just pierced in the flank with his javelin. And, although there is no corresponding drawing, P. Garrucci prints some curious verses in praise of one Septimius, who is said to have enchanted the public by an exhibition of serpents—probably some feats of snake-charming. The writer declares that all spectators without exception, whether play-goers or lovers of the turf, were equally enraptured with the performance of Septimius:—

‘Serpentis lusus si qui sibi forte notavit,
Septimius juvenis quos facit ingenio,
Spectator scenæ, sive es studiosus equorum,
Sic habeas lances semper ubique pares.’

By a curious fancy these verses are written in a double curved line, *so as to imitate, by the very form, the shape and movement of the serpent.*

The reader will agree with us in thinking these relics of the lighter moments of Pompeian life the most affecting of all the memorials of that doomed city. It is difficult to carry our thoughts back to sports and gaieties like these, without thinking at the same time of the fearful catastrophe by which they were destined to be so rudely interrupted. The glories of Servilius, with his hundred victories,—the triumphs of Spiculus’s maiden blade,—Septimius, the idol of the amphitheatre,—come before us here, like the mouldering remains of ‘my lord such a one, who praised my lord such a one’s horse’ in Hamlet. ‘Where are now their gibes, their gambols, their ‘flashes of merriment?’ There is a simple inscription in p. 89., ‘HERCULANUM, HERCULANUM,’ which one can hardly help regarding as the expression of the writer’s sorrow and dismay, when the tidings of the fate of that unhappy city first reached the yet unscathed Pompeians. Alas, how soon was the same fate to be their own! How soon might the same wail be uttered with equal significance over their own devoted city!

Still more moving, perhaps, is a purely domestic record which P. Garrucci has preserved—an inscription which would appear to have been traced by the hand of some thrifty dame or house-keeper, regulating the daily labours of her household, and

assigning to each of the female slaves her allotted task at the distaff, the tambour, or the loom. For each is marked her special work. Doris and Heracle are to spin thread for the warp; Januaria and Lalage, for the woof. And the quantity, too, is strictly regulated for each, no less than the quality. To Rufa, Damale, Doris, and Heracle is assigned a single portion; Lalage and Januaria have a double share; while Florentina, who, doubtless, was a first-class workwoman, has no fewer than three *pensa* for her own share of the task!*

Another inscription, which recalls very vividly the realities of the past of Pompeii, is a curious electioneering placard, still distinctly legible, and which might seem to have been the original of those flaming addresses, 'Nokes for Member!' or 'Vote for Styles!' which decorate our own walls on all similar occasions. The Pompeian placard appeals to a particular class:

'A. VETTIIUM FIRNUM ÆD. O. V. F. D. R. P. V. O. V.
F. PILICREPI FACITE.'

The initials of this inscription represent the form of appeal usually adopted in such addresses.† They are thus read in full: *Aulum Vettium Firmum Ædilem oro vos facite, dignum republicâ virum! Oro vos facite! Pilicrepi Facite!* and contain a request to 'elect as edile Aulus Vettius Firmus, a man worthy of the 'republic'; a special appeal in his favour being addressed to the *pilicrepi* or ball-players, probably as the candidate was a brother of their craft.

We meet many other allusions to the exercise of the *pila*, which appears to have been a favourite one with the Pompeians.‡ Dr. Wordsworth preserves a curious programme of a match at *pila* (which, we believe, has escaped P. Garrucci's notice), specifying not only the challengers and accepters, but also the markers in the game.

'AMIANTHUS, EPAPHRA, TERTIUS, LUDANT CUM HEDYSIO. JUCUNDUS NOLANUS PETAT. NUMERENT CITUS, ET IACUS, AMIANTHUS.

One of the players here enumerated, Epaphras (a name which,

* There is one of these *graffiti* which we fear will give no slight offence to our medical friends. In a list of *domestic slaves*, with their respective occupations, one of the entries is TYRANNUS MEDICUS. See Guarini, 'In Cippum Osco-abellanum,' p. 57.

† See the Preliminary Dissertations of the 'Volum. Herculansensia,' p. 66. For examples of this form, see Mommsen's 'Unteritalischen Dialekte,' Tafel xi.

‡ The same may indeed be said for all the towns of Italy. See Garrucci's 'Storia di Isernia, raccolta dagli Antichi Monumenti,' p. 153.

as well as that of Tertius, is familiar to us from a very different source, in the Epistles of St. Paul), was evidently a leading notability of the tennis-court, in which he could reckon both enemies and admirers. There is a curious illustration of the doubtful position in public estimation which he occupied. A *graffito* preserved by Father Garrucci addresses him in terms by no means complimentary to his skill as a player, EPAPHRA, PILICREPUS NON ES! — plainly informing him that 'he was no 'tennis-player.' But, fortunately for his reputation, some friend has recalled this depreciatory judgment, by *drawing a line over the offensive words*, which, although thus erased, are still distinctly legible.

The same feeling is awakened by numberless other memorials suggestive of various little social or domestic associations. Thus one of the *graffiti* contains a request to a certain Lucilius that he would send the writer 'a few figs, 'such as he had sent on a former occasion,' with a caution, however, to see 'that they be not scorched by exposure to 'the sun.' Another records that, on a certain day, the writer had lent a set of ornaments to a friend, whose name is specified with all his designations. And so, for many other little details, which, trivial as they are, seem to us to impart a most touching character of reality to the entire scene. We have already alluded to the discovery of amphoræ deeply incrustated with the lees of the wine which was stored in them at the time of the destruction of the city. One of these (containing *Fundanum*, Fundi wine) tells a curious tale of the lengths to which Pompeian wine-fanciers went. It would appear to have been more than half a century old, having the date of the consulship of Cossus Cornelius Lentulus and Marcus Asinius Agrippa (U. C. 777), rudely scratched upon the side. Another is still more flatteringly labelled: LIQUAMEN OPTIMUM, 'first-rate liquor.'* Some of the wine-shops, as we said, still retain the names of their proprietors: there is one marked TABERNA APPII; and in another case the proprietor, as we see done to the present day, took the precaution of inviting customers even from the next street, by putting up a notice at the corner, ADEAS TABERNAM LIANI AD DEXTERAM.

As regards the habits of the Pompeian toppers we find that some of them 'mixed their liquor,' others more commonly drank it

* We fear our critical friends will hardly admit this construction of *liquamen*. More properly it signifies *conserves*, or the liquor in which they were preserved. (See Columella De Re Rustica, vi. 2.) Palladius also (iii. 15.) speaks of 'liquamen de piris.'

'neat.' Dr. Wordsworth has preserved a very curious appeal for a soothing draught, from a thirsty soul, whose earnestness not even the veriest churl could withstand — SUAVIS VINARIA SITIT, VALDE ROGO SITIT; and Cavaliere Avellino has printed another, in which some jolly toper calls for a fresh (*adde*) cup of the famous *Setinum* (Seti* wine), ADDE CALICEM SETINUM.† But on the other hand a rude outline scrawled upon a tavern wall, is an evidence that more temperate cups were not without their patrons at Pompeii. In this amusing sketch a customer is represented holding out his glass, with the words DA FRIDAM (*frigidam*)‡ PUSILLUM, a clear proof, we should say, if not that teetotalism was in fashion among the Pompeians, at least that the use of 'cold with' is an institution which can allege in its favour precedents of most respectable antiquity.

It is to be feared, however, that, as in our modern gin-palaces, the company was not always the most select or the most reputable. So, at least, we infer from a notice scribbled upon his tavern wall by one Varius, announcing that a wine flagon had been stolen from his shop, and offering a reward of sixty-five sesterces for the recovery of the flagon, and of twice that sum for the apprehension of the thief who abstracted it. URNA VINARIA PERIIT DE TABERNA. SEI. EAM QUIS RETULERIT, DABUNTUR ILS. LXV; SEI FUREM QUI ABDUXERIT DABITUR DUPLUM A VARIO.

We have already said that the *graffiti* which consist of mere names possess but little peculiar or characteristic interest. Indeed we could hardly look for light upon general Roman history in the street-scribblings of a provincial town; and it may be assumed that this entire class of inscriptions at Pompeii is very much what we might still find in similar circumstances among our own population. Sometimes a name is scrawled without any adjunct; sometimes with an epithet of praise or reproach, and of the latter many are coarse and disgusting in the extreme.

'Nec facili pretio, sed quo contenta Falerni
'Testa sit, aut cellis Setia cara suis.'

Mart. x. xxxvi. 6.

† One of the *graffiti* on the amphoræ at Pompeii, referred to by Niccolini, (*Caso e Monumenti di Pompei*, p. 21.) is KOR. OPT. '*Cor-cyræum optimum*.' But this probably refers to the *jar* rather than to the wine. The amphoræ of Corcyra were celebrated for their strength and beauty.

‡ Avellino read this, *Fridum*, and understood it of cooled or iced wine; but Garrucci assures us that the word is clearly *Fridam*, which means cold water.

'Frigida non desit, non deerit calda petenti.'

Mart. Ep. xiv. 95.

Sometimes they are accompanied by a greeting or friendly wish on the part of the writer; at other times, by an imprecation or some other ebullition of animosity. *ASELLIA TABESCAS!* 'Rot thee, Asellia!' is a curious example of the latter class; and a similar one, *THEONÆ MORBUM*, 'Plague on Theonas!' was discovered last year in the substructions of Nero's Golden House at Rome.

The characters of the *graffiti*, as well as the peculiarities of their language and phraseology, are not without considerable interest. P. Garrucci has entered at some length into both questions. We shall endeavour to condense briefly what he has written, modifying, however, in some respects, one or two of the conclusions which he has adopted.

It is difficult to convey any very precise notions as to the palæography of the *graffiti* without the aid of illustrative diagrams. P. Garrucci's plates are very carefully executed, and the *graffiti* in almost all cases have been either copied or collated by himself.* We must be content with saying that they comprise three different characters—Greek, Roman, and Oscan; and that in each of the languages, especially the latter two, two different forms of character are employed. Some of the *graffiti*—plainly the handiwork of schoolboys and even of mere children—are simply exercises in the alphabet, one of which exhibits an illustration of Quintilian's precept, that, when the boy has written the letters in the direct order, he should be required to write them also in a retrograde one. The Greek and Latin characters of the *graffiti* present no very important palæographical peculiarities. They are precisely identical with the characters in the *Papyri* of Herculaneum*; and they are chiefly valuable as affording some light on the origin and progress of the cursive, as contradistinguished from the quadrate, letters.

P. Garrucci has found that the most ancient of the Greek and Latin *graffiti* are all in the quadrate character. In those of the most recent date the cursive character alone appears; while in the intermediate one the two forms are intermixed, in proportions which appear to vary with the antiquity of the writing.

But, as regards the Oscan character, the *graffiti* of Pompeii are of the highest interest. It is clear from several of these, which are plainly the work of schoolboys in the very first stages of the calligraphic art, that, as, in the schools at Rome, the Greek

* One peculiarity of the Roman *graffito* alphabet is worth noticing, and is perhaps referable to the Greek affinities of Pompeii—the letter E is very frequently II; a near approach to the Greek H.

and Latin alphabets and languages were simultaneously taught, so, at Pompeii, the Oscan, if it did not hold the place of honour, at least enjoyed equal privileges with Greek in the elementary education of youth. More than one of the Oscan *graffiti* was evidently traced by the graphium of some idle schoolboy. Portions of four different alphabets have been discovered; but Mommsen, who also had observed these alphabets, was only able to decipher the first three letters. Father Garrucci has now deciphered five of them, and by the help of these, as well as of the other *graffiti* which he has examined at Pompeii, eked out by the Oscan remains already known, he has completed the Oscan alphabet in all the various forms which its characters assume at different periods, more satisfactorily than any of his predecessors in this branch of Italic palæography. In several of the *graffiti* the language is Latin, but the characters Oscan. This interchange of characters is common in Greek and Latin inscriptions at Rome, especially in the monuments of the Catacombs, and some examples of it are also found in the Greek and Latin remains of Pompeii; but the phenomenon of a threefold interchange is, so far as we know, unique, and it furnishes a very curious example of the prolonged co-existence of distinct races and languages without fusion, in a territory sufficiently populous and of no very remarkable extent. The Greek remains are, however, exceedingly few, and of very little interest or importance. Indeed, the *graffiti* of Pompeii in this respect present a very remarkable contrast to the literary remains of Herculaneum, and, if they stood alone, would go far to contravene the prevailing opinion as to the predominance of the Greek element in the later population of Magna Græcia. The proportion of Greek inscriptions among the Christian monuments of the Catacombs at Rome is far larger. There is not a single Greek verse among the many metrical *graffiti* of Pompeii. We have not recognised one quotation from any Greek author; not a single Greek proverb, nor indeed a single sentence, properly so called, in the Greek language. A few names (in one or two instances with an accompanying epithet, as ἀνέκτος Ἀχιλλεύς), and a few Latin words in Greek characters, are the only traces of Greek origin which these Pompeian *graffiti* present. Even the Greek names which are preserved are deformed by errors of orthography. Thus we meet Ἀπολόνιος, Ἀπολώδωρος, and one or two similar blunders, possibly to be explained by the age or the rudeness of the writers.

The Latin *graffiti* are, of course, the most numerous. To the mere classical Latinist their orthography will present many things sufficiently strange; but they do not differ very ma-

terially, in this respect, from the lapidarian inscriptions of the same age which are met elsewhere. To many of the Christian inscriptions of the Catacombs already alluded to they bear a marked resemblance; except that, among the latter, there are many more evidences of a foreign hand, in the prevalence of Hebrew or Greek idioms, and even of blunders in orthography*, clearly traceable to the foreign origin of the writers. As regards mere grammatical errors, such as false concords and solecisms in government or construction, in which the Latinity of the Catacombs abounds, that of the Pompeian *graffiti* is much more immaculate; and although we do not agree with P. Garrucci that 'there are hardly any peculiarities which may not be explained by the age of the writers,' and that 'it is very rare to meet with real solecisms, or words unknown to the lexicographers, which can fairly be regarded as barbarisms,' yet a comparison with any similar monuments of the post-Augustan period will show that the number is far less than a scholar who is only accustomed to the Latinity of books, and to the set-

* There is one peculiarity of Pompeian orthography which deserves special notice, as it may possibly indicate some corresponding peculiarity of pronunciation, if not even of inflexion: we mean the tendency to suppress the final consonant. We may refer to a metrical *graffito* (part of which has been already quoted), as an example of this peculiarity. The same *graffito* will also serve as an example of another of the difficulties—that of arrangement—which these compositions present to the decipherer. The tablet, as deciphered literally, presents the following strange puzzle:—

| | |
|---------------|-------------|
| QUISQUIS | FILICHS |
| AMA VALIA | ADIAS AS |
| PIIRIA QUI P | P'IRI SE |
| ARCI,AMARI | MARTIA |
| REstantii PII | SITII VILI |
| RIA QUISQU | DIINARI |
| IS AMARI | MAXIMA |
| VOCA | CURA TENET. |

Now the key to this, and many similar *graffiti*, is simply the restoration of the final consonants. Read by this principle, and distributed into distinct verses, the enigma resolves itself into these lines, which, however questionable their morality, are at least perfectly intelligible:—

Quisquis amat valeat: periat qui parcat amare.
 Restantem periat quisquis amare vocat.
 Felices adeas; pereas sed Martia, si te
 Vilis denari maxima cura tenet!

We have already alluded to the use of the characters *II* for *E*, which is common in Pompeian *graffiti*. The transposition of *AS* from the eleventh to the tenth line is clearly an error of the scribe.

bled orthography of modern editors and orthoepists, would at first sight imagine. We should gladly enter into this part of the subject (which is more important for the philological history of the language, and even for the general theories of language and its fluctuations, than may at first appear) were it not that we have already almost exhausted the space at our disposal. But we can refer, with warm commendation, to P. Garrucci's text, any reader who may be curious in this department of Latin scholarship. P. Garrucci has collected in a tabular form all the peculiarities of orthography,—the interchanges of vowels or of diphthongs, the transmutations of consonants, the omission or duplication of letters, &c., which characterise these remains of the street Latinity of Pompeii. These tables are well worthy of being studied for their own sake, and throw much light on more than one disputed point in the history of the Latin language.

The discovery of Oscan scribblings at Pompeii, especially as some of them are plainly of a date very close to the destruction of the city, makes it clear that the primitive Oscan language maintained itself to a much later period than had commonly been supposed. In the second century before the Christian era, it was certainly spoken commonly throughout most of its ancient seats, and especially in Campania; and even during the Social War, in the beginning of the next century, the coins struck by the allies bore Oscan inscriptions. But it had hitherto been believed that, from this date, the Roman language shared the ascendancy of the Roman arms in Southern Italy, at least in all the great centres of Roman influence; and it is not a little singular now to find the Oscan languages in full popularity, down to so late a date, not in a secluded mountain village, or among a primitive population, but in the very seat of Roman fashion and Roman refinement, in the luxurious and bustling city of Pompeii.

Mention has been made more than once of *graffiti* lately discovered in other localities, and especially at Rome. Of these, the most important have been found in the substructions of the Palace of the Cæsars, recently excavated. It would carry us entirely beyond our allotted limits to describe these in detail. Some of them, indeed, were discovered several years since, and are embodied in P. Garrucci's general collection. But there is one so exceedingly remarkable, and indeed of so deep and peculiar an interest, that it would be unpardonable to pass it over.

The apartment in which it was found is one of several (now subterranean) chambers on the Palatine, which, in the course of the many alterations and extensions of plan during the progress

of the building of the palace, were dismantled and filled up in order to form substructions for a new edifice to be erected on a higher level. The light and air being effectually excluded by this process, the walls have remained to this day in a state of preservation little inferior to that of the buildings at Pompeii. The particular apartment in question having been opened in December, 1856, some traces of Greek characters were observed upon the wall; and, on a fuller examination by P. Garrucci, who was attracted to the spot by the news of the discovery, these characters proved to be an explanatory legend written beneath a rude sketch upon the wall, in which P. Garrucci at once recognised a Pagan caricature of the crucifixion of our Lord, and of the Christians' worship of their crucified God. This blasphemous sketch represents a figure with arm uplifted and outstretched (as if in the act of kissing the hand, a recognised attitude of worship or adoration*), turned towards a cross, upon which is suspended a human figure with the head of a horse, or perhaps of an *onager*, or wild ass.

If any doubt could be entertained as to the purport of this sketch, it would be dispelled by the legend underneath:

ΑΛΕΞΑΜΕΝΟΣ ΣΕΒΕΤΕ [*σέβεται*] ΟΕΟΝ.

‘Alexamenus worships God.’

Who this Alexamenus may have been, and what may have been the special occasion (if indeed there were any) of this rude caricature, it is of course impossible now to conjecture. From the name it may be inferred that, like a large proportion of the Christians of Rome in the early centuries, he was a Greek, and perhaps a slave. But whatever may be said as to the individual on whom it was meant to be a satire, the singular *graffito* thus unexpectedly brought to light after so many centuries, is at once a most interesting illustration of the struggle between the Christianity of that early age and its yet powerful and contemptuous rival, and a literal verification of one of the most striking passages in the ‘Apology’ of Tertullian. It is impossible to doubt that this blasphemous caricature is, in one of its forms, the actual reality to which Tertullian alludes. It is not alone that this father defends himself and his fellow-Christians from the general charge of having an ass’s head as their God, and that he retorts upon the Pagans themselves their charge against the Christians of ‘being superstitious respecting the cross,’ by showing that the Pagans also worshipped the cross, when they erected trophies, or took the military oaths upon their standards; he describes

See Job, xxxi. 27.; 1 Kings, xix. 18.; also Juvenal’s

— ‘a facie jactare manus.’

something closely resembling *the very picture which we have here before us in this rude graffito*, as a caricature of the Christian worship which was then popular among the Pagan calumniators. 'A new report of our God,' he writes, 'hath lately been set forth in this city, since a certain wretch hired to cheat the wild beasts, put forth a picture with some such title as this: "*The God of the Christians conceived of an ass.*" This was a creature with ass's ears, with a hoof on one foot, carrying a book, and wearing a gown. We have smiled both at the name and the figure. But they ought instantly to adore this two-formed God, because they have admitted gods made up of a dog's and a lion's head, and with the horns of a goat and a ram, and formed like goats from the loins, and like serpents from the legs, and with wings on the foot or the back.'* It is true that Tertullian does not here speak expressly of this figure as being represented upon the cross; but the allusion made by him in the preceding paragraph to the 'superstitions of Christians respecting the cross' is quite enough to identify the *graffito* of the Palatine as another variety of the current idea to which Tertullian refers, and as embodying in one single sketch both the popular calumnies—that which represented the Christians' God under this insulting form, and that which ridiculed their folly in worshipping the emblem of his crucifixion.

We forbear to touch the higher associations which this strange discovery presses upon the mind. But even as a purely historical monument, the most unimaginative reader will regard it with the deepest interest. It opens to us, with a distinctness which no written record could supply, a glimpse into those dark days of the infant Church, while her Divine Founder was still 'a folly to the Gentile,' and while it was still possible to present him to the popular mind of Paganism under that hideous type of *folly* which is here depicted in all its revolting coarseness. If the *graffito* of the Palace of the Cæsars reveals much of this, it suggests yet much more; and its unlooked-for discovery seems to afford reason to hope that, from quarters which are least suspected, light may yet be cast upon a period whose social history has hitherto been all but a blank, or at least has only been known in dim and shadowy outline.

* 'Apology' (Oxford translation), p. 39.

ART. VI. — *The Virginians. A Tale of the last Century.* By W. M. THACKERAY. 2 vols. 8vo. 1859.

'THE VIRGINIANS' is a sort of continuation of 'Esmond.' At the conclusion of 'Esmond' Colonel Esmond and his angelic though elderly bride, the dowager Lady Castlewood, sick of England after the failure of the attempt to place James III. on the throne and the misconduct of Beatrix, migrate to the estate of the family in Virginia, resigning the English estates and the family seat of Castlewood to the young Francis Lord Castlewood, as Colonel Esmond allows him to be called, though he is himself the rightful owner of the title as well as the estates. Virginia was then, what it would not be now, an appropriate asylum for a distinguished member of the Jacobite party. It was a colony of Cavaliers and gentlemen, and a Church of England colony; its inhabitants, till George III. flung their loyalty away, were enthusiastically loyal to the British Crown. Here Colonel Esmond built another Castlewood *ambiguam tellure nova Salamina*; here he and his wife passed the autumn of their life 'like an Indian summer,' happy in each other, and making their dependents happy; here dying they left a daughter whom 'each parent loves for her resemblance 'to the other.' This daughter marries a Warrington, and plays an important part in 'The Virginians' as Madame Esmond Warrington of Castlewood, or, as she in her pride of birth chooses rather to call herself, Madame Esmond. At the opening of the present novel she is a widow with twin sons, Henry and George, the 'Virginians,' whose adventures, partly in America, partly and principally in England, form the subject of the tale. 'The Virginians' thus occupies a place in the Thackeray 'cycle,' intervening between 'Esmond' on the one hand, and 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes' on the other; the Warrington of the two last-named novels being evidently a descendant of the Sir George Warrington of this. The ancestors of the Floracs of 'The Newcomes' also figure in 'The Virginians.' The scene, as the title states, is laid in the last century, during the later years of George II., and the earlier years of George III. The manners, incidents, and costume are of course those of the period in which the scene is laid, and some of the most eminent personages of the time, social, political, military and literary, are introduced, and blended in the action and dialogue with the fictitious characters.

'The Virginians' thus takes its place beside 'Esmond' as one of Mr. Thackeray's historical novels, which stand contrasted with his novels in the proper sense somewhat as Shakspeare's 'histories' do with his other dramas.

We have, however, remarked in a previous notice of Mr. Thackeray's works that Shakspeare does not lay upon himself in his 'histories' the burden which Mr. Thackeray lays upon himself in his historical novels. He does not really undertake the task of reproducing the life, thoughts, manners, and costume of a past age. His Theseus is in reality a 'duke,' and the Athens of his Theseus is a dukedom, of the poet's own time, to which the whole of the action, sentiments, and personages clearly belong. The scene of his 'Macbeth,' in like manner, lies really not in the cold and raw twilight which preceded the dawn of Scottish history, but in an age of stately, though criminal ambition playing for a great and dazzling prize; an age, in short, such as was just coming to a close in Shakspeare's time. This remark has recently received a curious illustration in the representations of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Macbeth,' at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, of whom as a benefactor to the English drama we desire to speak with all honour. Both the plays were got up with the minutest attention to the costume and scenery of their nominal epoch; and the result only showed how far such antiquarianism was from the poet's thoughts. Nothing could be more incongruous than the mixture of the classical Theseus, his classical queen and their classical court, and of the Greek costume and scenery generally, with the fairy mythology of the middle ages, and with Bottom and his most unclassical crew. The want of keeping between the picture of ancient Greek life and the chivalrous loves of the knights and ladies was less obvious but quite as great. You had a Greek father determining to send his daughter into a nunnery because she wanted to marry the gallant of her choice; and Demetrius and Lysander went out to fight a duel (a thing utterly alien to Greek antiquity), with short Greek swords, but without shields. In 'Macbeth' the royal palace (reproduced, we have no doubt, with all attainable fidelity) was little better than a hovel; and the splendid prize which seduced Macbeth's loyalty, and to which Lady Macbeth's grand wickedness aspired,—the summit of ambition which earth and hell were stirred to reach,—was to sit upon a three-legged stool and eat crab-apples for supper. The guilty thane might have bought of an apple-woman for sixpence his royal banquet, without the avenging ghost. Mr. Kean argues that ambition animates alike the breast of the savage and

of the civilised man; but will he find in the heart or on the lips of a savage such ambition as that of Lady Macbeth?

To write a novel, laying the scene in a past age, and preserving the character of that age, is indeed a Herculean task. It requires a double effort of the imagination, the difficulty of which is a great deal more than double that of the single effort. To accomplish it successfully, the imaginative faculty must, as it were, be raised to the second power. First, the writer has to present to himself vividly the age he seeks to depict, to place himself mentally in it, and see everything as it was in that age; and, secondly, he has to create imaginary characters, and throw himself into them in the way necessary to give imaginary characters consistency and life. You may almost count on your fingers the men who have been able to do either of these things separately, and to do them both together is, we believe, a feat of which there is no example. Besides, the necessity of preserving antiquarian correctness must keep the critical judgment of the writer always in a state of vigilance incompatible with the intense and unshackled exertion of the creative imagination. How can even a Thackeray live, think, speak, and move in the creatures of his fancy, when he has at the same time to be asking himself whether every thought, speech, motion, and each of the surrounding circumstances, is in accordance with what we know of the lives of men of fashion, soldiers, and play writers of the time of George II.?

There is, indeed, a kind of *antiquarian* rather than historical novel, which can scarcely be named in connexion with Mr. Thackeray's works, but which is sometimes successful in its small way. We mean such books as Bekker's 'Charicles and Gallus,' where the sole object is to 'cram' us with antiquities, and the characters and incidents are only so many pegs whereon the contents of Adams and Potter may be hung. Such novels are to be classed, not with works of imagination, but with historical games and geographic puzzles and the other *miscuit utile dulci* devices for learning easily what perhaps is as easily forgotten. There is also that to which the name 'historical novel' is most strictly applicable; the novel in which the main action and the principal characters are historical, the details and subordinate personages, and perhaps some slight under-plot, alone being fictitious. This class can scarcely be called a legitimate species of composition, being in effect, not a novel but a loose kind of history, the outline of which is filled in with imaginary details, and which is to that extent false in fact; besides being generally perverted by some historical crotchet or prejudice, the free indulgence of which is apt to be, in truth, the leading object

of the writer. It is, in a word, history written with the license of fiction, an unsound kind of production and dangerous to the integrity of historic truth.

But 'The Virginians' is neither antiquarian nor, in the strict sense, historical. It is an attempt to create a good story and good characters, and at the same time to call from its grave a past age, in which the writer happens, probably from his admiration and deep study of Fielding, to take a great interest. 'I have drawn the figures as I fancied they were; set down conversations as I think I might have heard them; and so, to the best of my ability, endeavoured to revivify the bygone times and people.' We can easily enter into the feeling which prompts the attempt. But we suspect that the pensive pleasure of brooding over the past, which Mr. Thackeray, and not he alone, desires to clothe with a tangible form and communicate to others, is in fact an intellectual sensation eluding expression, and incapable of being communicated otherwise than by just touching the chord which vibrates to it in our hearts. It is like the sensation felt in looking at the sea, and susceptible only of the same kind of embodiment.

'Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.'

The natural way of giving vent to a feeling of interest in a bygone time, and making others partake it, is to write a history of the time. And why should not Mr. Thackeray write a history of any time in which he feels interest? He possesses some of the highest qualities for such a task, provided the period he chooses be one in which individual character and action, rather than great movements or principles, would be the main subjects of description. His narratives of Marlborough's battles and his sketches of the characters of Marlborough and St. John in 'Esmond' are excellent in their way, and his knowledge of the period of English history between the Restoration and the revolutionary war must be very great. Let him think of this if his mine of pure fiction is for the present somewhat exhausted, as the recurrence of old characters and incidents rather indicates, and as it may well be, considering what store of rare metal he has dug from it. He should remember that he is already Fielding's superior in fertility as well as his rival in excellence.

In this hybrid sort of composition, between history and fiction, we confess we think his powers misapplied. It is at best an expenditure of strength in a *tour de force*. The 'bygone time,' however skilfully 'revivified,' is bygone, and touches us, espe-

cially those of us who are not well read in history, far less than the time in which we live. Mr. Tennyson has chosen the remotest age of chivalry for the scene of his 'Idylls of the King.' Milton had looked at the legends of Arthur, when casting about for a subject for his Epic, and, as it seems to us, with true poetic instinct, had rejected them, and chosen instead a great religious subject, of all times and of none, and the nearest of all subjects to the heart of his own generation. We desire to see in the hero of a novel our own ideal, as the Greek saw his own ideal in the heroes of the Iliad and the Odyssey, as the Knight of the Middle Ages saw his own ideal in the heroes of chivalrous romance; and we shall not be easily affected by the artificial reproduction of an ideal which is not ours. The living interest of the 'Idylls of the King' is, in truth, produced by the blending of entirely modern ideas and sentiments incongruously, however beautifully, with the names and actions of the chivalry of the Round Table; as may be clearly seen, for instance, in 'Vivien,' where the dialogue between Vivien and Merlin is impregnated with the spirit, not of the age of chivalry, but of the age of Goethe. If our age had ceased to afford good matter for narrative poetry or for novels, it would be a sign that narrative poetry and novels had reached the limit of their allotted reign, and that the time had arrived when the play of human imagination was about, Proteus-like, to assume another form. And if the value of an antiquarian novel is less than that of a living picture of ourselves to our own age, what will it be to posterity? What would be the value of Fielding to us, if instead of painting the squires and parsons of the pigtail age, he had chosen to paint the Tudor court, or even the Roundheads and Cavaliers? He would be a sort of Chatterton of novelists, and lie with Chatterton on the shelf. And such is the fate which Mr. Thackeray must expect for 'Esmond,' and 'The Virginians,' compared with 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and 'The Newcomes.' We would not have posterity too much considered. There is a good deal of affectation in writing as well as in acting for posterity. 'What glitters,' (says the poet in the prologue to 'Faust,') 'is born for the moment; what is genuine remains unlost to posterity.' 'If I could hear no more about posterity!' replies *Merryman*. 'Suppose I chose to talk about posterity, who then would make fun for contemporaries? That they will have, and ought to have it.' But the fact is, the claims of contemporaries and posterity coincide. The best fun for both is a lively picture of the humourist's own time.

And then, if a bygone time is to be exhumed, and a Thackeray

is to be employed in the task, is the social epoch of the early Georges the one of all others peculiarly worth exhumation? Is it not rather the epoch which of all others might be most advantageously left to its repose? The general character of that epoch, perhaps, cannot be regarded as having been yet absolutely fixed. Lord Stanhope seems sometimes inclined to consider it an Augustan Age, while Mr. Massey treats it as an unredeemed abyss of all moral, social, legal, political, and ecclesiastical evil. That there *must* have been some good in it, with all its faults, is to us clear: or the nation could never have had the moral and spiritual energy to reform itself, and win its way back, as it happily has done, to better things. That there *was* some good in it is evident not only from the bright characters, the Chathams, Wolfes, Wesleys, Butlers, Johnsons, Berkeleys and Howards, which it produced; but still more from the respect and affection these characters commanded among the people. A nation cannot be utterly depraved when patriotism, pure genius, religious and philanthropic heroism, however rare, are the objects of popular affection. The fact seems to be that, as Berkeley in his 'Minute Philosopher' intimates, the upper classes were the worst, the corruption not having spread, at least in its most virulent form, to the middle and lower. The middle and lower classes thrust aside the political sharpeners and caballers and bore Chatham on their shoulders to dictatorial power. The middle and lower classes received the religion which Wesley and Whitfield offered to their social superiors in vain. But as to the high society of the time, which is the society depicted in 'The Virginians,' there can be no manner of doubt that it was profligate, frivolous, sensual, heartless, and atheistical in the highest degree. There intervened, in fact, between the great political and religious movement of puritanism and constitutional liberty which ended in 1688, and the equally great political and religious movement which commenced with 1789, one of those slack tides of opinion and principle, in which the surface at least of the waters is sure to become putrescent, and to produce noisome creatures. As in the dreadful calm in 'The Ancient Mariner,'—

'The very deep did rot, O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

'About, about, in revel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
'The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

Certainly the Ancient Mariner saw nothing among the 'slimy 'things' and the 'death-fires' of his 'rotting deep' more diabolical than the orgies of Medmenham Abbey. But we are not, like the Ancient Mariner, under a fatal necessity of repeating the story, much less of making fictitious additions to it.

The grand objection to revivifying the social era depicted in 'The Virginians,' is that it has never died; it has been perpetuated for us by immortal artists. Those whose portraits you are laboriously endeavouring to paint after death from faint reminiscences, have already sat in life to great masters, beside whose breathing likeness yours will show like the shadow of a shade. Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Hogarth, have already done that which the author of 'The Virginians' undertakes to do; and they have done it with a truth, breadth, freedom, on which morality and decency forbid their imitator to venture in our age. Mr. Thackeray's hand is perpetually checked by moral considerations, and his picture is therefore timid and incomplete. He does not venture to introduce, but only to allude to, the gallantries which play so great a part in Fielding and Smollett, as they did in the evil life of those times. He has a hundred ingenious devices for denoting without actually expressing the blasphemies with which the fine gentlemen he is describing gave point and force to their conversation. That he should feel this necessary does honour to his sense of morality and religion and to that of the public for which he writes, but it spoils him as a novelist of the last century. He seems himself half conscious of the impossibility of his task. He owns that 'Tom Jones,' 'Clarissa,' 'Roderick Random,' or 'Peregrine Pickle,' would not be tolerated now, and even that it is to the credit of the age that they would not be tolerated; though he makes this last admission with reluctance, and not without wafting a sigh to the frank and masculine morality of Fielding. 'A hundred years ago,' he says, of a low drunkard and debauchee, 'his character and actions might have been described at length by the painter of manners; but the Comic Muse now-a-days does not lift up Molly Seagrim's curtain; she only indicates the presence of some one behind it, and passes on primly, with expressions of horror and a fan before her eyes.' If the Comic Muse now-a-days cannot lift Molly Seagrim's curtain, would it not be more discreet in her to avoid a subject for her art of which the lifting of Molly Seagrim's curtain is a principal portion? Besides, we doubt whether the indicating the presence of some one behind the curtain is much less dangerous than the lifting it, as far as the effect on morality is concerned. The *pueri virginesque* who would not be allowed to read 'Tom Jones' or 'Roderick Random,'

but who may be allowed to read 'The Virginians,' are very likely to get a notion that what is funny behind the curtain would hardly be very vicious, though it might be rather shocking, before it. The grossness of a hundred years ago is grossness undisguised. It stands in its naked deformity. We look at it as a thing of the past, and thank heaven that it is past. But when it is reproduced under a gauze veil by a contemporary author, both the naked repulsiveness and the purifying effect of distance are removed. However, if we are right in these remarks, the fault lies wholly in the subject chosen, not in the intention of the author. England in our day may regard it as some proof of her moral soundness that her greatest novelist is in all his sentiments and sympathies the deadly enemy of hypocrisy, but the constant friend of virtue.

Of the plot of 'The Virginians' we have only to say what the topographer said of the snakes in Iceland. There is none. There is only a string of incidents woven together, serving for the delineation of character and the expression of sentiment, carried on through the legitimate twenty-four numbers, and capable of being carried on *ad libitum*, or cut short at any earlier point if it had so pleased the author. We know Mr. Thackeray does this habitually and on principle; and we do not wish to be guilty of the ungracious platitude of quarrelling with one good thing for not being another. But it must be owned that a well-conducted plot is a pleasant thing; and that a story without a story wants a principal element of itself. It is the plot that prevents us from being too conscious of the art exercised in the delineation of characters, or exerting our critical faculties too keenly on the characters delineated. By the absence of a plot, the whole weight is thrown on the character-painting, and our critical acumen is always kept awake to observe whether the painting is correct. Of incident we have enough in 'The Virginians.' It is necessarily contrived somewhat after the fashion of the antiquarian novels to which we have above referred, with the view of taking us the round of all the social habits and circumstances of the age. The resurrection of George after his supposed death is a little common, and his sudden appearance in England without any previous notice to his brother, struck us as rather unnatural. The facility with which people of quality are arrested for debt also appears to us exaggerated, though it shows us the sponging-house, one of the most characteristic institutions of the time. But the task of inventing incidents at once natural and surprising is so difficult that we must not be hypercritical in judging of the result.

If 'Vanity Fair' was 'a novel without a hero,' 'The Vir-

'ginians' is a novel with a double hero.' The twins George and Henry are a sort of split Pendennis. Henry is the young man of pleasure and the soldier, and by his adventures shows us the town and the campaigns. George is the man of letters and reflection, though not without the military qualities, and by his adventures shows us the literary and dramatic world. The art of the character-painter is of course exercised in giving the twins the *facies non una nec diversa tamen*, and making them at once naturally like and interestingly different. Henry is as close a counterpart of the admirable Tom Jones as an age which does not lift Molly Seagrim's curtain will permit. In the performance of his functions as our guide over the world of fashion *temp.* George II., he runs through every kind of dissipation except one. He preserves his modesty in the matter of women. This, we submit, is at once creditable to the author and his age, and contrary to nature. It is in the highest degree improbable that a character coarse enough to revel in gluttony, drunkenness, gambling, and the brutal sport of the prize-ring (to which, by the way, cock-fighting ought to have been added), should yet retain refinement enough to shrink from the kindred, and perhaps not more degrading sensuality, in which the companions of his choice were indulging every day of their lives.

'Henry was liked because he was likeable; because he was rich, handsome, jovial, well born, well bred, brave; because, with jolly toppers, he liked a jolly song and a bottle; because, with gentlemen sportsmen, he loved any game that was a-foot or a-horseback; because with ladies he had a modest, blushing timidity, which rendered the lad interesting; because to those humbler than himself in degree he was always magnificently liberal and anxious to spare annoyance.'

We have no doubt that most of these qualifications would make a youth popular in any age or country, though it might not make him quite so interesting as Hamlet, the Master of Ravenswood, or even The Heir of Redclyffe; but we greatly doubt whether 'a blushing timidity with ladies' would have made him popular in the age and country of Lovelace and Tom Jones. Mr. Thackeray seems to believe in 'wild oats,' and makes his hero, after the old novel fashion, take that way of cultivating an after-crop of virtue. Common sense teaches, and universal experience proves, that a man does not get the command over selfish and low passions in manhood by giving way to them in youth, and that those who sow wild oats reap what they have sown. The popular doctrine, indeed, is only applied by those who hold it to persons of quality and fortune: nobody imagines that Hodge will be a more sober and industrious man,

a better servant, husband, and father, for having spent a gay youth in the pothouse, in poaching, and in the gaol. Harry's letters to his mother in Virginia are natural enough; but the fun of the misspelling and bad grammar grows rather wearisome by repetition; and the matter betrays the real insipidity of the character of a mere good-natured young man of pleasure, of which Mr. Thackeray is rather extravagantly fond.

George bears a strong resemblance to his grandfather, the hero of 'Esmond,' who, like him, sees the wars, and, like him, writes a play. He is less the author's favourite, and drawn with less distinctness, than his brother: perhaps it is as hard to have two heroes as to serve two masters. The grand interest of his career, after his escape from the French Canadians, lies in his heroic endurance of poverty after his imprudent marriage with Theodora Lambert. But Mr. Thackeray, ever kind to the imprudences of love, tempers the cold wind of penury to the shorn lamb till we can hardly shiver at his fate. It is poverty not only with wealthy and tolerably generous friends, but with the certain reversion of a good estate in Virginia, on which, in the last extremity, *post obits* might be moderately drawn. The acceptance of pecuniary assistance from poor Parson Sampson, and even of a piece of money from little Miles Warrington, rather interferes with the dignity of independence. But we are not disposed to detract by small criticisms from the merit of any sober, sensible, unsentimental picture of the happiness which attends honest labour, few wants, and simplicity of life compared with the listlessness and satiety of idle wealth. Most stories conclude with the happy marriage and the great fortune, conducting the hero to the gate of Paradise and leaving us to imagine the perfect bliss within. Mr. Thackeray ventures to follow his hero beyond the gate, and show that even in Paradise there is a snake; a novel idea, and one that makes us suspect our age is growing too matter-of-fact and too inquiring for the enjoyment of fiction. If the hero is not supremely happy when he has married the heroine and become very rich, where is that earthly crown of virtue and good looks to be found without which the sphere of the novelist will merge in that of the divine?

The lovely, pert, coquettish, and scheming 'Trix of 'Esmond' has fulfilled the promise of her questionable youth. She has become the Baroness Bernstein, a wicked old woman of the world and a dragoness, with a skeleton or two in the closet of her memory. She is, in fact, an enlarged and completed edition of the dowager Marchioness of Esmond, who patronises the young hero of 'Esmond.' She is also a sort of female counterpart of

the Lord Steyne in 'Vanity Fair,' which again was perhaps suggested by the Lord Monmouth of 'Coningsby;' the Lord Monmouth of 'Coningsby' again being a mere reproduction of the Lord Lilburne of Bulwer's 'Night and Morning.' In 'Esmond' Beatrix was a mixed character; and the good side of her still appears in 'The Virginians' in her fondness for Henry Warrington, whom the old intriguer does her best to introduce into the fashionable world and turn into a fine gentleman, and whom she gets out of his scrapes, as a *Dea*, or rather a *diabola*, *ex machinâ*, by the exertion of that keen and commanding intellect and that plenitude of worldly knowledge and resource which make her dear to the reader of the novel whatever she might be to the moralist. If the world of fiction is not, as Charles Lamb held, a world exempt from the nuisance of moral laws, it is at least a world where to be amusing covers a multitude of sins. The wicked old foster-mother, under whose care Harry falls in England, is cleverly contrasted with his proud, exacting, and precise mother in Virginia, of whom it is said, as it may be said of Madame Warringtons not a few—

'To be for ever applying to the sacred oracles, and accommodating their sentences to your purpose; to be for ever taking heaven into your confidence about your private affairs, and passionately calling for its interference in your family quarrels and difficulties; to be so familiar with its designs and schemes as to be able to threaten your neighbour, and to know precisely its intentions regarding him and others who differ from your infallible opinion;—this was the schooling which our simple widow had received from her impetuous young spiritual guide, and I doubt whether it brought her much comfort.'

A collection of sentences from Mr. Thackeray's writings would not be a bad manual of common-sense philosophy, personal, social, and domestic.

We will not dwell on the secondary characters of 'The Virginians.' Perhaps the best of them is Parson Sampson, a representative of the abbé clergyman, toad-eater, and benefice-hunter of the last century—a genus extinct, but only just extinct; for it is within our knowledge that a late head of a college recommended a young member of his society, if he wished to rise in the Church, to attach himself to some great man, and pointed to a living prelate as an instance of the advantages of that course. Mr. Thackeray is careful to observe that though the genus abbé is extinct among us, the genus toad-eater is not, though it has ceased to be so open in its toad-eating; but, after all, it is something if we have grown ashamed of our meanness. Sampson's character is a compound of the Honeymen and F. Bayham of 'The Newcomes.' We venture to think that

both poetic justice and probability are a little violated in the character of Lady Maria. She has been so wicked as to accept the imprudent addresses of the favourite of the gods, Harry Warrington; and therefore she, a woman of the first family, is made to get into a sponging-house and to marry an Irish actor.

Besides these imaginary characters, however, a number of historical personages are introduced in 'The Virginians.' Almost all the persons of note of the time, royal, political, ecclesiastical, social, and literary, are made to pass over the stage, and some take a considerable part in the action and dialogue. This use of real characters in fiction seems to us, as we have intimated above, rather a questionable habit. It can scarcely fail to taint history, which, it should be remembered, is not only a repository of facts but a school of right sympathies, and which for both purposes requires absolute adherence to the truth and nothing but the truth. Even Shakspeare's historical dramas have done mischief by fixing falsehoods respecting some historical characters in the popular imagination; for instance, the slanderous though poetically sublime account of Cardinal Beaufort's death-bed, and the legend, proved by Mr. Tyler to be as baseless as it is unnatural, of the debauched youth of Henry V. Shakspeare's excuse is, not that as a man of genius he had a divine right to do wrong (though this is now becoming current doctrine); but that in his day the value of historical truth, and the obligation to preserve and respect it, were not so clearly seen as to make tampering with it a palpable offence.

But, moreover, the juxtaposition of real with imaginary characters is injurious to the object of the novelist's art. A novel, while we are reading it, is to us neither a *reality* nor a *fiction*, but an *illusion* — an allusion of which we are half-conscious, unless we have the good fortune to be very young or very imaginative, but to which we surrender ourselves more or less completely in proportion to the skill with which the novel is written. The intrusion of realities obviously tends to dispel this illusion. The twilight of the land of dreams pales on the admission of the broad light of the day. The critical faculties are awakened by the presence of historical personages, which are their proper object, and the mood of passive belief and delight is broken and dispelled: We begin to think whether Dr. Johnson would really have said this, and whether General Washington would really have done that, instead of being absorbed in the adventures of Harry Warrington and the intrigues of the Baroness Bernstein. The reintroduction of characters from previous novels also breaks the illusion in another way. We know beforehand, and have it fixed in our minds,

that these characters are fictitious, so that about *them* there can be no illusion any more. To give the action of a novel a background of real history, as is done in 'Vanity Fair,' the background of part of which is Brussels in the campaign of 1815, is a different thing, it will be observed, from mixing up historical with imaginary personages in the action; it perverts no history, excites no criticism, and rather tends to make the illusion more complete by making the fiction more circumstantial.

In Mr. Thackeray's fictitious delineations of Washington and Wolfe there is nothing that either adds to or detracts from our historical notion of two of the greatest and purest heroes of that or any age; so that nothing is gained by those delineations either for history or fiction. But we can hardly say as much for his portraits of Johnson and Richardson in the following passage.

"There it goes again! Do you see that great, big, awkward, pock-marked, snuff-coloured man, who hardly touches his clumsy beaver in reply. D—— his confounded impudence—do you know who that is?"

"No, curse him! Who is it, March?" asks Jack, with an oath.

"It's one Johnson, a Dictionary-maker, about whom my Lord Chesterfield wrote some most capital papers, when his dixonary was coming out, to patronise the fellow. I know they were capital. I've heard Horry Walpole say so, and he knows all about that kind of thing. Confound the impudent schoolmaster!"

"Hang him, he ought to stand in the pillory!" roars Jack.

"That fat man he's walking with is another of your writing fellows,—a printer,—his name is Richardson; he wrote 'Clarissa,' you know."

"Great heavens! my lord, is that the great Richardson? Is that the man who wrote 'Clarissa?'" called out Colonel Wolfe and Mr. Warrington, in a breath.

Harry ran forward to look at the old gentleman toddling along the walk with a train of admiring ladies surrounding him.

"Indeed, my very dear sir," one was saying, "you are too great and good to live in such a world; but sure you were sent to teach it virtue!"

"Ah, my Miss Mulso! Who shall teach the teacher?" said the good, fat old man, raising a kind, round face, skywards. "Even he has his faults and errors! Even his age and experience does not prevent him from stumbl— Heaven bless my soul, Mr. Johnson! I ask your pardon if I have trodden on your corn."

"You have done both, sir. You have trodden on the corn, and received the pardon," said Mr. Johnson, and went on mumbling some verses, swaying to and fro, his eyes turned towards the ground, his hands behind him, and occasionally endangering with his great stick 'the honest, meek eyes of his companion-author.

"They do not see very well, my dear Mulso," he says to the young

lady, "but such as they are, I would keep *my lash* from Mr. Johnson's cudgel. Your servant, sir." Here he made a low bow, and took off his hat to Mr. Warrington, who shrank back with many blushes, after saluting the great author. The great author was accustomed to be adored. A gentler wind never puffed mortal vanity. Enraptured spinsters flung tea-leaves round him, and incensed him with the coffee-pot. Matrons kissed the slippers they had worked for him. There was a halo of virtue round his nightcap. All Europe had thrilled, panted, admired, trembled, wept, over the pages of the immortal, little, kind, honest man with the round paunch. Harry came back quite glowing and proud at having a bow from him. "Ah!" says he, "my lord, I am glad to have seen him!"

We will not say that there is no resemblance here, but we will say, that what resemblance there is was not worth producing.

The same remark applies to the counterfeit letter of Horace Walpole which Mr. Thackeray gives us in 'The Virginians' as a pendant to the counterfeit number of 'The Spectator' he gave us in 'Esmond.' As might have been expected, the letter is overcrowded with instances of Walpole's mannerism, while it has little of the unique, though not lofty, merit of that feeble but delicate and penetrating mind. Mannerism, we repeat, can alone be adequately imitated; and to imitate mannerism is an employment which Mr. Thackeray may resign to meaner hands.

We are not aware what historical materials there are for the character of General Braddock, the unfortunate commander of the expedition against the French Canadians in 1755, but it is finely drawn in its way:—

'The stout chief, the exemplar of English elegance, who sat swagging from one side to the other of the carriage, his face as scarlet as his coat; swearing at every other word; ignorant on every point off parade, except the merits of a bottle and the looks of a woman; not of high birth, yet absurdly proud of his no-ancestry; brave as a bull-dog; savage, lustful, prodigal, generous; gentle in soft moods; easy of love and laughter; dull of wit; utterly unread; believing his country the first in the world, and he as good a gentleman as any in it.'

The historical scenes, again, show Mr. Thackeray's descriptive powers, though there is no subject for their exercise here equal to the battles of Marlborough in 'Esmond.' In the details of manners, habits, and costume we have observed no flaw; and indeed it would be presumptuous to pretend to find flaws in a painter who is so thoroughly master of his subjects as Mr. Thackeray is of the social life of the last century. A doubt crossed us whether Lady Maria's angelic visitations of the poor, when she

is angling for Harry's heart, are as much in keeping with the notions of that age as of ours. It also occurred to us in reading the Yankee speeches of the young American Countess of Castlewood to ask whether Yankeeism was at that time so full blown?—whether the Northern States were not still half Puritan in manner and phraseology, as the Southern were half Cavalier? But correct as the details may be, every one must feel that the ideas and sentiments throughout are deeply tinged with a hue which is not of the eighteenth century, but of the nineteenth. Each century, each generation, has its own phase of thought and feeling, the result of all that has gone before as well as of all that exists, of which a writer can no more divest himself by any effort of intellect or imagination than he can put off the form of his own body or the peculiarities of his own mind. 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and 'The Newcomes,' in which Mr. Thackeray has portrayed the living manners of his own age, as Fielding and his contemporaries did theirs, most nearly correspond, of all the works of our day, to 'Tom Jones' and 'Roderick Random;' and they bear a truer and deeper resemblance to their prototypes of the eighteenth century than is or can be borne by any artificial reproduction.

There is one point in which Fielding is a model for all times, and in which Mr. Thackeray is his worthy disciple, and we venture to think, perfectly his equal. That point is, style and beauty of composition. The last century was certainly more studious, generally speaking, of form than ours. You may open any page of Fielding at random, and read it with pleasure, without reference to the story or context, merely as a piece of exquisite writing. The same may be said of Mr. Thackeray. It can hardly be said of any one else, among the novelists of our day, most of whom seem never to have apprehended beauty of composition as a distinct object to be aimed at, and one which requires a distinct effort of the intellect in order to its achievement. Let them, if they wish to please greatly and live long, study their great leader's art in narrative, description, and dialogue, and those beautiful miniature essays, perfect in form as crystals, in which the sentiment of his novels is here and there condensed.

If there is a weakness of style to which we should wish Mr. Thackeray to look before he launches his works on the stream of time, it is an occasional tendency to ride metaphors too hard. For instance, in vol. i. p. 139., Lady Maria's elderly orbs, with Harry's gaze poured into them, are compared to two fish-pools irradiated by a pair of stars; and this figure, which would hardly bear dwelling on, is laboured out till women become treacherous

pools into which silly dogs of lovers drop their beef bones, and which are *dragged* for lovers' corpses; and at last a woman is the green-eyed naiad of the waters of her own eyes, luring the deluded Hylas under their surface.

The philosophy of life embodied in 'The Virginians,' as in Mr. Thackeray's other novels, is sound and sensible rather than deep. Its ideal character, the young, good-looking, good-natured, high-spirited Harry Warrington, is a fair measure of its profundity. Deeper character can only be displayed in more serious action, and the more serious actions of life, excepting war, are repudiated by Mr. Thackeray as subjects for fiction, in a passage of this work, in which he seems to us rather to confound together the *serious* and the *prosaic*. We cannot accuse 'The Virginians' of cynicism, if by cynicism is meant either want of geniality of sentiment, or a sour view of human nature. That author cannot be an unbeliever in human virtue who painted the Lambert family. Mr. Thackeray's characters are generally mixed. He marks the evil that is blended with the good; but he also marks the good that is blended with the evil, and if he finds some self-deception in our highest actions, he makes allowance for it in our lowest. On the whole, the impression we draw from him is that there is more weakness in the world than is commonly supposed, and less positive vice. It must be allowed, however, that whether from something amiss in his own spectacles, or from using those of Fielding too often, he sometimes exaggerates the number of people in the world who wear a mask. 'Daily in life,' he says, 'I watch men whose every smile is an artifice, and every wink is an hypocrisy.' With deference to the opinion of so great an observer of character, we doubt whether many men are even capable of sustaining such lifelong efforts of dissimulation; and suspect that Mr. Thackeray has put too harsh a construction on that ordinary social hypocrisy which springs partly from the mere desire to please, and which, though ignoble, does not go very deep into the heart.

In fine, if 'The Virginians' is not perfectly successful, it is because its author, led astray, as we venture to think, by his admiration for Fielding, has attempted to do that which for the reasons we have given above cannot be done. To say that this novel will not rank with Mr. Thackeray's best works is very slight blame; to say that it will rank with those of his works which are less good is no slight praise. Milo has shown extraordinary strength in striving to rend the oak, though he is wedged in the oak he strove to rend.

ART. VII.—1. *Der italienische Krieg*, 1859, *politisch militärisch beschrieben*, von W. RÜSTOW, Erste Abth. Zürich: 1859.

2. *L'Italie Confédérée. Histoire politique, militaire et pittoresque de la Campagne de 1859*. Par A. DE CÉSENA. 1^e Livⁿ. 8vo. Paris: 1859.

THESE narratives are the first fruits of a class of publications which may be expected to issue in great abundance from the French and German press. They describe, with more or less of accuracy and vivacity, that brief, but eventful, campaign, which renewed on the well-known plains of Italy the military triumphs of the French Empire in the spring of the present year; and they invite us to consider the relative strength and condition of the contending armies—the effects produced on military tactics by the steam-boat, the railroad, and by modern artillery—and the relative ability of the men who conducted these operations. In the following remarks we shall not, however, confine ourselves to the materials furnished by the imperfect works before us. On the contrary, we shall rely principally on our own sources of information; as our object is to place before our readers as accurate and impartial a summary of the military events of the campaign, as the present state of our information enables us to produce.

The French army, though nominally on a peace establishment, entered upon this war with several advantages which their antagonists did not possess. The Emperor Napoleon III. had obviated the danger arising from the inexperience of an army, drawn by annual conscription from the body of the people, by the creation of the Imperial Guard and of other corps of extraordinary excellence, having no aim in life but to rise by daring feats of arms, enthusiastic in the pursuit of their profession, and attached to the standard under which they served by the attractions of superior pay. Experience has taught French commanders that better service may be effected by a picked corps, backed by a large though comparatively less efficient army, than by a force entirely composed of regiments of the line; and the services of the Guards and the Zouaves in this campaign fully justified this opinion. The whole French army was moreover strong in unbounded confidence in their own prowess and in the most absolute identity of national and military feeling.

The Austrian army is also recruited according to the French system amongst the adult males of the Empire; but as Austria is composed of men of various nations, each speaking a language unknown to the other, an army consisting of these materials has little of the national feeling which characterises the French, and it is rare to find in it any higher bond of union than that which is the result of rigid discipline. Now discipline has its effect in the field exactly in proportion to the time that soldiers serve. Unfortunately for Austria, there were no old soldiers in her army at the outbreak of the Italian war. That army had been remodelled a few years before, and in lieu of the old system, which involved long time of service, a new one, having peculiar aims and tendencies, had been introduced. The result was to change, every two or three years, the whole composition of the army, the number of recruits falling by ballot into the ranks equalling at least one third of the whole standing army. Thus it was that whilst France entered upon the Italian war with a nucleus of picked men and old soldiers, Austria engaged in hostilities with a young army composed for the most part of men under three years of service, men not deficient in stature, it is true, nor wanting in courage, but having less discipline, less sentiment of military duties, than their opponents.

Nor were these the only disadvantages under which the Austrians laboured at the outbreak of a great war. They had long enjoyed the fame of possessing the best served artillery on the European continent. This artillery, chiefly manned by men of the Bohemian nation, had ever been remarkable for the coolness with which it entered into action, the daring with which it advanced to the proximity of the enemy, and the energy with which it maintained positions in the field. The Austrian cavalry was, if possible, more renowned still. Louis Napoleon, who seems to have prepared for an Austrian war long before his intentions were suspected, could not hope to rival the Austrians in their cavalry. But he sought and found means to create a new artillery, that should, by its range, place him in a position of decided superiority with regard to that arm which is considered the decisive weapon in general engagements in our day. The world was not slow to learn that a new gun had been invented by Colonel Treuille de Beaulieu and M. Delvigne, carrying projectiles to such a distance as must of necessity neutralise the most perfect practice of an inferior cannon. If six pounders could fire with good aim at 3000 yards, it was obvious that the old system of firing at 300 yards would be useless. The Austrians may be pardoned for

having treated with incredulity the accounts of trials with the new guns. The French artillery corps did not look upon them with unmixed favour, and it was a general opinion amongst them at the outset that they were costly and dangerous play-things. But what is inconceivable is, that Austria should have clung to the last to her old *matériel*, without an attempt to lighten the weight of her gun carriages or to change their antiquated form.

As regards commissariat, neither the French nor the Austrians were well provided. But this at least must be conceded to the former. The soldiers of France had enough and to spare, if the regulations for their sustenance were honestly carried out. They had plenty of beef, bread, coffee, and wine. Whereas from system the Austrians never give their men more than half a pound of beef per day, and do not allow cooking more than once during the twenty-four hours, — a system which has serious disadvantages, inasmuch as it frequently drives the soldier into action with an empty belly, besides forcing him on a march to provide extras for himself out of his pay.

Finally, as to the officers who held the supreme command, it is remarkable that Louis Napoleon, who had never been in the field, determined to assume the office of commander-in-chief. But he had under his orders such men as Baraguay d'Hilliers, Canrobert, Niel, and MacMahon, and was not too self-conceited to take their opinion — generals who had all served in Algeria and the Crimea; men of vigour and good counsel, accustomed to war on a great scale, and well trained in the military school which lives on the experience and traditions of the great Napoleon. The Austrians, reversing the practice of their antagonists, entrusted the command to Count Gyulai, a man of no military talent, and untaught by service in the field to direct the evolutions of masses. He belonged to a class of soldiers who have ever been and ever will remain the cause of Austrian failure. He was a member of the *Adjutanten corps*, of which the Emperor's favourite, Count Grünne, is a conspicuous member. Called to Milan by Radetzky, he soon incurred the utmost disfavour of the Italians, and perhaps for that reason gained the confidence of the Court. The death of Radetzky left him the reversion of the Milanese; and the favour of the aristocratic party, headed by Count Grünne, secured to him the chief command in the army of Italy. Yet the Emperor of Austria did not place implicit confidence in him. General Hess, who had the ear of Francis Joseph, kept close watch upon Gyulai's movements, and, as will be seen by the

sequel, sought to remedy his blunders. But, unfortunately, it was not in the power of any man effectually to retrieve such follies as were positively committed, and the Emperor of Austria must consent to admit that he weakly yielded to Court influence when Count Gyulai rose to the highest command in the Empire.

In March and early in April, preparations for war on a large scale were busily made by Austria and France. Louis Napoleon gathered together a large fleet of transports at Marseilles, and placed MacMahon's division in readiness to leave Algiers. Troops were at the same time massed on the frontier of Savoy, so that an imposing force should be ready at a moment's notice to cross the Mont Cenis. The Austrians on their part mobilised 200,000 men, divided them into eleven corps, and prepared to move upon the Ticino, their line extending from the lake Maggiore on one side to Pavia, and thence along the Po to the Adriatic. Denuding Verona and Mantua of provisions and guns, they had strengthened Pavia and Piacenza so as to make them fortresses of the first rank; and whilst they trusted for the security of their left to the neutrality of Parma, Modena, and the Legations, they took up an aggressive position against Piedmont by advancing their army to the frontier.

On the 23rd of April, the Austrian corps were all massed on the Ticino, between Pavia on the Austrian left, and Sesto Calende on her right. Then it was that the Emperor Francis Joseph, it is said, without the knowledge of his chief political advisers, sent Count Kellersberg to Turin with an ultimatum which he well knew would be unacceptable to the Cabinet of Count Cavour. The Austrians gave Victor Emmanuel three days' grace, at the expiration of which they expressed their determination to invade Piedmont. The King of Sardinia rejected the ultimatum, and established his head-quarters at Alessandria. The Emperor of the French had in the meanwhile given the signal to his army to march. General Baraguay d'Hilliers, appointed to command the first corps, army of the Alps, left Paris on the 23rd of April, and notwithstanding heavy snow on the Mont Cenis, his corps advanced rapidly to Susa, leaving its baggage and guns to follow. Generals Canrobert and Niel, commanding severally the third and fourth corps, proceeded rapidly to Turin, whilst their troops embarked at Toulon and Marseilles for Genoa as early as the 22nd. MacMahon's corps, the second, was already on its way from Algiers for the same destination. Thus whilst the Austrians were granting three days' respite to Piedmont, the French and Sardinian army were already in motion to oppose the advance of Count Gyulai.

Notwithstanding the speed of the allies, the Austrians had a fine game to play had they commenced hostilities instantly on the return of Count Kellersberg to head-quarters. On the 28th of April French troops began to land at Genoa, and on the same day a large portion of the army of the Alps had arrived at Susa. Had the Austrians crossed the Ticino on the 27th, they could have thrown their forces across the Po at Cambio, and marched through Tortona to Novi, leaving a sufficient force in front of Alessandria to protect their flank.* They would thus have cut off the communication between Turin and Genoa, or they might have advanced rapidly through Novara to the Dora Baltea, cut off Turin from Susa, and pounced upon Baraguay d'Hilliers' corps, as it lay comparatively defenceless, without provisions, guns, or ammunition, on the southern face of the Alps. In either case they would have closed the communication between the two large divisions of the French army. Turin would probably have fallen, and the campaign would have opened with a certain amount of success to Austria. But to irresolution in military councils Austria superadded vacillation in her diplomatic relations; and the result was, that instead of marching on the evening of April 26th, Count Gyulai delayed to cross the Ticino till the 29th, when the whole aspect of the campaign had already changed. On that day, the French—who had been conveyed with unprecedented rapidity by the railroads and steam ships of war, were already in respectable force at Genoa and Susa, and were prepared for battle. The Grand Duchies of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma had undergone a revolution, and the favourable moment was irretrievably lost. Yet Count Gyulai still apparently clung to the hope that he would be in time to carry out a scheme which was no longer practicable; namely, that of cutting the communication between the two divisions of the French. His masses were divided into two armies, one of which was commanded by himself, the other by General Wimpffen: on the extreme right, advancing from Brescia and Bergamo, was the seventh corps, under Zobel, and the fifth, under Count Stadion: in the centre moved the third, under Prince Schwarzenberg, and on the left the eighth, under Benedek, and the second, under Prince Lichtenstein. A brigade of the fifth corps, under Festeditsch, was the first

* Doubts are freely expressed by military men as to the propriety of leaving such a fortress as Alessandria on the flank of an Austrian invading force. But there is no doubt that the Austrians long contemplated such a movement, and would have attempted it had they not lost their opportunity.

to cross the Ticino, and was immediately followed by the fifth at Pavia. The seventh, under Zobel, crossed at Bereguardo; the eighth and the second came up in succession, the last man taking ground on Piedmontese territory on the 1st of May. That three days should have been spent in the mere passage of the Ticino proves that the original delay was owing as much to want of preparation as to other causes, and we do not believe that Lord Malmesbury's ill-timed remonstrance and final propositions had anything to do with this loss of time. On the night of the 1st of May, the Austrians had deployed in a line due north and south on the left bank of the Agogna, holding Vespolate on their right, Mortara, Castel d'Agogna, Sannazaro, and Binasco, and resting with their left on Pavia.

We must pause an instant to describe the country which the Austrians had thus invaded. The Po runs a course almost due east from Turin to Pavia, below which it is joined by the Ticino. Parallel and to the westward of the latter run the Agogna, the Sesia, and the Dora Baltea. These streams all flow at right angles to the course of the Po, and fall into that river at about equal intervals from each other; the first, near Sannazaro; the second, below the Piedmontese fortress of Casale; the third, above Crescentino. The country watered by them is flat and marshy, and intersected by roads artificially raised above the common level. Rice is the staple agricultural produce of the country, so that the swampy land is impassable to soldiers, except along the highways. South of the Po, between Alessandria and Turin, lies high ground which presents excessive difficulties to the passage of troops; but an army placed parallel to the Ticino, and on the western bank of that stream, threatens Turin by an advance on the Sesia and Dora Baltea, whilst if it deploys on a front parallel with the Po from Valenza to Pavia, it menaces the country due south towards Genoa. In either case it avoids the high ground of the Montferrat, leaving it in the first instance on its left, in the second on its right. In the first case a hostile movement interposes an army between Turin and the Alps; in the second, it cuts off Turin from Genoa. In view of a movement in either of these directions it is necessary to cross the Sesia. This the Austrians accomplished, marching a corps on the 2nd of May into Vercelli, and Count Gyulai holding a line due north and south from Biella to Cambio on the Po. What Count Gyulai's plans were at this time, it is impossible to divine. He was facing the Dora Baltea on one side, and the country south of the Po, between Valenza and Pavia, on the other. He occupied an immense line of country, not know

ing, apparently, whether to advance or retire, or what advantage to take of his position. Abandoning all prospect of crossing the Dora Baltea, he seems to have cherished the more dangerous scheme of an advance on Novi. At all events he sent General Benedek across the Po at Cornale, with 40,000 men, masking the movement in chief by feints of passage at Valenza and Frassinetto (4th May). Benedek entered Voghera and advanced to Tortona, from whence he rapidly retired, destroying the Ponte Curone, or bridge on the Curone, over which the railway from Alessandria to Voghera passes. The Austrians affirm that the movement was nothing more than a reconnaissance in force, and that it effected a most important purpose, namely, that of interrupting the railway communication between Alessandria and the Po, on the extreme right of the French position. But it is more probable that Benedek only retired in consequence of the bad state of the weather, which now became a serious obstacle, as it swelled the course of the Po and its tributaries to such an extent, that the bridge at Cornale was destroyed (night of 4th to 5th May), and Benedek was left for twenty-four hours without communication with the main body of the army. The Austrians in their advance to Tortona met with no resistance; the Sardinians remaining in their positions between Casale, Valenza, and Alessandria, Canrobert's corps being as yet in no condition to attempt any strong movement, and being only then in the act of taking up positions at Novi and Bobbio.

Whatever may have been Count Gyulai's intentions in crossing the Sesia and Po, the return of Benedek to the left of the latter river was the signal for the Austrians to surrender all hopes of an aggressive movement. Count Gyulai accordingly fell back behind the Sesia, fixing his head-quarters at Mortara, on the 8th of May, but still occupying Vercelli on his right, as a *tête de pont*, and a strategical point to command the road from Turin to Novara and Milan, keeping outposts south of the Po on his extreme left at Stradella and places adjacent. The Austrians had now to watch the enemy's movements, and ascertain in what direction they intended to attack. The French were gradually concentrating their forces, but had not decided on any course of operations. They spent their time in repairing the damage done by the Austrians to railways, roads, and bridges in the direction of Voghera on their right, of Casale in their centre; and they affected to show considerable forces in the former direction, thus inducing the Austrians to believe that they intended attacking towards Pavia and Piacenza. During this period the positions of the allies have been described as less

favourable than those of the Austrians, but the very reverse is the truth. Both armies held an enormous front. But the allies were in possession of long lines of railway which enabled them to change their front with incomparable rapidity; whilst the Austrians had no means of transporting their troops from one extremity of their line to the other save by the ordinary roads. This disadvantage was fatal to them, as we shall have occasion to show.

The allies having succeeded in creating the impression that they intended to attack by their right, that is in the direction of Pavia and Piacenza, Count Gyulai, on the 19th of May, gave directions to General Zobel to give up Vercelli, and destroy the bridge on the Sesia. He then removed his headquarters to Garlasco, reinforcing at the same time his left, throwing out large out-posts towards Casteggio, Voghera, and Bobbio, and making a new bridge across the Po, below Pavia, to facilitate communications with the rear. It was important at the same time to ascertain whether the allies were advancing along the narrow strip of level country which borders on the Po from Tortona to Stradella, and accordingly, directions were given to Count Stadion to cross the Po at Vacarizza, below Pavia, and advance till he met the enemy in force. Count Stadion crossed the Po on the 20th of May, having under his orders about 20,000 men. Under his direction General D'Urban moved with two brigades, Braum's of the ninth and Boers' of the eighth corps, on the main road from Stradella to Casteggio, whilst General Baumgarten, with the brigade Bils (fifth corps), advanced to Casatisma, a small village due north of Casteggio; Gall's brigade (fifth corps) moving on Robecco to the east of Casatisma, and Hesse's brigade, of the fifth corps, by Verrua on Branduzzo to secure the right. These movements were punctually executed. Casteggio was carried at eleven o'clock by D'Urban, who, without waiting for further orders, advanced at once with his two brigades through Montebello; driving the Piedmontèse regiment of Montferrat, which endeavoured by frequent charges to repel their advance, and the vanguard—500 men of General Forey's division (corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers)—as far as Ginestrello. The road from Casteggio to Montebello runs in a westerly direction past the latter village, and to the north of it, crossing a small stream called the Fossagazzo. The village lies on a small spur west of the stream. This D'Urban crossed, occupying Ginestrello and Montebello, and holding the houses and churchyards against the whole of Forey's division, which gradually formed as the regiments composing it came up from their various camping

grounds. D'Urban, by his rapid advance, had lost the support of the other brigades advancing by Casatisma and Robecco. He did not give up Ginestrello, however, until General Baragtuay d'Hilliers sent reinforcements from Voghera by rail; when, after a severe conflict, he fell back on Montebello, and there made a final stand. General Forey, advancing his left along the road to the bridge on the Fossagazzo, kept up a heavy fire of artillery there, whilst with his right he attacked Montebello by its southern slopes. There he engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with D'Urban, maintaining it until the brigade under Gaals came up from Robecco, and the troops under Bils and Hess debouched on the road in front of the French left. The Austrians then finding that imposing forces were advancing against them, slowly evacuated Montebello, and retired fighting on the road to Casteggio, where they were not pursued. On the side of the Austrians General Braum fell; on that of the allies General Beuret. The French confessed to have lost 700 killed and wounded in this affair, the Austrians 1300.

The result was to confirm Count Gyulai in the belief that the allies were in force on his left, and that they intended nothing less than an advance upon Pavia and Piacenza. So firmly indeed was he convinced that this was the plan of the campaign about to be pursued by the allies, that he weakened his right, and left the line of the Sesia unguarded, except by some small detachments of Zobel's corps. The King of Sardinia was consequently enabled, on the 21st of May, to effect a passage at Vercelli without opposition. The bridge at Vercelli serves at once the high road and the railway to Novara and Milan. This bridge having been destroyed, General Cialdini divided his troops and forded the Sesia in two places. The Austrians, being only 3000 strong, retired to Orfengo, leaving the Piedmontese in quiet possession of Borgo Vercelli. Having been unable to prevent the passage of the river, the Austrians might have made an effort to drive back the King of Sardinia; but labouring as they did under the mistaken belief that no danger threatened them on that side, they quietly allowed Victor Emmanuel to strengthen his position and throw bridges over the Sesia, which were shortly to be used for the passage of the whole French army. On the 23rd Louis Napoleon visited Vercelli. That might have opened the eyes of Count Gyulai, but as the Emperor had just before examined the battle-field of Montebello, the Austrian general attached no importance to the Imperial movement. Louis Napoleon's plans had no doubt been matured before that day, for on his return he commenced preparations

for a movement by which he should change the whole of his front, and transport his army to Vercelli."

To do this successfully it was necessary to use the utmost secrecy, and at the same time the utmost speed: Louis Napoleon was fortunate in possessing ample means for securing both. The network of railways which overruns Piedmont afforded him these means, and he used them with a skill which deserves all praise. A glance at a map will show how the French Emperor was enabled to move an army of 140,000 men, in front of an enemy as strong numerically as his own, without attracting their attention till it was too late to parry the blow. From the French right at Voghera runs the Tortona and Alessandria railway. By this line the corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers was withdrawn without difficulty, leaving its outposts (*grandgardes*) to the last to deceive the enemy. From Alessandria another line of railway runs due north to Valenza on the Po, and from thence along the right bank to Casale. On the 28th of May the first French column left Alessandria ostensibly for Voghera, but instead of proceeding thither marched to Valenza; other corps at the same time were directed on Casale; and the French army thus performed by railway one of the most difficult operations in modern warfare, namely, a flank movement, which brought it in overwhelming force on the extreme right of the Austrian army, at the very time when the chief force of the latter was concentrated on the left.

Whilst the French army thus changed its front, (its movement was well nigh completed on May 30th,) the Piedmontese army, which had hitherto formed the extreme left of the allies, maintained its ground in the vicinity of Vercelli. The flank movement, undertaken by Louis Napoleon, had this peculiar danger attached to it: if the enemy gained certain intelligence of it, he might, by clubbing his forces at a favourable point, interpose a compact body of troops between the head of the hostile line and its rear, and attacking its flank and front, almost annihilate the army opposed to him. Gyulai, for instance, concentrating his forces at Mortara, might have marched on Vercelli, midway between Casale and Novara, and cut the allies in two. The Austrian right, having advanced guards in Palestro and Vinzaglio, were so close to the line of march adopted by Louis Napoleon, that they might learn at any moment the whole secret of the movement. It was obviously desirable that this should be avoided. Accordingly, in order to keep up the deception as long as possible, King Victor Emmanuel was thrown forward from Borgo Vercelli on the 30th of May, towards Palestro and Vinzaglio, two villages occupied by small detachments of

Austrians of Zobel's corps. Four companies of the regiment Archduke Leopold, with four guns, occupied Palestro, and two companies, with two guns, Vinzaglio. From Borgo Vercelli, a road raised, like all those of the Lomellina, above the level of the rice fields, runs direct east to Robbio through Palestro. About a mile from Borgo Vercelli another road, also raised by artificial means, runs east to Robbio through Vinzaglio. The two villages are on high ground, and are connected with each other by a road at right angles to those which lead to Robbio. The King of Piedmont divided his force, comprising the whole of Cialdini's division, into two columns, and sent one towards Vinzaglio, and the other towards Palestro. It is difficult to understand how the small Austrian force was not completely destroyed by the overwhelming number of the Piedmontese. The two companies at Vinzaglio were so completely overmatched, that they retired precipitately towards Palestro by the cross road. The four companies in Palestro held their ground manfully. The Piedmontese, throwing forward their artillery on the highway, turned the Austrian left with two battalions, and the double attack in front and flank immediately decided the fate of the day. The Leopolds, who had been joined half an hour after the action began, by their relief—six companies of the regiment Wimpffen—retired into a churchyard at the northern extremity of the village. They rallied the remains of the two companies from Vinzaglio, minus two guns, which were left behind on the cross road, and withdrew in good order to Robbio. That 1200 men should have been able to withdraw from an entire division, proves the great gallantry of the Imperial officers and men. The loss of the Leopolds and Wimpffens, though great, might have been more severe. Two guns fell into the hands of the enemy, 300 men were killed or wounded, and not a single officer retired unhurt. The first affair of Palestro, which has been called a battle, had no claim to such a title. The Piedmontese army merely drove in the outposts of the enemy.

Louis Napoleon, certain now that he had to deal only with the extreme right, the weakest part of the Austrian army, freed at the same time from all chance of being pried into, hastened the passage of the Sesia, and concentrated heavy masses of troops about Vercelli and Borgo Vercelli. The Austrians, on their part, began to perceive the error they had committed in weakening their right. But although they knew, from the reports of their detachments at Palestro, that heavy masses were concentrated at Vercelli, although they were now aware that Voghera had been evacuated, and that they had

nothing to fear as regards Piacenza, they still laboured under a delusion as to the real movements of the allies. To suppose that their extreme left was still menaced was impossible. But the attack on Palestro being undertaken by the Piedmontese alone, who hitherto formed the allied left, the real plan of the allies might still be to force the Po at Valenza, and cut the Austrian centre. The affair at Palestro, in this view, would have been but a feint. Count Gyulai accordingly reinforced his centre on the night of the 30th of May. He moved his head-quarters to the westward from Garlasco to Mortara, brought up Lichtenstein's corps (the second) from St. Giorgio, on the Agogna, to Mortara, and ordered Schwarzenberg's corps (the third) at Trumello (east of Mortara, on the road to Garlasco) to be in readiness for an advance at a moment's notice. His other corps remained echeloned in the direction of Pavia and Piacenza. Anxious, however, for his right, he gave orders to General Zobel to retake Palestro and Vinzaglio on the morning of the 31st. The fact, that only part of Zobel's corps and a division of Lichtenstein's were detached to perform this duty, proves, conclusively enough, that Count Gyulai was still completely in the dark as to the flank movement so ably conceived and splendidly executed by Louis Napoleon. This very concentration was destined to be fatal to Zobel's movement. His corps was considerably dispersed when he received the orders of Count Gyulai; Dondorf's brigade was the nearest to the enemy and lay at Robbio, a few miles west of Palestro. Szabo's was at Langosco, on the Po, watching the road from Casale to Candia—and would have to march all night to reach Rivoltella, from whence it was to move from the south on Palestro. Weichl's brigade (Jellachich's division) was to operate against Confienza, due north of Palestro. Thus three brigades of about 4000 men each were to start from three different points of the compass and converge from the north, west and south on the point occupied by the Piedmontese division of Cialdini. This would have been a good arrangement, had the French army not been close at hand and on the left bank of the Sesia. The brigade Trochu, comprising the third Zouaves, an old and tried regiment, was encamped in some corn-fields south of Rivoltella and separated from that village by a canalised stream, called Canal della Cascina, about four feet in depth. The height of the corn concealed these troops, which lay, so to speak, in ambush, watching a road which from Rivoltella leads on a high level to Palestro. At the same time a column of Piedmontese, 4000 strong, held a position in advance of Confienza and Palestro. Dondorf, moving

from Robbio and favoured by the cover of trees, which prevented the Piedmontese from watching his advance, entered Palestro and took it after a short struggle. But the two brigades on each side of him were less forward in their movements, and whilst Dondorf alone had to withstand superior forces which were gradually concentrated against him, Weichl was arrested in his progress by the corps at Confienza; whilst Szabo, marching along the causeway to Rivoltella, found himself attacked in flank by an unexpected enemy. The third Zouaves dashed across the canal of the Cascina, and charged him with the bayonet on the raised and narrow road. Szabo in haste drew up his artillery in the low ground north of the causeway. But the guns were hardly in position and had fired but one volley, when the Austrian line was broken, and the gunners were attacked at the very mouth of their pieces by French and Piedmontese. The guns were in a swamp, and could not be removed, and Szabo, considerably mauled, found it necessary to return by the road he came and leave them.* General Zobel, who from Palestro saw the fate of Szabo, gave the signal for retreat, which was effected in more or less order by Dondorf, as well as by Weichl. The latter had at first successfully driven back the column opposed to him, and occupied the bridge on the little stream of La Busca. The allies, freed from the presence of Szabo, concentrated a more vigorous effort on Weichl, forced him to leave two guns on the bridge, and drove him back. The French continued the pursuit to Robbio, in possession of which Zobel remained. This action cost the Austrians about 1500 killed and wounded, and the French and Piedmontese a still greater number; the Zouaves having suffered severely in their attack at Rivoltella.

The battle of Palestro opened the eyes of Count Gyulai, and threw him into a state of considerable perplexity. The French right, under Canrobert, had not as yet crossed the Sesia, and the head-quarters of the Emperor of the French were still at Vercelli. Count Gyulai might even then have retrieved his position by rapidly concentrating sufficient forces between Vercelli and Novara, and advancing across the Agogna. Clam's corps (the first) was already in part at San Martino (Buffalora) on the Ticino, Zobel's (the seventh) around Robbio,

* These guns were so firmly embedded in the mud that the French were unable to remove them. When the Austrians returned to the spot after the French flank movement was completed, the guns were still untouched. They were not removed by the Austrians, and ultimately fell into the possession of the French and Piedmontese.

Lichtenstein, a couple of miles to the westward at Sant' Angelo, Schwarzenberg's (the third) at Mortara, with Mensdorf's heavy brigade of cavalry. A little resolution would have sufficed to bring the whole of these forces together in the night of the 31st of May to the neighbourhood of Novara; but Count Gyulai had not the genius to see, far less the nerve to accomplish, such a movement, which, above all, required spirit, decision, and promptness. To the remonstrances of the chiefs of his staff, who urged him to a bold and decisive course, he replied by saying that he could not assume such grave responsibility. 'What,' he said, 'would the Emperor, his master, say, if defeat were to be the result, and its consequences the destruction of the army under his command, by a fierce and unflinching pursuit?' Such were his replies to the remonstrances of such men as Kuhn, the chief of his staff. To the generals of corps, who ventured to make suggestions, he vouchsafed no reply. Zobel had learnt early on the morning of the 1st of June, that the French were advancing on Novara. He instantly sent to apprise Count Gyulai of the fact, begging him to send up the rest of the second corps (Lichtenstein) from Mortara, the whole of the third (Schwarzenberg) from the neighbourhood of Vespolate, to move concentrically with his own upon a point midway between Novara and Vercelli, whilst Clam, advancing from Buffalora on the former point, might deal with the head of the columns as they advanced. The conception was admirable, but to a man of Count Gyulai's character impracticable. He listened not to it for a moment, but abandoning the alternative of action, amidst the suppressed discontent and murmurings of his officers, ordered a general retreat by the bridges of Vigevano and Bereguardo.

There is no doubt that Count Gyulai contemplated nothing less at this time than the evacuation of Lombardy, and that he had decided on blowing up Pavia and Piacenza, as a preliminary to relinquishing the whole country south of the Mincio and Lower Po. He telegraphed to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Verona, to inform him of this intention. That the Emperor received the intimation with indignation and disgust, is shown by the haste with which he despatched Marshal Hess to the Ticino. That officer met Count Gyulai at daybreak on the morning of the 3rd of June near Bereguardo, and had a long interview with him. The Austrian army had then completely effected its retreat across the Ticino. The second and seventh corps, under Lichtenstein and Zobel, had passed over at Vigevano, the eighth and fifth, under Benedek and Stadion, at Bereguardo, the third corps, under Schwarzenberg, covering the retreat and retiring

unmolested on Vigevano. The ninth corps, under Schaffgotsche, had not moved from Pavia or Piacenza. The result of the interview between Hess and Gyulai was a resolution that something must be done to prevent the passage of the French. It was known, however, early in the morning that the Ticino had been crossed at Turbigo, north of Magenta, by the French, but it was not known that the French had also occupied San Martino, and that they had found the bridge of Buffalora in a state fit for the passage of troops*, General Hess having every reason, on the contrary, to believe that the bridge at San Martino and Buffalora had been blown up, and that there would thus be ample time to bring up troops to oppose the passage of the allies in force. That the mines at the Buffalora bridge were insufficiently charged with powder was owing to a mistake of the engineers, who had employed the powder intended for that operation in minor explosions, under the impression that it would be easy to get more from Milan, where, as it happened, none was in store. Not knowing this mishap, however, and only anticipating an attack of a dangerous kind from the direction of Turbigo, the Austrians contented themselves with throwing forward Cordon's brigade of Clam's corps, to watch Turbigo from Castano to Robecchetto, keeping the two remaining brigades of Clam's corps in Buffalora, two brigades of Lichtenstein (second) in Magenta and Ponte di Magenta, and a third at Robecco; whilst to strengthen the right of this line, Reishach's division of Zobel's corps was advanced to Corbetta, about three miles west of Magenta. Thus the Austrian line was not one facing the Ticino or the main body of the French army, but was disposed at right angles to the river, its left being formed on the high ground through which runs the Naviglio Grande, its centre at Magenta, and its right resting on Corbetta. Thus the allies, who assert that they had before them 125,000 Austrians at Magenta, had really but 25,000 or 30,000 men opposed to them; for Count Gyulai halted the rest of his army on the 3rd, at the points which they were enabled to reach about nightfall. Schwarzenberg, with the third corps, lay at Abbiate Grasso, east of the Naviglio Grande; Zobel, with half the seventh, south of him, and behind Abbiate Grasso in the fields between Gaggiano and Casteletto; Stadion, with half the fifth, at Casteletto, and the rest west of the Naviglio Grande, about Fallavecchia, on the road from Bereguardo; Benedek to the south-east at Binasco. In the evening, at half-past eight, news

* This fact is the more curious, as Turbigo is far more distant from Abbiate Grasso than Buffalora.

reached Count Gyulai, that the allies had occupied the bridge of San Martino, but he was still unaware that the Buffalora bridge mine had failed, and there is reason to believe that Count Clam, who was on the spot and ought to have known it, was also unaware of so serious a misfortune. Accordingly the Austrians, being already pretty well fatigued by the marches of the last few days, remained in their bivouacks during the night, leaving Clam, Lichtenstein, and Reishach, with barely 30,000 men, to withstand as best they could, the attack impending for the morrow. Thus, with skill and decision, the allies also combined on their side the greatest good fortune. They occupied a strong flanking position on the right bank of the Ticino from Treocate on the south to Ponte Turbigo on the north. An entire corps under MacMahon already occupied Turbigo on the left bank of the river, and opposite the French centre the passage of the Ticino was equally secure, because the bridge of Buffalora remained unbroken. Opposed to the allies were three halves of the corps of Clam, Lichtenstein, and Zobel, which had not only to hold Buffalora, Ponte di Magenta, Magenta, Robecco, and Corbetta, but to watch the movements of MacMahon, at Turbigo, by posting a brigade at Robecchetto and Castano. Clam's corps was weak because, after a long and tiring march from Bohemia, the head of it alone had come up by way of Milan. Lichtenstein's was enfeebled by the detachment of part of it on other duty.

It is now necessary to give the reader some knowledge of the nature of the ground upon which the battle of Magenta was fought. Of the Ticino, a wide and important stream, it is unnecessary to speak. That obstacle had already been overcome,—at Turbigo (north), because MacMahon had been allowed to cross without opposition, at San Martino and Buffalora (south), because the bridges had not been effectually blown up. Parallel, however, to the Ticino, a canal about thirty feet wide, the Naviglio Grande, runs at a distance of two miles and a quarter from it. From the bridge on the Ticino, at San Martino, three ways lead across the canal, and are again united in the village of Magenta. The most northerly of these roads crosses the canal at Buffalora, next to it runs the high road from Novara to Milan, which crosses the canal at Ponte di Magenta, and south of that again is the railway, which, after crossing the canal, also runs over the main road on a higher level. As the canal lies on elevated ground, the three roads above mentioned are raised above the land on either side. The causeway to the north leading to Buffalora is separated from the direct road to Magenta and Milan by a distance of about a mile, at the west-

ward point, whilst that upon which the railway runs is not more than 150 yards distant on the south. In short, the direct road from Milan may be called a main line of which the Buffalora road and the railway are the loops, the railway loop diverging less from the main line than that of Buffalora. The Austrians held the three bridges on the Naviglio with cannon. The Buffalora bridge alone of the three was broken, the two others were mined, but the mines, for the reason already given, contained no powder. South of the railway an old and now neglected highway, the old road to Magenta, crosses the Naviglio Grande at Ponte Vecchio di Magenta. South of that again lies Robecco, between the Naviglio and the Ticino, with a road and bridge across the former.

In order further to illustrate the difficulties under which the allies had to labour, it is necessary to explain the nature of the ground along which the Naviglio Grande runs. The canal being cut for purposes of irrigation, lies high on a ridge, which running from Buffalora on the north to Robecco on the south, forms a semicircular chain out of the crest of which the canal is scooped. Thus a heavy semicircular embankment faces the Ticino; and the roads which cross the canal are in cuttings, the high ground on each side giving great advantages to the defenders, because a hostile force advancing along the roads is commanded from above, and has the disadvantage of passing through a species of defile at the approach to each bridge.

The order of battle proposed by the allies on the morning of the 4th, was as follows: whilst MacMahon's corps and a division of the Voltigeurs of the French Guard were to advance from Turbigo on the left bank of the Naviglio to Magenta and Buffalora, supported by the whole of the Sardinian army, the Grenadiers and Zouaves of the Guard were to attack in front the causeways leading to the Naviglio, at Buffalora and Ponte di Magenta; Canrobert's corps from Novara supporting the latter movement, and Niel's corps remaining in reserve at Treccate. At seven in the morning MacMahon, dividing his force into two parts, began his advance with one division by Robecchetto on Buffalora, and the other by a road to the westward on Magenta. He had twelve miles to march before reaching either place, over roads thickly bordered by trees, and rendered to a certain extent impracticable by the breaking of bridges and other impediments. The brigade of Cordon, scarcely 4000 men, retired through Robecchetto, on Buffalora, impeding the advance of the enemy as best it could. At seven o'clock also the division of Grenadiers and Zouaves began to concentrate itself at San Martino, and Count Clam

sent word to Count Gyulai, then^o at Abbiate Grasso, that his left flank was seriously threatened by heavy forces; for not only were large bodies formed up at San Martino, but masses were evidently pressing on from the direction of Trecate and Novara. Count Gyulai affirms in his despatch that he then desired the corps at his disposal to move at once; but the sequel has proved that he did nothing of the kind, and that he remained for several hours unpardonably inactive at Abbiate Grasso, only bidding Clam, who had Lichtenstein's three brigades under his orders, to hold Magenta at all risks. Schwarzenberg's corps at Abbiate Grasso was but nine miles distant from Magenta, half of Zobel's corps (and half of Stadion's) at Casteletto, ten miles from Magenta, the other half of Stadion's corps eighteen miles away, at Morimondo, and Benedek's twenty-four miles off, at Binasco. If it was too much to hope that Benedek, or the more distant half of Stadion's corps, should come up, still the third, seventh, and fifth, — that is a whole and two half corps, — might have reached the field earlier than MacMahon, who had twelve miles to march to enter the field of battle. It will be seen that the third corps did not reach Robecco from Abbiate Grasso, a march of five miles, till past three in the afternoon, — that Zobel only arrived at an hour later still, and that the division Lillia of Stadion's corps only arrived late at Corbetta, the fifth corps, in fact, taking no part whatever in the action. Speed would have been the more likely to benefit the Austrians, as the allies had met with unexpected delays. At ten o'clock the Imperial Guard, Zouaves, and Grenadiers had been thrown across the Ticino, upon the causeways leading to Buffalora and Ponte di Magenta, and on the railroad; the object of their advance being to enable the French to throw a second bridge over the Ticino, not as yet to force the heights forming the southern dam of the Naviglio. This movement was met by the Austrians with a vigorous cannonade, which prevented not the throwing of the bridge. Clam was still without reinforcements, when eleven o'clock struck. He saw the French preparing for a rush on Buffalora and Ponte di Magenta, and foresaw the moment when the present struggle at long range would become a deadly one at short distances. He had intelligence of the movement from Turbigo; for Cordon's brigade was retreating before superior numbers. He felt that now was the time when he most needed to be strengthened; for with the small force at his command he could scarcely hope to repel successfully even the attack from the San Martino side. He accordingly despatched one of his aides-de-camp to Abbiate Grasso (eleven o'clock), with pressing demands for assistance. But Count Gyulai

did not begin to move till half past twelve, despatching word, as he left, to Zobel, Schwarzenberg, and Stadion to advance. In the meantime, the close attack which Clam anticipated had taken place. At noon the Grenadiers and Zouaves, with all available artillery, advanced at once on the three causeways against Buffalora and Ponte di Magenta. The more northerly column struggled for some time before it succeeded in effecting its purpose; but in an incredibly short space of time the attack on Ponte di Magenta was successful. The Zouaves advancing above the high road from Novara to Milan; the Grenadiers in the low ground within the loop between that road and the railway, stormed the dam, gained the bridges, and notwithstanding all Clam's efforts, held their ground there with a pertinacity that resisted every attack. They had to maintain themselves not only against a heavy fire in front, but equally heavy fire from the flanks by the defenders of the houses beyond Ponte di Magenta, and those placed below and to the eastward along the dams of the Naviglio. For upwards of an hour-and-a-half the combat raged furiously on this point, as well as at Buffalora. No reinforcements appeared on either side. Canrobert's march from Novara had been delayed by the great encumbrances he found on the road. MacMahon, impeded by Cordon's brigade and the obstacles in his path, had not appeared; the Emperor Louis Napoleon, from a tower near the bridge of San Martino, looked on at the fight with features of which he attempted not to conceal the gloom. If Count Gyulai had been ready with reinforcements, the allies had lost the battle. But two o'clock struck ere he appeared, and then Buffalora, Ponte di Magenta, and the Naviglio were in possession of the French; and to add to the discomfiture of the Austrians, the cannon of MacMahon was heard approaching Buffalora by the Robecchetto road.

It was clear that now the Austrians coming up to the aid of Clam would have not only to retake Buffalora and Ponte di Magenta, but would have to divert a large part of their troops to the purpose of opposing MacMahon. The troops of Clam's and Lichtenstein's corps, repelled from Buffalora and Ponte di Magenta, had been directed to keep in check the corps of MacMahon, which, advancing by the two roads on Buffalora and Magenta, found its two divisions divided from each other. MacMahon believing himself cut in two, withdrew his right from the Buffalora road to throw his whole force on Magenta. He covered this difficult movement successfully with the aid of his reserve under General Camou. Whilst this operation proceeded, Reishach's division of the seventh corps, coming up from the

Austrian right at Corbetta, entered Magenta, and dividing into two bodies, with Reishach at its head on one side and Lebzelttern on the other, advanced, the first on Ponte di Magenta, the second on Buffalora. The attacks of both brigades were so impetuous that they carried all before them. Ponte di Magenta and Buffalora were yielded by the French, who still remained unaided, and who lost two guns. But happily for them Canrobert's corps had overcome the obstacles in its way, and the Emperor besides had already drawn from Niel's reserve at Tre-cate Vinoy's division, one brigade of which under Picard now came to the rescue of the Guards and Zouaves. On pressed now these fresh troops up the causeways and dam, amidst the roar of artillery and musketry; hand to hand fought the men. Lebzelttern fell, then Reishach, and foot by foot the Austrians yielded, as fresh troops from Canrobert's corps advanced from San Martino against them. The sky, as if in anger, lowered black and gloomy over the field where so many thousands were contending. On the Austrian right MacMahon was making desperate efforts. A farm house called the Cascina Nuova, outside Magenta, the railway station, and the railway itself, on which the French were advancing, were scenes of ceaseless heroism, where the combatants fought at close quarters with bayonet and butt of rifle, the French gradually gaining ground inch by inch, whilst at Buffalora and Ponte di Magenta the Guards and Zouaves and their supports were pressing to take Magenta in rear. Count Gyulai had in the meanwhile ridden off to Robecco, where lay a reserve of Kintzel's brigade of Lichtenstein's corps. He was anxious enough now (it was past three o'clock) to get Schwarzenberg's corps into action, but Schwarzenberg was but at that moment advancing, and his rear was at some distance. Something, however, it became evidently necessary to do to arrest the victorious progress of the enemy. So Count Gyulai, taking in hand Kintzel's brigade, threw it forward from Robecco along the south side of the Naviglio, to take in flank and rear the French columns on the old highway to Ponte Vecchio di Magenta, which was now held by the enemy as well as the three others north of it. As the corps of Schwarzenberg came up, it was thrown in brigades towards the same direction. Thus Kintzel's and Hartung's advanced by the southern side of the Naviglio to the storm of Ponte Vecchio di Magenta, Ramming's by the northern bank to the same end. The Ponte Vecchio di Magenta was taken, lost, and retaken several times, in the midst of the thunder of cannon and the more startling thunder of heaven's artillery, which roared over the field, the French always regaining the position, from

which they endeavoured to assault Robecco. As the fourth attack of the Austrians was thus being repelled, a most daring cavalry feat was performed by Colonel Edelsheim of the Preussen hussars. He received orders to restore the battle (*das gefecht herzustellen*) by a charge of cavalry. Taking his squadron and dashing into the fields encumbered with vines and intersected with ditches, Edelsheim covered the ground before him by a series of leaps that would have done honour to steeple-chasers. • The Austrian infantry (brigade Grand Duke of Hesse) followed up the advantage thus given them, and the battle was re-engaged on the causeway for the fifth time. But this daring act of gallantry came too late. The Austrians were finally obliged to retire, their left on Robecco, their right and centre on Corbetta, MacMahon having pressed the village of Magenta so strongly from the north, that the Austrians must needs give way. Two Hungarian regiments, not over-staunch, had fled from the Cascina Nuova into the streets of Magenta; one regiment coming up by rail from Milan had been made prisoners without a blow. As for the Hungarian regiment already mentioned, many were taken prisoners by the French under MacMahon. The officers tried to rally the remainder. A young lieutenant, endeavouring by force to make a Hungarian turn and face the enemy, was bayoneted in the arm, and revenged this breach of discipline by pistolling its author. On rolled the tide of battle into the streets of Magenta. From house to house it rolled till darkness came on, and threw its mantle over the ghastly field of battle. MacMahon retired to the north of Magenta, the French keeping Ponte di Magenta and Buffalora. Clam's and Lichtenstein's corps were completely dispersed, but still Count Gyulai had the fifth and eighth corps at hand; with these and the third under Schwarzenberg, and the remains of the seventh under Zobel, he might have renewed the battle on the 5th.

Night had set in without giving the allies a certainty that the victory was theirs. All the troops which had fought on the causeways and the Naviglio, and in Magenta itself, had been withdrawn for the purpose of reorganising them. Trochu's brigade alone remained at Ponte di Magenta. Even MacMahon was willing to confess that the day had been equally contested. The Emperor, in a bulletin, from which the 'Moniteur' carefully withheld the superscription, but which we know was written on the right bank of the Ticino on the morning of the 5th, telegraphed to the Empress Eugénie, 'that on that day the army was taking rest and organising itself.' The Austrians, it is true, had lost the present services of several valuable

officers: Generals Baron Reishach, von Burdina, von Dürfeld, von Lebzeltern, and von Wetzlar, had been wounded, 15,000 men were killed, wounded, prisoners, or missing. But the French had suffered equal losses: General Espinasse and General Cler had been killed, Generals Wimpffen and Mellinet wounded. The Austrian troops had fought under serious disadvantages. Burdened with knapsacks, harassed by previous marches, weakened by want of food, caused by the bad system of feeding in the Austrian army, as well as by the haste with which they had sometimes been moved, they had still disputed with wonderful tenacity the ground which the French pressed them to obtain; and they had done all that young soldiers could be expected to do. They had been ill led by their commander-in-chief, but admirably by their immediate superiors, whose bravery had been conspicuous. The French expected that they would have again to fight for the causeways leading to Magenta, and that much heavy work lay before them ere they could think of advancing on Milan. But Count Gyulai, if he once contemplated a bold and decisive course like that of renewing the battle of Magenta,—if in order to do so he kept the third corps at Robecco and the fifth at Corbetta, soon shrunk from the responsibility of a new encounter, and found a pretext for retreating in the fact that Clam's and Lichtenstein's corps were dispersed,—an undoubted fact—but insufficient as an excuse for retreat, when Benedek's corps might have been brought up, which would have made the Austrian army as strong on the 5th for a renewed engagement as it had been on the 4th to keep the allies at bay. It was the opinion of the most intelligent amongst the Austrian staff officers that if the army maintained itself on the field of battle on the 5th of June, the French would be forced back finally to the right bank of the Ticino; but arguments with a man like Gyulai, afraid of responsibility and prone to foresee disaster, were useless. The Emperor had committed a great error in giving him the supreme command. It was a greater error still not to supersede him on the eve of Magenta by Hess, or some other officer. Gyulai had just made a series of blunders, yet Hess was only commissioned to remonstrate with him, and induce him to abandon the idea of retreating from Lombardy. The command was left him, and the consequence was a string of unpardonable follies at Magenta, where a fine position and a splendid opportunity were lost by his incapacity on the 4th. On the 5th he lost his head altogether. He had resolved to retire, he therefore issued orders for the several corps to fall back. To cover his retreat it was necessary to appoint some force to protect his rear. He had by him an

entire division of Stadion's corps, the division Lillia, which had not been engaged.* Instead of covering his retreat with this or any other fresh body of men, he chose the brigade of Hartung to perform that duty,—a brigade which had fought during the previous day for several hours and lost a vast number of men. This brigade, composed of the regiment Grand Duke of Hesse, advanced early on the 5th to storm Ponte di Magenta, then held by Trochu's brigade only, and under cover of its fire the Austrian army began slowly to retire, but the attack of the Hartung brigade was, in the words of Prince Schwarzenberg, 'the last effort of a gallant regiment.' This last stroke of generalship decided the fate of Gyulai, who was forthwith deprived of the command not only of the army but of that portion called the second army also.

The retreat meanwhile was effected in good order. The advance of Hartung's brigade on the 5th had produced a useless sacrifice of lives. The allies were not in a mood for a close pursuit, and when they ascertained that the retreat had really commenced, MacMahon exclaimed: 'Since they thus surrender their advantages, let us profit by them.' So on the evening of the 5th, whilst the Austrians were falling back on Melegnano, Lodi, Codogno, the French advanced on Milan. On the 6th the capital of Lombardy was occupied by the allies, and Baraguay d'Hilliers commenced the pursuit by advancing towards Melegnano. On the same day Pavia and Piacenza were blown up and abandoned. On the 8th Benedek was assailed by Baraguay d'Hilliers' corps at Melegnano. It was an useless engagement, in which the French lost more than the Austrians, fought perhaps in honour of the French arms under Francis I. on that same plain of Marignan. Three skirmishes of an unimportant nature also took place later on the extreme left of the allied line, between the Piedmontese and Garibaldi's corps and the troops under Urban; but it may be said, all things considered, that the Austrians effected their retreat to the Mincio unmolested, and that now the attention of the French must be concentrated on the celebrated *Viereck* or quadrangle of Verona, Mantua, Legnago, and Peschiera. The result of the battle of Magenta had been the loss of Lombardy to Austria, it now remained to be seen whether the Veronese and Venetia were to share its fate.

The retreat of the Austrians was completed on the 20th of June. It was orderly and well conducted. The French made no active pursuit. They concentrated their troops on the left,

keeping their corps well together in order to be prepared for any sudden movement of offence that might be made against them; and thus they reached the Chiese about the 21st June, their outposts being extended on the 22nd from Lonato, on the Lake of Garda, to Montechiaro, on the Chiese. This leisurely advance on their part is explained by the necessity of bridging successively the passages of the Adda, the Serio, the Oglio, and the Mella, all of which had been rendered impassable by the Austrians in their retreat through Lombardy. For a time it seemed as if the Emperor of Austria had determined to maintain himself on the right bank of the Mincio, as the head-quarters of the second army were maintained till the 20th at Montechiaro and Castiglione delle Stiviere; but on the afternoon of the 20th these places were abandoned, and he fixed his head-quarters at Villafranca, midway between Verona and Valleggio, Count Schlick, at the head of the second army, occupying Valleggio, General Wimpffen, with the first army, resting his left on Mantua. The whole Austrian army was thus in line on the Mincio from Mantua to Peschiera, Lichtenstein's corps (the second), standing on the extreme left at Mantua, and Benedek's (eighth), on the extreme right, near Peschiera. The whole army had been reorganised; the gaps made in the ranks at Magenta had been filled up by arrivals from Germany. Count Gyulai had taken leave of the troops, and the supreme command had been assumed by the Austrian Emperor in person. High hope swelled the bosoms of the army under his command. It was generally whispered that an offensive movement was in contemplation, that the various army corps had been brought together on the left bank of the Mincio only to place them in complete communication with each other. It was felt that from that line it would be easy to make a concentric movement on any point where the enemy might be favourably met, and those who best knew the temper of Francis Joseph were confident that he contemplated such a movement; nor were they mistaken in their opinion.

On the 22nd of June orders were issued for a general reconnaissance of the allied line. Major Appel, an officer of great experience, was chosen to perform this service, which he executed with sagacity and firmness. It was ascertained that the allies had pushed their outposts to Castiglione delle Stiviere and Desenzano, but the main body of the army was still behind the Chiese, with its head-quarters at Montechiaro. This information was made the base of the Emperor's plan of operations. A council of war was held, and it was resolved that the Austrian army, moving from its present base, should perform a concentric movement on

Montechiaro. To illustrate this, it is hardly necessary to examine a map. Montechiaro was the apex of a triangle, of which the line of the Mincio was the base. Every step in advance would bring the Austrian corps nearer to each other, until in the vicinity of Montechiaro they would have lain in close proximity. But to secure the success of such an enterprise it would have been highly desirable that the movement should be completed in one day; for if two days were spent in effecting it the allies might possibly defeat it by an advance. This argument was urged with some force, but overruled, we believe, for this reason: the allies had hitherto advanced but slowly; there was no inducement which should cause them now to hurry. The contemplated advance was difficult in one day, and could very well be completed in two. Accordingly it was resolved, that on the 23rd of June the Austrian army should so far advance on its concentric march, that the centre should occupy Cavriana and Solferino, the right Pozzolengo, the left Medole and Castel Goffredo, with supports in Guiddizolo, and Volta. On the 24th the forward movement was to continue; Castiglione was to be occupied in the centre, the right advancing to the verge of the hills which lie between Castiglione and Lonato, the left advancing towards Castenedolo. The Austrians would thus have obtained a splendid position facing the Chiese, with the plain between Lonato and Castiglione to manœuvre upon, and a fine field for the numerous cavalry, which is the pride of the Empire, to do its best upon. On the morning of the 23rd the head-quarters of the Emperor Francis Joseph were transferred to Valleggio, on the Mincio, and the army began its movement.

Valleggio is on the eastern slope of a hill which looks down upon the plains of Verona and Mantua. Passing through its crooked streets lined with houses of no very imposing appearance, the road from Verona to the Mincio ascends a height from which a view of the country east, south, and west is easily obtained. West of the road and above it rise the walls and towers of the Visconti's old palace. In this old eyrie of the feudal ages, the hired mercenaries of the dukes of Milan watched the passage of the Mincio. Looking down towards that river to the westward, their glance plunged upon the blue stream of the river, bridged by a gigantic arch, the entrance to which was defended by a high crenelated causeway flanked at each extremity by heavy square towers. Beyond this formidable work the road may be seen stretching its serpentine folds along the bottoms of miniature vales and over undulating hills, till it reaches the village of Volta, picturesquely placed, at the distance of seven miles, on a

high mound which forms the verge of the landscape in that direction. Looking north, the course of the Mincio is traced along a vale, on the western bank of which stood the walls of Monzambano castle, rivalling that of Valleggio in the height of its square towers and the extent of its defences. Between the openings of the undulating hills, midway on the horizon betwixt Monzambano and Volta, rises the cone of Solferino, the 'Spia d' Italia' as it is called, capped by a broad tower overlooking all the plains and hills of Northern Italy. The possessors of Valleggio castle were not confined to this view alone. From the high platform of the outer court their glances might extend over the plains of the Veronese. To the north-east they could view the stupendous Alps that dip their sides into the lakes of Garda and Iseo, the rich plain dotted with trees and villas that concealed the lakes from view; whilst to the east they could trace through verdure and vegetation the great lines of road converging through Villafranca on Verona, the ever-stretching plain southwards, in the extreme distance of which shone in the sunlight the white churches and edifices of Mantua.

The castles of Valleggio, of Monzambano, and the 'Spia d' Italia,' are all ruins now, the abode of the many-coloured lizard, the nestling place of ravens; but from their walls may still be seen the gorgeous landscapes we have endeavoured to describe, and from one of them, that of Valleggio, on the 23rd June, the hosts of Austria were beheld advancing through plains, over hills and dales, to the positions assigned to them. In the northern outskirt of Valleggio is a summer palace imbedded in the luxuriant shade of aged trees. Here the great Napoleon once spread his couch, and was about to lie down to rest, when a party of cavalry surprised him, and he was fain to jump from a balcony, and, seizing the first horse he could find, seek his safety in flight (28th May, 1796). Here, on the morning of the 23rd of June, stood the youthful descendant of the Hapsburgs, surrounded by a glittering and numerous staff. Near him the one-eyed Schlick, with his staff too, and amongst them the young and accomplished Prince of Nassau. Presently a signal was given to mount; a great clashing of sabres was heard; and amidst a flourish of trumpets and rolling of drums, out marched the Imperial party. Behind it, as it ascended the main street of Valleggio, came the head of a well-known corps, the fifth, music to the front, the band playing a martial air. On they strode down the descent to the Mincio. The old towers and causeway are still there, but the

bridge is not where it used to be ; that passage is broken down like the family of Visconti which built it. A more humble bridge of wood stands lower down the stream, and accommodates the imperial procession. The soldiers follow their Emperor ; cavalry, infantry, artillery, baggage, all pour over — an endless line, the men gay as becomes them, singing choral songs — in their caps and shakos sprigs of oak and myrtle. The day is hot, the road dusty, but the Emperor leads the way and who shall falter ? From Valleggio castle at the same time might be seen the advance of other corps of this great army. The roads between Verona and Valleggio were traced by the clouds of dust raised by marching regiments ; those leading towards Pozzolo and Goito were indicated in a similar manner. On a sudden, whilst all this movement was proceeding, what white speck was that rising above the hills and mounting to heaven ? Was it a balloon hovering over the landscape ? In its boat were daring spirits seeking to pry into the mysteries below ? Did they betray the secret of Francis Joseph's movement ? Louis Napoleon says, that they saw and told him nothing ; but if the story be true, from their floating station they might have seen, not the columns on their march — the men were too much in miniature — but the clouds of dust that betrayed the advance.

That day, the various corps composing the Austrian host approached each other, and a little after midday occupied the following positions. Benedek, with the eighth corps and part of the fourth under Baumgarten, from Peschiera and Salionze, to Pozzolengo, occupying the latter village and the ground towards Rivoltella with his right, and extending his left towards Solferino ; Stadion, with the fifth corps, occupied Solferino ; Clam, with the first, Cavriana and positions to the north of it ; Zobel, with the seventh, bivouacked on the plain in and about Foresto ; Schwarzenberg, with the third, on the plain between Foresto and Guiddizolo ; Schaffgotsche, with the ninth, held Guiddizolo with a vanguard of two battalions in Medole ; Wernhardt, with the tenth, at Castel Goffredo ; Weichl, with the eleventh, in the rear as support. Zedwitz, with his division of six cavalry regiments, was in the vicinity of the latter. Mensdorff, with a smaller division near Zobel, on the road from Foresto to San Cassiano. Strong artillery reserves arrived at the same time at Volta. The army thus encamped, brought its baggage as close up as possible, that they might be ready at a moment's notice to start at nine next morning, towards Castiglioni. The order of march for the next day was issued. The

eighth and half the fourth corps under Benedek were to advance on Lonato, the fifth and first along the road by Le Grole to Castiglione; Branckenstein's division of the seventh corps along the plain and through San Cassiano, to the same point. The second, Prince of Hesse's division, of Zobel's corps, was to advance on Castiglioni by Guiddizolo with the third, ninth, and tenth corps; whilst the second corps under Lichtenstein was to leave Mantua, and assist in protecting the left flank of the whole army. But these arrangements were destined to a rude disturbance by events which might have been foreseen. The Emperor Louis Napoleon, instead of remaining in his position west of the Chiese, moved his whole force and occupied Castiglione and Lonato on the very day that the Austrians made their first advance. His patrols encountered those of the Austrians near Solferino, and he prepared himself for a new advance on the very night in which the Austrians were so securely sleeping in their bivouacks.

The Austrians little heeding danger or expectant of collision with the foe, made merry in their bivouacks, and enjoyed their day's meal. The sun was going down and shed a chastened light over one of the most gorgeous landscapes of Northern Italy. Bil's brigade of the fifth corps occupied a long mound running east and west sloping at its western and southern side into the plain of Medole, capped on the eastern side by the 'Spia d' Italia,' which in that direction overhangs a precipitous descent. This descent, misnamed a road, leads by a zigzag path down the eastern declivity to the village of Solferino. The main street is a sort of a defile, for on the west rises the spit on which stands the spectator, on the east, a hill not quite so high or abrupt, crowned by the church of San Pietro, and flanked still more to the right by a cemetery and plantations. Puchner's brigade of the fifth corps held San Pietro and the cemetery with the rest of Pallfy's and Sternberg's divisions, in the hilly ground south and east, as reserve. These troops encamped on a series of small hills lying between Solferino and Cavriana, all or most of them low isolated spits running due east and west, and sloping gently to the south and westward into the plain of Medole, communicated with the high village of Cavriana by a road leading up from the low grounds at the base of the Spia. This road could be traced south to the ruins of the castle of Cavriana, an old and formidable mediæval ruin, serving as a bulwark to the village behind it, and concealing the more southerly trend of the hills towards Volta.

Night set in. No reconnaissance had been sent by the Austrians to ascertain whether Castiglione or Lonato were occupied in force. Vedettes were thrown out to watch the front of the long curved line from Pozzolengo to Castel Goffredo. The baggage was brought well up to the rear of each regiment, that the march might be speedily resumed in the morning, and as the waning moon shed its light on the bivouacks, the soldiers of Francis Joseph slept on that field which was soon to be the last resting-place of so many thousands of them. No effectual dispositions had been made by the Austrians for the great action in which they were about to be engaged; nor was it intended that the encounter should take place until the Imperial forces were concentrated on the Chiese by the march of the following day. Not so on the part of the allies, who defeated the combination by advancing with greater promptitude than the advancing enemy. At two in the morning, beyond the reach of all prying from balloons in air or cavalry patrols on land, the army of Louis Napoleon began to move. From long distances to the north, as far as Brescia, the cavalry advanced. From Lonato the army of the King of Piedmont moved forward to Pozzolengo and Peschiera; whilst Baraguay d'Hilliers' corps proceeded towards Solferino from Esenta, half way between Lonato and Castiglione. From Castiglione MacMahon's corps advanced along both sides of the hills that run from that town towards Solferino. Niel advanced on the plain towards Medole and Guiddizolo, and Canrobert from Mezzano, on the right bank of the Chiese, by Visano, to Castel Goffredo, and Medole. As dawn broke, the first French columns appeared in the plains between Solferino and San Cassiano. A detachment of cavalry in front observed what seemed through the mist of the morning a giant hussar watching by the side of the way. The figure in an instant disappeared, jumped over a ditch into the road, crossed it, then turned, and assailing the French officer at the head of the detachment on his left or unprotected side, dealt him a tremendous cut across the head, followed by a second equally well directed. The Frenchman fell, and, as he did so, the Austrian wheeled and made off. A volley from the troopers behind rattled after him and brought him down. The echo of the fire rolled across the valley, was repeated on the hills, and was the signal that the two hostile armies had met. Up sprung the Austrians from their bivouacks to the calls of drum and trumpet, and amid the roll of musketry which already began to be general, the battle was engaged. Hastily the regimental

baggage waggons fell to the rear, hastily cannon came rushing to the front at Solferino, and on the plain. Hastily the Austrians began to strengthen as well as the emergency permitted, the ground on which they had bivouacked, and which their adversaries have repeatedly described as being fortified in every way that human ingenuity could invent. At the sound too the Emperor Louis Napoleon arose, and taking horse advanced from Montechiaro at the head of his Imperial Guard.

It will be remarked that in describing the hills of Solferino and those in its rear, the general direction of them has been given, as from east to west. The advance of the French army on the Austrian positions was in a line from south-west to north-east. Thus the hills lay at an angle to the enemy's front, and they were assailable not only from the north but in flank and rear from the west and south. The positions of the Austrians were thus excessively unfavourable. In addition to the weakness caused by the trend, there was this additional source of feebleness, that the flank and rear of the spurs all gently sloped to the plain, giving the enemy far greater facilities for attack in that direction than those which existed in front. At first the French who advanced against the Austrian position at Solferino did not take note of this, and their attack by Baraguay d'Hilliers' corps was against the front, by the cemetery, the church of San Pietro, the narrow defile of Solferino Street, and the northern path that leads up the spit whereon stands a domed church and buildings called the *Commune di Solferino*. These portions of the position, energetically defended by Bils' and Puchler's brigades, were attacked in vain by Bazaine's and Ladmirault's divisions. Though the troops of those generals gallantly stormed the positions opposed to them, they fell in masses under the fire of the Austrians, who steadily held their ground among the tombstones of the cemetery, in the church of San Pietro, and the houses of the village. Whilst the combat raged furiously here, the divisions in the plain had already come into action, and whilst MacMahon advanced on the road to San Cassiano, Niel's corps drove two battalions of the regiment Archduke Charles out of Medole, and established itself there. Canrobert, still more to the westward, entered Castel Goffredo. The movements on the Austrian left were therefore signalled at an early period by a tendency to fall back. Niel had had to repulse a furious charge of cavalry, but had succeeded in taking Medole. General Zedwitz, indeed, who stood near Medole, withdrew with six regiments of cavalry and six batteries of artillery (15,000 men and 36 guns), and never stopped

in his panic till he reached Goito. The movement of retrogression was but slight however, and the Austrians hoped late in the day to outflank the French right with Lichtenstein's corps, which was supposed to have reached Castel Goffredo from Mantua on the night of the 23rd, but which had in fact remained stationary when it heard of a French column under Prince Napoleon approaching the Oglio at Marcaria.

Whilst the Emperor Louis Napoleon, roused by the roar of artillery, wafted to him on a light breeze to Montechiaro, made his way with such speed as he was capable of to the scene of action, the Emperor Francis Joseph, who had slept in Valleggio, was still in ignorance that an action, which was to decide the fate of the campaign, had begun. The imperial staff, to the number of sixty or seventy officers led by General Vetter, Quartermaster-General to the Emperor, started from Valleggio at six in the morning for Cavriana, whilst General Hess remained behind to accompany the Emperor somewhat later. The high hills which separated the plains of Medole from the course of the Mincio, had dulled the sound of the action; and it was not till the imperial staff began ascending the eastern face of the slopes towards Cavriana, after a difficult ride over the Strada Cavallara, that the booming of cannon revealed the fact that a battle was at that moment being fought. As the staff proceeded, it met the baggage and hospital waggons of the regiments in front retreating to the rear, and as it entered the eastern gate of the village encountered the first batches of wounded and dying men at the entrance to a large house abutting on the ruins of the castle. Under the arched gallery forming the front of the house, and on the space outside, the regimental surgeons were already tending the first victims of the battle. It was now half-past seven, and as the staff, after riding through Cavriana, halted in the road to San Cassiano, an orderly hussar rode up and delivered an open paper, dated six in the morning, and on which was written in pencil: 'The enemy have attacked us, and the combat is engaged along the whole line.' General Hess and the Emperor were still at Valleggio, yet the battle had been raging for full two hours and a half; brigadiers, generals of division, and leaders of army corps, doing their best, in the absence of a supreme chief, to support the honour of the Austrian arms. Leaving their horses in the road, the staff now ascended a mound to the left, from which the 'Spia' was visible, and the whole action from Solferino to Castel Goffredo lay beneath them, as clearly defined as a panorama. Far off to the westward, large

curling drifts of smoke rose amongst the trees, and told of the engagement going on between the right under Canrobert and the Austrian left under Wernhardt and Weichl. In the plain of Medole the imposing masses of Niel's and MacMahon's corps were drawn up. From Medole the troops of the former corps were on the highway, at a small place called Robecco, near which the Austrians under Schaffgotsche were firmly posted, and assailing the French with excessive vigour. Still nearer the centre of the plain, above the point of intersection of the roads from Castiglione to Goito, and from Medole to San Cassiano, three heavy batteries of French artillery stood formed up in the position of a New Zealand boomerang, their fires converging on the plain south of them, opposing a battery of six guns thrown out against them in the plain by Schwarzenberg, and protecting the front and flank of MacMahon's corps, disposed to the eastward, and shelling the advance of Mensdorff's brigade of cavalry, echeloned between Guiddizolo and San Cassiano. Brandenstein's division of Zobel's corps still lay about Foresto, with its leading files facing towards San Cassiano; whilst the Prince of Hesse's division of the same corps stood in support of Schwarzenberg, in obedience to the order of the previous day, which prescribed this division of Zobel's corps. The front attack of Bazaine's and Ladmirault's divisions continued without intermission before Solferino, steadily repelled by Bils and Puchner, but already the Imperial Guard were pouring over the hills north of Le Grole; from the height the rifled guns were opening far out of reach of Austrian cannon, and MacMahon's advance was already threatening the south-west face of the 'Spia' hill from the plain. His guns, thrown forward on the spurs in front of Le Grole, shelled San Cassiano. The whole scene, which it takes so much time to describe, could be taken in at a glance from the height of Roccolo in front of Cavriana; and as General Vetter stood at the head of the staff, he said in French, '*Messieurs, ce soir nous couchons à Cavriana.*' Everything, indeed, wore a favourable aspect. The French attack in the plain seemed to be energetically met; Solferino and the heights on each side of it were vigorously maintained: Benedek, advancing towards San Martino, was throwing back the Piedmontese with great loss to the army of the king. The French corps on plain and height seemed to have but little cohesion, and it was observable that between Baraguay d'Hilliers' proper right and MacMahon's proper left, there was an interval through which the Austrians might with good fortune penetrate, and thus prevent flank attacks upon Solferino and San Cassiano.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon had in the meanwhile arrived from Montechiaro, and had an interview with Marshal MacMahon. It was observed that a dangerous gap existed between the plain and the hills, and in order to fill it up the whole available force of French cavalry was moved to occupy it. At the same time it became obvious that a decisive advantage might be gained by throwing forward a division to the western face of the 'Spia' hill.

Whilst dispositions were taken to effect this object, the combat in the plain was maintained chiefly with artillery. The Austrians, although possessed of strong reserves of that arm at Volta, had but one battery firing against three in the plain, and this battery was evidently getting mauled; the superior range of the French telling hard upon Schwarzenberg's gunners. It was resolved therefore to withdraw the Austrian guns; and in order to do so with more safety, and to divide the attention of the enemy, Count Mensdorff's three brigades of cavalry — two heavy and one light — advanced up the plain to the eastward of the Goito road with six light field pieces. The French instantly bestowed their attention on this movement, and the crescent formation of their batteries enabled them to concentrate upon him a cross fire of a most destructive kind. The light field guns had hardly got within 1700 yards of the French before five of them were dismounted. Another battery came forward to take the place of the disabled one; but in one minute from the time it started, three guns were dismounted. Mensdorff himself had suffered heavy losses. Many saddles had been emptied of their riders and 500 horses had fallen; a loss almost as great as that of Balaklava, and proving the destructive effect of French rifled cannon at ranges of about 2000 yards. In the meanwhile, however, Schwarzenberg had caused his artillery to fall back, and his batteries again opened at a farther distance than before, giving Mensdorff leisure to withdraw. Schaffgotsche too was energetically fighting in front of Guidizolo. The French had now (eight o'clock) matured their plan for attacking Solferino in front and flank. The Emperor perceived that the key of the position lay there, and that his utmost effort must be concentrated to take it. He called off Ladmirault's division, and made fresh dispositions. Forey's division was now thrown against the cemetery, the church of San Pietro, and the village of Solferino; Camou's division of Light Infantry of the Imperial Guard was thrown forward to the west face of the 'Spia' spit; and the artillery of the Guard supported the whole movement. Bils' and Puchner's brigades of the fifth corps still held on and grimly beheld the new pre-

parations made for assailing them. Facing the enemy to the westward, on the extremity of this spit, was a corps of Jägers supported by a solitary gun pointing south-west. The French attack was simultaneous at all points, and a tremendous hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The Jägers on the western end of the spit, ensconced in front of a vineyard with their backs to a low wall and to a row of tall cypress trees, fought with desperation, and aimed, as they always do, with fatal accuracy. As the Voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard rushed up the gentle ascent, they were allowed to come to close quarters, and then the solitary gun loaded with grape was discharged amongst their masses and drove them back. The troops in the 'commune di Solferino' and on the northern spit did wonders likewise, as did also those in the village and height to the eastward; but the French slowly made progress in spite of all efforts, and it was found absolutely necessary to order up the reserves of the fifth corps, which accordingly went in and helped to protract the contest.

It was now half past eight, the Imperial staff still stood on the Roccolo, and no signs of the Emperor Francis Joseph or General Hess appearing. Presently a messenger came up, saying that the staff should join the Emperor at Volta. Accordingly leaving the Roccolo, the officers, headed by General Vetter, started off to that place at a trot, and arrived about nine in its vicinity. The Emperor, meanwhile, had left Volta, and gone across country to Cavriana. Strange condition of an Emperor at a decisive battle to wander alone in search of his staff, whilst his staff officers were busy looking for him. This episode was indeed not the least curious of those which illustrated that day. The Emperor, it was said, had gone across country; so the staff, with a sort of canine rather than human instinct, determined to follow the scent, and instead of taking the road, proceeded over ploughed fields, across ditches and hedges, over hill and dale, sixty or seventy officers galloping in uniform, not knowing in the least where they were going to. Now and then a halt was called, and the question, where is His Majesty? was noisily and fruitlessly discussed. At last, at hopeless fault, General Vetter determined on taking the road direct to Cavriana, where the staff arrived in time to find the Emperor of Austria almost alone with General Hess on the Roccolo, gravely discussing the prospects of the battle.

These had indeed changed during the interval we have recorded. In the plain the contest had been maintained with advantage to the Austrians, the third and ninth corps hotly pressing Niel's corps in and about Medole and the right of

MacMahon; but, on the other hand, the principal attack on Solferino by the French had been successful. Up to eleven o'clock the contest raged fiercely on this point, the French Voltigeurs on the west flank of the 'Spia' advancing again to the assault, Forey's division and Bazaine's brigade fighting heroically in the streets of Solferino, up the ascent to the northern spit, and in the cemetery and church of San Pietro. It should have been the part of Count Clam with the first corps to maintain the combat here with unflinching nerve, but he moved slowly, and gave inefficient assistance to the fifth corps. Both corps gradually came in line together, but showed evident symptoms of failing energy. The French, emboldened, crowned the heights of the cemetery and San Pietro, fought their way through the streets of Solferino to the summit, and assailed the defenders of the enclosed buildings there. These, attacked at close quarters at the moment when the Voltigeurs were finally overcoming the resistance of the Austrians on their left, fought with the energy of despair. All their reserves were exhausted, their ammunition run out, yet still they yielded not, clubbing their rifles and defending themselves to the last. It was now half-past one, and Solferino was well-nigh at the last extremity, Solferino village being in possession of the French, although the 'Spia' and 'commune' still held out; that portion of the Austrian fifth corps which held San Pietro and the cemetery had been separated from the rest of its comrades and Clam's corps. The French were now on both flanks of the Spia, and there was nothing for it, but that the defenders should retire or surrender. Many yielded. Those in the 'commune' indeed were forced to do so, being completely surrounded, and a few only escaped by jumping down the precipices, where many a gallant life spared by rifle and cannon was sacrificed in the fall. These remnants were at two o'clock all retreating, and a few minutes after the heights of Solferino were completely crowned by the French.

The Austrians, however, still held all the little hills east of San Cassiano, and that village also. Brandenstein's division of Zobel's corps had advanced, not in time to assist in maintaining Solferino, but rapidly and steadily enough to keep its ground in San Cassiano. At the same time Hesse's division of the same corps had been withdrawn without orders by the Prince of Hesse from the support of Schwarzenberg in the plain to the more urgent duty of defending the approach to Cavriana. This spontaneous movement of the Prince of Hesse proved indeed the salvation of the Austrian army, for it arrived on the ground facing

Solferino and east of San Cassiano at a most critical moment. Count Clam had unaccountably lost all knowledge of his artillery reserve. An officer had been sent to find it, but his horse was shot under him, and he wandered fruitlessly over the field asking in vain for the artillery reserves of the first corps. The Prince of Hesse therefore brought timely relief to the Austrian centre; and it is characteristic of the singular want of plan and authority in this great action, that one of the most important operations in it was made without orders; and that the Prince Alexander of Hesse has since received the cross of Maria Theresa for an unpremeditated movement, which probably saved the Austrian army from a fatal disaster.

The French flushed with success had already made new dispositions to push their advantages. Half of MacMahon's corps had been diverted from the attack in its front to move on San Cassiano, whilst the victorious captors of the Spia prepared to assail the same point in front and on the opposite flank. At half-past two this new phase of the battle was entered upon. Under cover of a tremendous artillery fire, the first brigade of Motterouge's division advanced from the plain, and the guards with Forey's division advanced from Solferino. The latter scaled or turned the small spits occupied by the Austrians, but Zobel obstinately kept San Cassiano, and the French attack failing there, the Austrians drove back the enemy from the ground they had just won. Here indeed was the most decisive period of the day. If there had been sufficient reserves to defend the ground between Solferino and Cavriana the fortune of the battle might have been changed. The defence of San Cassiano and the ground east of it was so energetic that the whole of Motterouge's division was drawn into the engagement, and before three o'clock MacMahon had been obliged to support his first division by a second. Niel in the plain of Medole was struggling hard against Schwarzenberg and Schaffgotsche, who were slowly gaining ground upon him, and Canrobert could or would give Niel no assistance, fearing as he did the approach of Lichtenstein on his flank. The gradual drain of troops from the French centre towards San Cassiano had indeed left Niel in a most precarious position. The gap between plain and hill which had been stopped by cavalry in the morning had become immensely enlarged, and although to supply the absence of infantry there all the spare artillery of the French army had been brought into line on the plain, a check at San Cassiano would have been sufficient for the Austrians to enter as a wedge there and separate the allies into

two. But there were no reserves to enable the Austrians to take advantage of the weakness which was apparent in some portions of the French line. MacMahon's corps at last overmatched the troops opposed to him, and the Emperor of Austria then (three o'clock) ordered the retreat of the centre under cover of a renewed charge by his left under Schwarzenberg and Schaffgotsche. It was then that Mensdorff again brought his division into action. Whilst his artillery close to San Cassiano assisted Zobel, he sent Edelsheim, the hero of the Ponte Vecchio di Magenta, against the French cavalry, and the Hussars under this distinguished leader did wonders, riding over a battalion of infantry and charging furiously through the Chasseurs d'Afrique. But the day was too far gone to be retrieved by such acts of daring as this, and gradually the Austrians retreated towards Cavriana, disputing the ground sufficiently to cover the retreat of the wounded and baggage towards Volta.

The efforts of the third and ninth Austrian corps had been directed all day to dislodge the French under Niel from Robecco. They had never gained sufficient ground to effect their purpose. On the other hand, Niel's effort to take Guiddizolo, had been equally fruitless, and remained so, even when Canrobert, freed from all apprehension for his right, assisted him. It was at this very time that the Emperor of Austria gave orders to Schwarzenberg and Schaffgotsche, vigorously to assume the offensive, in order to cover the retreat of his centre. Schwarzenberg and Schaffgotsche obeyed their orders, and the shock was terrific. The troops met hand to hand, and fought furiously, but the Austrians were without cavalry — General Zedwitz had retired to Goito, and without him nothing could be done. The French, on the other hand, used their cavalry, especially the Chasseurs d'Afrique, freely, but without producing any effect on the Austrian squares which they charged.

In the meantime, Cavriana was being slowly evacuated. The Emperor retired under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery from the Roccolo, through Cavriana to a farmhouse south of Madonna delle Pieve, and whilst the greater part of the staff remained in and around the farmhouse, he rode to the height of Madonna delle Pieve, where he overlooked Cavriana. It was now obvious that the latter village must be yielded, and General Vetter's prediction, that the staff should sleep there being disappointed, he consoled them by saying, gaily, '*Nous coucherons à Volta.*'

The Austrians yielded the ground in front of Cavriana only step by step. Every inch was contested. Each little

hill had guns upon it, which played upon the French in their advance, and it was five o'clock when Marshal Nugent, who alone remained in the village after every soul had left it, retired. The Emperor, with Count Schlick and General Hess, stood overlooking the field from the height of Madonna delle Pieve, up to this moment, when the remains of Hesse's division of the seventh corps, and parts of the first and fifth, gathered round them. The French just then entered Cavriana, and musket balls and shells began to rattle and explode about the Emperor. The latter, with his arms crossed, heeded not the storm of missiles about him, but seeing a soldier close by him shrink from a bursting shell, he sternly cried, '*Phui, schämet ench,*' 'Shame upon you!' The place was, however, getting too hot to be held any longer, and the Emperor, leaving Count Schlick to withdraw his troops towards Volta, retired to that place at a walk. In the meantime, the contest in the plain was still raging between Niel and Canrobert on one side, and Schwarzenberg and Schaffgotsche on the other. At six o'clock it continued, the Austrians still vainly hoping that Zedwitz would appear with his cavalry. But he had no idea of moving. The sky, however, had gradually become overcast, and as the battle was maintained, the French observed a heavy column of dust arising in the rear of the Austrians. They thought an attack of cavalry was impending, they limbered up all their guns in the plain, and were already retiring with them, when the whirlwind reached them, revealing the real cause of the cloud that had excited their fears. The bursting of the storm put an end to the engagement in the plain, and the Austrians remained unmolested in Guiddizolo and Volta.

When the Emperor of Austria retired from Madonna delle Pieve, his staff, comprising the Archdukes, had already taken their departure for Valleggio. General Vetter had long since given up the idea even of stopping for the night at Volta, and directed the officers under him towards Valleggio; but the retreat upon that point was already excessively hazardous. The fall of Solferino and Cavriana had opened the Strada Cavallara to the French, and they had thrown forward a brigade with guns, for the purpose of seizing the bridges on the Mincio, either at Monzambano or Valleggio. This column advanced on the Strada Cavallara, and was already some distance on its way, before the Archdukes left the Cascina near Cavriana. It was necessary, therefore, to follow devious paths in the woods south of the road, in order to avoid the enemy. Fortunately, the trees were sufficient to act as screens, during the greater

part of the journey, and although the French actually caught a glimpse of the Austrians and brought up a gun to the point, they refrained from firing. Had they done so, as the distance was under 700 yards, there is no knowing what disaster might have ensued. The retreat of Stanovitsch's division of the first corps by Castellaro Lagusello, and thence towards Volta in good order, kept the French back on the Strada Cavallara, and the Emperor with his staff arrived at last safely in Valleggio. Part of the fifth corps held Monzambano, Zobel remained at Volta, and Schwarzenberg and Schaffgotsche at Guiddizolo; and thus the retreat of the artillery reserves at the latter place was secured.

One part of these operations has been purposely withheld to the last, namely, that which has reference to the advance of General Benedek against the Piedmontese army in the direction of Pozzolengo and Peschiera. This phase in the battle of Solferino was independent of the rest of the movements of the day. Benedek in the morning held ground in front of Pozzolengo, and between that village and San Martino, with the eighth corps. Baumgarten, with his division of the fourth corps, was in advance of Pozzolengo and Peschiera, facing towards Rivoltella. The Piedmontese army was divided; whilst part moved from Lonato, on the Rivoltella road, another and a larger column advanced on the road by San Martino, to Pozzolengo. The latter, commanded by Generals Mollard and Cucchiari, were the first engaged. Benedek made short work of them, driving them back from San Martino with great slaughter. The Piedmontese, in great disorder, were driven up the Rivoltella road, but rallied when reinforced by Fanti's division, withdrawn from co-operation with Baraguay d'Hilliers at Solferino. Even then, however, they were unable to sustain the repeated assaults of Benedek; and, after a hotly contested fight, they were driven back again out of San Martino. Baumgarten, on his part, had met Durando's division near Rivoltella, and at noon had driven him back into that place. Benedek was thus victorious along the whole of the short line between San Martino and Rivoltella, and might, by cutting off the retreat of the Piedmontese, have ultimately forced a great part of them to surrender; but, in the very moment of victory, he was stopped in his progress by the orders of the Emperor to retreat—an order which he obeyed 'with tears,' at four o'clock. The Piedmontese now occupied San Martino, which was sullenly yielded up to Fanti and Cucchiari, whilst the eighth corps and Baumgarten retired on Peschiera.

Thus ended the battle of Solferino, in which the Austrians lost 17,000, and the allies 22,000, killed and wounded; the result being the abandonment of the Mincio line, and the retirement of Francis Joseph's army into the 'Viereck' of Verona, Mantua, Peschiera, and Legnago. If it be true, as M. Thiers says—and no one probably will deny the truth of his opinion — 'that war, when it is a mere mechanical routine, 'consisting in pushing and killing the enemy opposed to one, 'is little worthy of history,' then does the battle of Solferino deserve no very high place in the military annals of France. The Austrian plan of crossing the Mincio after making the allies believe that all their forces had retired behind that river, was bold, and, if it had been carried out successfully, that is by an advance at once to the Chiese, would probably have had some chances in its favour. The determination of the Emperor to spend two days instead of one in approaching the Chiese was an element in the defeat which followed. The confidence with which he anticipated that the French would remain on the right bank of the Chiese was a wilful tempting of fortune. It had the worst effect, by leaving the Austrian army without a supreme head until eleven o'clock in the day, the result being that no dispositions could be taken till it was too late to remedy the capital error of having no reserves at Cavriana. Count Clam was very properly blamed for not knowing where his reserve had gone to; Zobel indirectly incurred the reproach of not moving soon enough from Foresto. But the real blame must attach to those who neglected or were unable to give Zobel the necessary orders. If it be urged that the Prince of Hesse pursued a course which Zobel might have followed with advantage, there is an end of all military discipline. Leaders of divisions acting on their own responsibility, more frequently lead the armies of which they form a part into scrapes than out of them. As for Zedwitz, and his subordinate general Lauing, their conduct was unpardonable. Zedwitz was ill, and it is said not responsible; but Lauing should have paused before he took so fatal a step as falling back on Goito. As for Lichtenstein, who remained at Mantua, he also showed want of nerve. The Emperor, very properly, removed Clam and Lichtenstein from their commands. Zedwitz was let off by being allowed to resign his rank in the army, and General Lauing was fitly punished by a court-martial, which sentenced him to imprisonment in a fortress for ten years. It was a piece of ill fortune that Clam's corps should have been at Cavriana instead of any other. Clam's men had never recovered their defeat at Magenta, and they behaved ill at

Solferino. It is worthy of remark, in truth, that Clam and Lichstenstein, the two generals who held Magenta, and were the first to leave it, also exhibited feebleness at Solferino. The whole Austrian army, with the exception of the Croat battalions, fought well. These, it is now pretty well known, had very little stomach for the fight; not because they cannot show pluck when it is required, but because they were politically disaffected.* Another cause contributed to weaken the army,—the system of feeding, which forced the whole of the regiments to fight a whole day on empty stomachs. The French fought well, but not with sufficient energy to rout the Austrians. If they hoped at one time to complete the defeat of Francis Joseph by forcing the passage of the Mincio, they were disappointed. The Austrians retired in too much order to give Louis Napoléon a chance of gaining that advantage, and as on the 25th, the whole Austrian army repassed the Mincio and burnt the bridges, and as it was doubtful whether they might not defend the passage of the river, there was obviously much remaining to be done by the allies—nothing less, in fact, than the crossing of a rapid river, and the investment of four important fortresses. At this stage, however, in the campaign the war was brought to an abrupt termination, partly, no doubt, from military considerations and from personal motives, but partly also from political reasons of a higher order; and although the peace of Villafranca may have disappointed the more eager partisans of Italy, it restored tranquillity to Europe, and it was hailed by the people both of France and of Austria with far greater satisfaction than would have attended the most signal triumph of their respective armies. In the foregoing pages it has been our intention to confine ourselves strictly to the military incidents of the campaign. Its political results are still too uncertain and indefinite for us to pronounce any opinion upon them; but we cannot conclude without the expression of a hope that they may tend to secure the independence and freedom of the Italian people.

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ART. VIII. — *Correspondance inédite de Madame du Deffand, précédée d'une notice par M. LE MARQUIS DE SAINT-AULAIRE.* 2 tomes. Paris: 1859.

HALF a century has elapsed—a generation of kindly wits, great critics, and accomplished men of letters has gone home to ‘the house appointed for all living’—since in the letters of Madame du Deffand this Review found a lively topic. They were first collected by Miss Berry, and prefaced by a biographical sketch, so acutely discriminating, so temperately worded, as to quicken regret that a woman of so much taste and judgment—who knew the science and art of society at home and abroad as few Englishwomen have done—should have been so chary of herself in authorship. Such regret is, however, not without a compensation. The highbred, independent Englishwoman—not to use the faded word ‘*lady*’—has from time immemorial been something different from and superior to, her more showy sister on the other side of the Channel. Shyness, reserve, want of ‘*savoir-vivre*’ have restrained many an one gifted with genius and wit, from entering into the arena of political or social exhibition. But the restraint of our manners has never prevented Englishwomen from gaining a wide and liberal experience of other languages and interests than those confined within the walls of their own reception rooms. And that such latent power is inherent in English society, few who have philosophically watched the world of manners, of education, of intellectual progress will question. Miss Berry has left deeper and better traces on the world of London than Madame du Deffand left on that of Paris.

These speculations, if followed out, might lead us further into comparisons of what we want and what our neighbours have, than could possibly be concluded or methodized within the compass of a few pages. The intimation of them, however, is not altogether untimely. Meanwhile, here is a new book on an old subject; it proves the unexhausted richness of the vein from which it issues, by giving a fresh lustre to that shrine before which the votaries of wit, of social pleasantry, of all that was gay, and clever—and unprincipled, burnt their tapers nearly a century ago.

The preliminary notice by M. le Marquis de Saint-Aulaire is agreeably written rather than profound or discriminative. His subject demanded a finer touch than he commands; and

closer research than he seems to have troubled himself to give. A brighter and more characteristic picture of the world-wearied and quick-tempered wit of St. Joseph's might be composed from the scattered notices of her in the Walpole Correspondence, than in the many pages here devoted to her. He reminds us duly that Marie de Vichy Chamrond had good blood in her veins—a sort of cousinship with the Choiseuls: but somewhat of the blood of a rebel nonconformist, too,—since having been placed in a Parisian convent for education, her heterodox opinions excited so much uneasiness, while she was yet a girl, that her aunt, Madame de Luynes, called in a no less powerful physician for a mind diseased than Massillon. A more portentous visit of inspection can hardly be imagined than that of the severe Churchman to the philosophical school girl; but the latter had confidence enough to argue out her heresies, and to argue so effectively that Massillon 'threw up his brief,' saying, 'she is charming;' and prescribing the homœopathic remedy of a five-sous catechism. It is just to add, that throughout her weary life, Madame du Deffand's scepticism never took the jeering and bitter form which became the mode. Among the other wearinesses of her life—from which it became her sole object to escape—not the least may have been the inability to believe. Others of the women of gallantry, into whose poisonous world it was her ill-fate to be born, could vary the excitements of their lives by sharp fits of devotion, which with them passed for remorse. When Madame de Pompadour's daughter died, the ambitious Sultana left off her rouge and solaced her grief by prayers. Mdle. Aissè was sustained in the somewhat more real and consistent piety of her last moments—almost farcical as the discord of the fact seems—by the counsels of Madame de Parabère, and of this very Madame du Deffand, who sent the poor dying Greek woman her own confessor, Father Boursault; to herself he could give no anodyne, but to one who could take his prescriptions he might be of use. Later, Madame de Mailly, when insulted by some French officers at mass by an opprobrious name, turned (being then in one of her crises of self-knowledge) with the touching and womanly rebuke, '*Gentlemen, since it seems you know me, pray for me!*' The power to pray was all her life long the want and the void with Madame du Deffand. And, again, curious is it to see how—herself incapable of devotional consolations—the same wit who had supported Mdle. Aissè through the spasm of her remorse by a *recipe*, sported also with the idea of Christianising the Duchess de Choiseul, a woman like herself, a sceptic, yet thrice as genial and constant, in despite of a worm, worse than *ennui*, which eat

her heart away — the conviction that she was married to a man who cared not for her. Madame du Deffand's heart must have been at its centre cold rather than vicious. The game of her life was played with fewer vicissitudes than those of the women of her day. Her marriage seems to have been neither better nor worse than the generality of such transactions in the France of the last century; but some years after her separation from her husband, for whom it is fair to presume she can never have felt any affection, she tried her best to patch up a reconciliation. It would not do — after a struggle or two, the lady relapsed into something less onerous than the companionship and obligations of matrimony, and contracted a life-friendship, when aged thirty-three, with the President Hénault. Both lady and gentleman continued this intimacy long after they were avowedly wearied the one of the other. There was no opening a *salon*, however, — there was no giving a supper, for a lone French woman without some such respectable male fireside figure. And how was life to be got through without a *salon* and without suppers? — Twenty years after Madame du Deffand had made that rash attempt at reconciliation with her husband, his death left her a widow, tolerably easy in fortune; but even then incurably, it seems, touched by *tedium vitæ*. For a year she gave up Paris, but her *ennui* went with her. It may be that her malady cast its shadow before it, for soon after this that physical privation, even more to be dreaded perhaps than loss of hearing, overtook her. She became totally blind — and for all the things the soul of such a woman loved, — for companionship, intellectual gaiety, knowledge of what was said and done, and rhymed and doubted, — she was thenceforward dependent on others. A more terrible doom than this even life passed in the armed neutrality of domestic life with M. le Marquis du Deffand could hardly have been proved.

Her experiments and failures in alleviation of this calamity are familiar to all who are conversant with French memoirs. Solitude being worse than death, a companion must be found: and Mdlle. de Lèspinasse was fetched out of the provinces: — a deserving younger woman of parts, qualified to live with an old wit, a person who was in sore need of an establishment. Nothing is more curious, in the former published series of letters, than the cautious yet coaxing advances with which Madame du Deffand approached the dependent who was then for her '*ma reine*.' How is it that in all such connexions, the shrewdest forget that what has been will be again, so long as self-interest and ambition endure? — The lady-in-waiting caught from her

patroness the disease of *ennui*. Further, after she had taken her place in clever French society, it occurred to her that a *salon*, and a lover, and a pension, and suppers on her own account, were neither bad nor impossible things. So she quietly looked out, and angled, and purveyed, and succeeded; without any great disloyalty or ingratitude. Selfishness had cut selfishness, as diamond cuts diamond—that was all. How poor Mdlle. de Lespinasse exchanged a life of subservient *ennui* for subservient agony,—the state of a background figure to an elder woman for that of a foreground goddess to men who recked little of the clinging, corroding passion of the figure on the pedestal whom they played at worshipping,—her own published letters long ago told, in dreary, miserable, instructive comment on the state of French society. The chorus of *anathema* launched against Mdlle. de Lespinasse by Madame du Deffand and her congregation,—as a serpent, a traitor, an ingrate, is but another example of the fate of all such relations, intimate without blood-ties to insure their duration, but it is not the more reasonable. Mdlle. de Lespinasse was succeeded by a meeker woman, ‘Sainte Crysostome’ (such was the surname of Mdlle. Sanadon); and with her, as no aspirant for *salons*, or lovers, or pensions, or suppers, the weary, impatient old blind Frenchwoman grew old, as little wearily and impatiently as could have been expected. She had company and acquaintances round her till the last—one must speak in mitigated terms of *friends*, in the case of a woman who could see the intimates of her life drop into their graves, with emotions so passing as hers are shown to have been, by the well-known trait of her being able to sup in witty company the very evening when one of the oldest of them was taken away. With weariness of life, irreverence to death must go hand in hand. It was in some such circle as hers, that the ‘sentiment’ commemorated by Walpole, was proposed as a relish to the wine of a supper-party. Some one was expiring in the next room: ‘*Buons à la santé de notre aimable agonisant!*’ said a lively guest; and the toast was drunk. The skeleton at the banquet is an institution for all times and of all societies.

Yet, to be just, Madame du Deffand *did* attach to herself a friend or two,—patient, energetic, sincere,—and first of these was Madame du Choiseul, introduced to us by Horace Walpole, ‘as a little model in wax-work, which not being allowed to speak for some time as incapable, has a hesitation and modesty, the latter of which the court has not cured.’ This little French lady, civil and neat and dainty, whom we best know by

Carmontelle's Strawberry Hill drawing, in which she was shown as explaining a *pantin* or doll to her blind old *grand-daughter* (for the Duchess bore the name of the wit's *grand-mamma*, owing to an old family connexion), is revealed in these volumes as a woman, upright, true, and courageous, as well as clever — the wretched state of French politics, morals, religion, and philosophy, during that period of show above and corruption below, taken into account. Her origin was from among the people. She was granddaughter of the Crozat who raised himself from a small clerkship to the seigneurie of Châtel, in Brittany,—niece of the Crozat whose cabinet of antiquities has given the name a place in the golden book of art-collectors. Louis Honorine, Duchess de Choiseul, apparently inherited something both of the natural vigour and the delicate taste of both ancestors. She was married, when little more than a child, to an ambitious man, who is said, by the Parisian scandals, somewhat too greedily gathered by Walpole, to have subsequently preferred other women who were not her equals in tact or in temper, and who certainly were not equally submissive to his caprices; indeed her patience under circumstances of such intolerable irritation was such as to make its sincerity questioned by the same merciless anatomist. But the dignity with which she supported her minister husband in his disgrace,—when, after having stooped his pride to govern France in union with *La Pompadour*, he revolted against the more frolicsome influence of a *Du Barri*,—when the mistress all but quarrelled with the King, in order that the minister should be banished,—indicates a tone, a taste, and a temper of high and womanly value. We may try to prove this by paraphrasing a few passages; cautioning those who read to recollect, that they have not to do with such a woman as one of our own English Fanshawses, or Hutchinsons, or Russells; but with the showy, fashionable, neglected wife of a French statesman,—a statesman disgraced during a time when Vanity was in the air and Vice on the earth, and when Virtue was considered to have hardly a right to a niche in good society—a time, it may be added, with melancholy wonderment, which has even now its defenders, as though it were a lost golden age, among French men of letters versed in history. As illustrating such a time and such a woman, the following passages are full of interest. Our Duchess, on the 14th of February, 1771, writes from the Château de Chanteloup, near Amboise, in answer to a letter from Paris, which had been four days on the road, by a private hand,—the post, it was thought, not being trustworthy:—

'I laughed,' writes the Duchess, 'when she (*la petite Sainte*, Madame de Choiseul Stainville, who conveyed the letter to Chanteloup) handed me your cypher. We shall never have occasion to use it, my dear granddaughter;—for I warn you, I shall never write to you by the post.' I shall lock it up carefully, however, in case of necessity. They say that we are surrounded by spies: thus I advise you, when you wish to send me anything that it would be dangerous to have known, not to trust yourself even to Démanges, whom you have left in Paris, but to give your letters direct to persons who will bring them to us; persons of good society, understand me, neither couriers or servants, ours or belonging to any one else. These excessive precautions will double your present fears; and it seems to me, that you are all dying with fear in Paris. What more do you intend that they shall do to us? The King does not strike twice; and this is one of the reasons why this exile of ours is happy, as it is in every respect. The miscreants who had influence enough to obtain it may, possibly, at this moment be themselves faring worse. I find myself very glad to be rid of them so cheaply; and believe me, that just now they have too much to do among themselves to think of us for a length of time to come. Terror has gained our friends to a point, at which some fear that the interest of the public will sharpen *them* against us. I believe that sharpen them it will. But, at the same time, if they wished to do us further harm, that very interest would keep them back. It could not be dared. There would be a general rebellion. Give full course, then, to this interest; it is too flattering for us to dispense with it. Let it be kept alive, if possible. It secures the glory of my husband; recompenses him for twelve years of labour and of enemies; repays him for all his services. We might have had to buy it at a higher price; and we should not have thought any price too high to pay for such a happiness, at once immense and entirely new, as it makes us enjoy.'

Surely, the above is a trifle stately in tone, considered as the writing of one, who, when she spoke, is characterised by Walpole as remarkable for 'hesitation and modesty'; and who in behaviour is described by him as 'the gentlest, amiable, civil, little creature, that ever came out of a fairy egg! So just in its phrases 'and thoughts, so attentive and good natured.' Whatever may have been the domestic slights referred to by Horace Walpole, and whatever may have been the causes of indifference existing between herself and M. de Choiseul, she not only maintained her own dignity with consummate tact and judgment, but she displayed on all occasions the liveliest solicitude for the honour, welfare, and happiness of her husband—sometimes under very embarrassing circumstances. Thus she writes:—

'You are right,' goes on the Duchess—'the prohibition of Madame de Beauvauf from coming here is not a personal misfortune for me. It is a vexation they wished to contrive for M. de Choiseul, which I have resented more quickly than he, and, accordingly, I have been

vexed. I have had this said to Madame de Beauvau: you will do well to say it to her again; and the more, because, though I do not love Madame de Beauvau, and though Madame de Beauvau does not love me, I am persuaded that we should get on very well together.—It appears to me that it is the tone of the house to be on good terms with me. Madame de Grammont goes on capitally here. I shall keep up this tone to the utmost,—gently, but firmly. I had with Madame de Grammont, the day of her arrival, in M. de Choiseul's presence, a conversation which must settle my tranquillity. I put into it much of politeness and straightforwardness for Madame de Grammont,—of tenderness and submission for my husband,—of frankness, perhaps of dignity even, for myself. I declared that I would be mistress on my own estate, in my own house; that every one should there be as much at home as it was fit they should be; that I exacted friendship from no one; that I undertook to do my best to satisfy all the world, and that all the world should be well received in my house; but that I undertook for neither friendship nor esteem to all the world: that so far as esteem went, I had that for her, Madame de Grammont; that so far as friendship went, I neither promised it to her nor asked it from her; but that for the sake of her brother who brought us together here, we ought to live well the one with the other; that if she behaved well to me, I would answer for her satisfaction from me;—that if she did not, I would still hope for it.'

In after days the Duchess wrote of Madame de Grammont with more cordiality. Possibly, no Englishwoman would have put on record a conversation like this, or have thus sifted esteem from friendship:—and it is a conversation which opens a trap-door into abysses, which Englishwomen are, happily, too deep or too shallow to fathom, or fathoming which, they do so in silence, not on paper. But at Chanteloup, the disgraced minister's wife had to receive other female guests, of strange quality. Madame d'Amblemont, the relation of Madame Pompadour, styled by that imperious woman '*mon torchon*,' announced herself, and M. le Marquis de Saint-Aulaire is our warrant that Madame d'Amblemont, too, was in the good graces of the ex-minister. The lady of Chanteloup had this new pill to swallow, and seems to have swallowed it, not so much quietly, as with composure, and without thought of reprisals. The solitary traces of a preference on her own part, which these letters reveal,—is for a musical prodigy, one Louis, whom she handed over to Balbastre, the celebrated organist of St. Roch, so soon as too importunate indications of the *Cherubino* began to appear in the boy's delight at being kissed by his patroness; and the quality of interest entertained by the Duchess for her favourite may be gathered from one of Madame du Deffand's replies to one of her accounts of his troublesome tenderness:—

'I am sure you will feel the loss of this poor child,' writes the elder woman. 'I have actually an attachment which, without being exactly of the same species, has still a good deal of resemblance to it. I want to talk to you about my little Tonton (the dog immortalised in the "Strawberry Letters") who is thoroughly full of *esprit*, of soul, of gaiety, of grace. He is capuchin colour, and has almost no tail. His face is not perfectly handsome, but what does that signify? He loves me to distraction.'

The above mighty matter seems all that the Duchess desired by way of private amusement, in rejoinder to the more serious aberrations of her husband. The times, moreover, so far from requiring any excuse, sympathised with a lady in her *liaison*, provided it had been stamped by the approval of good company. The whole society, let it be repeated, of France was then rotten; the whole belief of every one, in anything, was shaken to its core; yet, without aping the tone of Massillon the Preacher, in regard to the little heretic whom he was commissioned to make orthodox, and even after such confessions as the above, we cannot read the letters of the Duchess de Choiseul, here collected, without saying, like the austere French preacher, in regard to his '*five sous*' convert, '*She is charming*:'—charming as a woman who in the 'worst of atmospheres made the best of everything, not merely to support, and maintain herself, but to cheer others.

Grand as Chanteloup is accounted to have been—and it afterwards became historical by the visits of many distinguished persons, whose attentions were commemorated by its owner in a Chinese pagoda decorated with votive inscriptions—it must, at first, have been scarcely more cheerful than a palace in Siberia to the queen of the mansion, who was thus compelled by policy as much as by pride to make it pleasant to M. de Choiseul's guests, male or female. The windows did not shut out ice or cold, any more than the doors could exclude troublesome guests. The window-sills and crevices must be plastered over with paper; the doors protected with sheepskins; the chimneys instructed not to smoke, before Madame du Deffand could be invited down there. It may be supposed, on the other hand, that there was an excellent cook: and there, too, lived *l'Abbé* Barthélemi, that strange *Abbé*, who never was wanting to a French *salon* in the past century,—the man who produced that weary engine of oppression '*Le Jeune Anacharsis*,' and who here appears as the author of some equally tiresome letters. To those who cared about fine clothes, the Duchess declared that toilette ran higher at Chanteloup than Paris. Yet one of her Parisian suits, commemorated by Walpole,

the magnificent robe 'which she wore for the great wedding 'between a Biron and a Boufflers, of blue satin, embroidered all 'over in mosaic diamond wire, with gold; in every diamond a 'silver star edged with gold, and surrounded with spangles, 'trimmed with double sables, crossed with frogs and tassels of 'gold; head, neck, breast, and arms covered with diamonds,'—must have been hard to out-do. Nevertheless, our Duchess assured her '*granddaughter*,' that country and exile towered above capital, court, and office in magnificence of *coiffure*. And those were the days of head-tires so elaborate, that a shoe, by mistake, could be hidden in a lady's top-knot, without her discovering the lost *chaussure* till many hours later, when the edifice had to be demolished. But beneath all this splendour and frivolity Madame de Choiseul had the spirit of genuine independence; and her letters are written in a style which does her infinite honour.

The D'Aiguillon ministry succeeded that of M. de Choiseul. Madame du Deffand, aware of the sunken rocks at Chanteloup, —of the natural desire to resume office and influence entertained by the minister in retreat, —of the official genuflexions proper to make to those in influence, to those in power,—in honest kindness, so far as her opportunities sufficed, seems to have tried to mediate and to say smooth things to the D'Aiguillons, through Madame D'Aiguillon, the minister's mother. But that the rebuke of such attempt was immediate, sharp, and dignified may be seen in the following letter.

'How is it that you have imagined, my dear granddaughter,' writes our Duchess, 'to say pretty things for me to Madame d'Aiguillon? You tell me all manner of good things about her. I am not surprised, because I have always thought them; and have always respected her character; but I say so to you and not to her, and not to have it repeated to her. When her son was in a situation more vexatious than disgrace,—when my husband was in a position more flattering than favour,—*then* I might have made known to Madame d'Aiguillon all my esteem for her; to soften the bitterness, to reduce the distance of our respective positions. At present, every thing is changed. Her son is in power: to my husband there remains nothing but his glory; which would make it a remarkable baseness on my part to try to conciliate Madame d'Aiguillon. It would give me the air of *going round with a begging box* for her bounty or protection. God forbid! I have no more need to please any person, because no one has any more need of me. Why could you not have thought as much, dear granddaughter of mine? How could you have compromised me in so strange a manner? Were I to tell it to *grandpapa* (the Duc de Choiseul), he would be as much hurt as myself. Thank heaven! on this point our opinions are one; and he, I hope, will never have to blush for mine. Repair the mis-

chief which you have made. Show (it is better) this letter to Madame d'Aiguillon, rather than let her fancy I am courting her. I should prefer that she knew what I think of her son, than that she should suspect me of such an unworthy intention; but my avoidance of what is vile must not drive me into insult. It would be to insult her to tell her what I think, and assuredly she is not a woman made to be insulted. If she be as worthy as I think her, my cold formality should neither astonish nor offend her; neither ought she to fancy that she owes me anything, if my opinion be but justice. If that be a mistake, of what consequence to me would be the impression I could make on her, by what she would then call my rudeness. Once more and again, show her my letter if you have spoken to her, rather than leave me compromised in a manner so damaging to me; and once for all, let it thoroughly enter your brain, that you must not pay court to any one for me, nor attract to me the services of any one, be he who he may. I do not know from whom I could suffer the insolent pretension of rendering them to me. I entirely expect that you will think I am making my Lent too sublime; but even if you suppose yourself in my situation, you must not, therefore, put your character in the place of mine, because one can only see the same objects in the same manner with the same pair of eyes. Thus, if I seemed wrong to you, it does not follow, therefore, that I should be wrong to myself. If, while my husband was in power, you had seen me patronising, you might have reason to condemn in me for not wishing to be patronised. If, during his time of favour you had seen me haughty, domineering, insolent, you might now expect to see me lowly, submissive, creeping. I appeal to M. de Walpole! If you do not comprehend me, an Englishman ought to do.'

There is the ring of true metal in this letter. It should stand and keep its place among the honest letters of proud women. Curious is the appeal of the Duchess to M. de Walpole, as if an Englishman would understand less selfish motives or a higher line of conduct than a French woman could do: especially when we recollect how he doubted the reality of her proposed sacrifice of every feeling to her husband's glory. These volumes contain at least half a hundred letters by this Duchess, from which we conceive that any reader who reads for character, will derive the same conclusions that we have done. 'Modest and hesitating' in society; steadily attached to her old blind vehement correspondent, she scolded her, or, rather let us say, set her right, with the fearlessness of a character superior in conduct, if less brilliant in tongue. Placed in a difficult position, and compelled, it may be, to act a part at variance with her real feelings, she appears to have detected the manœuvres of others, who then gave a law to the world of society in Paris, with that unshrinking directness which cannot exist where there is not truth in the nature. Glimpses of this will be found

in her notices of Voltaire; far beyond the tone of her time, far superior to the prevailing sycophancy of French society. The Duchess seems to have duly admired Voltaire's courage,—to have been warmed, not dazzled, by his brightness,—to have been enchanted by his versatility;—but to have laid her finger on the bit of tinsel in his composition, that theatrical passion for excitement and success, which was imperfectly consistent with his love of truth. He was neither to her a divinity nor a demon. She did not swear by him, nor rail against him; but she knew him, apparently, as only a woman, at once subtle and honest, can know a man of genius infinitely her superior; and her judgment of Jean Jacques Rousseau was equally keen and correct.

We have dwelt first on the Duchess because she is the least known, and by far the ablest, of the letter writers whose epistles are here collected. For those by her inmate and assistant, the useful and tedious Abbé Barthélemi, we have small appetite. They are many: there is learning in them: they try to be clever: they are very dry. They are what might be expected from a philosophical churchman, who is content to be, philosophically, the confessor of quicker and less instructed women. A truthful, original, man, could no more, we conceive, even in France, during its most unprincipled time, have resigned himself to the part made up of librarian, instructor, *Philander*, which the Abbé (generically) seems to have played, than could the younger English brother of family and spirit, who appears in the old novels, have consented to make out an existence in the heir's house, by sitting at the bottom of the heir's table, and carving, and drinking with the chaplain, and not contradicting guests who sat above the salt. The Abbé Barthélemi had as much reward during his lifetime as his equivocal churchmanship, and academical learning, and undignified position, deserved. He will hardly, we conceive, enjoy the reward of his oppressive Greek novels and his tiresome letters being much studied by posterity. Such light as ever gathered about him has gone out, and it is well.

A fate diametrically opposite attends, and will attend, another man, who figures inevitably in this correspondence; and who, though often discussed, is not to be dismissed without a word or two of further commentary. We allude, of course, to the M.*de* Walpole of the Duchess,—the tutor (so ran his style and title in the circle at St. Joseph's) of Madame du Deffand.

Not merely the frequency, but the manner, too, with which Horace Walpole is mentioned, strengthens the impression of sincere and tender intimacy existing between the old blind French-

woman, in her '*tonneau*'* (no Diogenes' tub, however), and the English *virtuoso* in his Twickenham Villa, which we had already derived from the Correspondence many years since given to the world. No such affectionate friendship could possibly have been commenced and carried on,—the circumstances and differences of country considered,—save betwixt an eccentric gentleman and an exceptional lady. Man of the world as Horace Walpole was, he was not the less one of those beings marked by Genius in their cradles, whose singularities take a form, more delicate and gracious, it may be, from the world of society into which they are born, but not the less distinctly marked, than the rougher or more robust individualities of a Johnson,—who has had to struggle up from misery into fame; to sleep on a bulk-head in the open air; to drown the bitterness of expectation in a lord's ante-chamber; to dine behind the screen at the house of a publisher, liberal enough to give his drudge a dinner as well as work. Always pretending to commonplace, as he did,—his precience, his energy, his courage in choosing friends from every circle and of every class, his constancy in keeping them, or his candour in owning himself wrong when he had quarrelled with them,—amounted to an originality which now makes him stand out from among the fine gentlemen of the last century, howsoever he might disclaim it at the time with some unconsciousness, with some affectation. This seems to have been more largely understood during the Indian summer of his lifetime in Paris than in London. Such notices of Horace Walpole as appear in contemporary English memoirs or letters—even those from Mason or Conway—are admitting, qualifying, on the whole patronising, notices. Antiquary Cole consulted him; Braganza Jephson was delighted to use his sponsorship for one of those tiresome tragedies which are now totally forgotten. His prejudices, his sharp tongue, his finery, his passion for old china, his instinct for more antique art, his love of out-of-the-way reading, prevented his sliding smoothly down any English groove. He was tired by Richardson;—he asked for 'an ounce of civet' after being rubbed against Fielding. People of quality were afraid of a man who stuck sweet peas in his hair at a card party and sang while he led an ace or showed Pam. Offsets of Royalty (with whom he became indirectly connected by the ambitious marriage of his niece, Duchess Maria of Gloucester) were troubled by the demeanour of a minister's son who paid no court, yet who showed no disrespect. Literary men (who are apt to be suspicious of those belonging to a gayer world), rated him as a fribble, a mocker, a sort of epicene meddler with the wares of politician, poet, antiquary, and wit. His attach-

ment to the men whom he called his friends appears to have been stronger than theirs to him. He^e was touchy, but not untrue; sharp of tongue but open of hand. His misdeeds to Chatterton,—at worst an error of judgment,—have been more remembered than his efforts to save Byng, or to hold up Conway's credit. One who steps beyond the boundaries of his own world, be it literary, or political, or aristocratic,—who laughs at himself as a trifler, while he holds to life by consistent pursuits and constant affections,—must pay the penalty. He is sure to be misunderstood by his fellow-men.

Among women, however, such a man as Horace Walpole fares better, though he do not pretend to play the part of a *Philander*. In proof of this we might number his female friends of every class of society, of every colour of opinion,—but from among them all he selected neither the loveliest, nor the most sensible, nor the youngest, nor the richest, nor the noblest,—for a sincere, if not a tender friendship, which was only to terminate with his life. On turning over his letters to other people, the gradual growth and strength of his intimacy with Madame du Deffand comes out with a clearness which admits of no dispute. His solicitude to give her any pleasure; his gratitude for her eager and distinguishing kindness; his anxiety as to the ebb of her fortunes; his careful tenderness towards such relics of her house and her *petits soupers* as she bequeathed to him, are not to be mistaken. Yet more (the man and his nature considered), they are attested by his letters to her, totally different in tone as these may seem to those unaware of the contradictory elements which make up a man of Genius, when he happens withal to be a spoiled child of Fortune.*

It is easy to fancy how such an Englishman, half a century old in knowledge of life—fresh as a boy in sensations and curiosity—must have struck with the charm of a semi-savage novelty (for the English were then semi-savages in France) a

* This matter may be all the more fitly dwelt on, because, strange though it may seem, the letters of Horace Walpole to Madame du Deffand have no place in the so-called complete edition of 'Walpole's 'Correspondence,' put forth the other day with high professions of editorship which are in no respect realised. Not merely does the last volume contain a confession of misprints and imperfect collation (*vide errata* in the 'Montagu Correspondence,') nothing short of startling; but the English reader who desires to acquaint himself with Walpole's appeals, communications, and replies to Marie Wicky de Chamrond, must lay by the complete edition and search elsewhere, in imperfect and carelessly printed collections, published without pretence of 'finality.'

circle, wearied with a perpetual encounter of such wit and learning, and philosophy and humour, as Pont de Veyle, and Hénault, and Barthélemi could bring: a circle, moreover, presided over by one, heavily stricken, yet not resigned,—whose life was a fever of excitement, whose fancies of, not faith in, a future, did not include the idea so touchingly expressed in Crabbe's lines—

‘There's something in this world amiss,
Shall be unriddled by and by.’

Madame du Deffand—who persecuted Mdlle. d'Espinasse, once her *‘reine,’* because she chose to set up a *‘bureau d'esprit’* on her own account—may have been at first glad to spirit away from Madame Geoffrin the one Englishman who commanded the repartee which Hume and Gibbon had not. But it presently became evident that his company suited her as finely and fitly as hers suited him. With the spirits (to quote her own phrase) of one who was only *‘sixty and a thousand’* years old, she met his spirits,—she catered for him sights, and enamels, and autographs; and when he was gone from Paris, poured forth, by aid of her amanuensis, Wiart the faithful, cataracts of anxiety for his health,—eagerness for some response to her fond and French protestations of regard; troublesome, no doubt,—and on this foggy side of the Channel looking theatrical, perhaps, to one who shrunk from ridicule as a snail into its shell; nevertheless, it is possible, genuine. There is, comparatively, little anecdote in her letters to Walpole, but real, honest, grateful regard, so far as such a woman was capable of such a sentiment. Had she transmitted a larger amount of good stories, and less expatiation, she might have fared better: for curious, on the other side, to those who recollect the warmth with which Walpole recommended her to every one's good offices, and addressed her at one of those moments of vicissitude when true friend can succour friend, seems the ice of his replies to her epistles. In these there is a perpetual tone of scolding and superintendence: here of cavil at her florid language; there of remonstrance against some proceeding of hers—such as a harmless visit to Chanteloup—reconcilable enough to all who have studied the relations of man to woman (when love is laid out of the question), but which must, in their day, have perplexed and afflicted his correspondent in no common degree.

This perplexity, whether as set forth by herself, or as recognised by her *grandmaman*, Mde. de Choiseul, may be traced in these letters, running like a counter-thread through the writer's perpetual tribute to the importance of *‘Strawberry*

Horace' in the circles which Voltaire electrified from a distance, and Rousseau tormented nearer home. That the English *dilettante* was a *puissance* in Paris at that time, there can be no doubt. Our allies had dim notions that a minister's son must have retained something of the political influence of so great a name, with a very vague knowledge, even now, of its real meaning, since we find that M. de Saint-Aulaire has arrived at no nearer knowledge of our orthography or family history than still to speak of the party 'wigh,' and to assure the world that Walpole, when he became Lord 'Orfort,' never bore the title! Then the home suspicions of high persons, which the Chanteloup letters show us to have been extreme, crossed the Channel. That they cherished visions of spies, conspiracies, secret police, not merely justified by their own insecurity and ignorance, but also by their knowledge of an insulated case or two, the memoirs of Beaumarchais have anew reminded us. People, such as the editor of 'Le Gazettier Cuirassé,' the infamous Morande, could burrow in the dark places of London, thence to sting those in France who were supposed to be vulnerable or rich. How, then, should a wit, a minister's son, an outspoken man, escape from undue credit as one having influence? We have not before seen so clearly as in this correspondence how Walpole was regarded in France. He is not here merely the trifle from whom Mde. de Talmont bespoke a lap-dog; not merely the collector of china and enamel, to whom the anonymous snuff-box—pleasant compliment to his taste for collection—was sent in the name of Mde. de Sévigné; not merely the fire-side figure at St. Joseph's, whom Madame du Deffand gradually lured away from all other agreeable women: but he is credited with mysterious consequence at home. A story of his *escritoire* in London being broken open, and the papers therein examined, in April, 1771 (one, by the way, of which we have found small record in any of his own letters), seems to have dwelt on everyone's mind portentously, as belonging to his relations with the Choiseuls. Its result, seeing their credulous terror of spies and covert influences, may possibly have led to that avoidance of his nearest and dearest friends, Conway and Lady Ailesbury, when the latter went, recommended by Walpole, to Paris, to which avoidance he alludes openly, and our Duchess apologetically, in these letters.

After the two friends, at home and abroad, of Madame du Deffand, to whom some precedence has been given, the lady because she was less known—the gentleman, because he is more known, and every day better understood,—we come at last to

the 'dear, old, blind woman' herself, as shown in these new letters. Sooth to say, they add little to our knowledge—little to our admiration—either of her character as a woman, or of her pen as a letter-writer. They merely add a few touches to the picture of her long, profitless, showy, wearisome life, which was already three parts painted in former books. They are sometimes acute in judgment, rather than light in style or true, in sentiment. The writer was thought among her contemporaries to have considerable power of 'characterising,' a favourite intellectual pastime among the proprietors of *salons*; and it would not be just to withhold a specimen of her talent, which, though not written to be formally handed about, like one of those stinging epigrams and graceless songs with which her own memory was so richly stored, is not the less acute and elaborate; how far just, or the reverse, we leave the admirers of Jean Jacques Rousseau to decide. The letter is of course addressed to the Duchess, who, like the rest of the circle, amused herself, it would seem, with pen and ink, and had been speaking her mind about Rousseau. The date is July, 1766.

'No disrespect to you, dear grandmamma, it is not to you that I am going to speak now, but, may it please you, to M. the Abbé Barthélemi. I have the greatest obligations to you, sir, for having determined grandmamma to send me the pages which she had destined for M. Gontaut. I think, without vanity, that he would not have felt their value better than myself. I do not judge myself worthy of giving her letter all the praise which it merits, but I have shown it to M. le Président Hénault, and to M. de Secondat, who is a man full of *esprit* (the son, I mean, of the Président de Montesquieu). They have been enchanted with it, and are wonderstruck that a person of the age of grandmamma, so surrounded by everything that destroys application and keeps reflection at a distance, should think, reason, and express herself like the most enlightened of philosophers. Here is something which is worthy of your researches and observation, Monsieur l'Abbé, and which ought to make you give up Egypt and all antiquity. You have no need of my advice to take this line; for when one is with grandmamma, can one think of anything but her? For my part, I rave about her; I know of nothing which can be compared to her; and if I ever owe to her the obligation of being among your friends, she will thus put the crown on all that I owe her.

'This Rousseau, dear grandmamma, who has inspired you with such good things, has been putting the crown on all his follies. M. Hume has sent to Baron d'Holbach, and later still to M. d'Alembert, the copy of two letters full of the grossest insults, on his having learned that the other had obtained for him a pension from the King of England, but on the condition of its being kept a secret. These details would be too long to write, and I hope that we shall soon be able to tell you the whole story. What I find ineffable in the matter

is, that M. Hume has not written a word about the whole affair to the Prince of Conti or to Madame de Boufflers. One is curious to see what part they would take; one thinks that it would be that of abandoning Jean Jacques.

‘You do not speak about your return, which kills me. I have the greatest need of you. I know too well that I am destined to pass my life without seeing you; but I like to think of the thing as possible. Let hope be ever so vain, it is like the air which one breathes: it is necessary to existence, and to the hope of not dying. You cannot conceive what a good fortune it would be to me to see you oftener; and of what use your examples, your lessons, would be to me. Your first education was a very good one; but that which you have since given to yourself, and give yourself daily, is excellent. Your age, as you sent me word some time ago, gives to your heart all its power of judgment, and this enables you to make great use of your bright gifts. All your conclusions are sound, and you regulate your conduct by them as a consequence. No passion carries you away, nothing irritates you, nothing discourages you. You are the physician of your own heart and mind, know the diet that suits them, and observe it exactly.

‘Don’t believe that I think how to praise you. I study you. I strip you of your feathers. You are for me the best treatise on morality that I can read.

‘It is impossible for me to agree with you more completely than I do on the verdict you pronounce on Jean Jacques. His *esprit* is false; the eloquence which no one can deny him is fatiguing, and produces on the understanding the effect which a music full of dissonances produces on the ears. He is a Comus. He presents Virtue to you; you think you have hold of her,—you follow, to find out that it is Vice, whom he has been preaching. He is a madman; and I should not be astonished were he purposely to commit crimes which did not degrade him, but might conduct him to the scaffold, if he hoped thereby to enhance his notoriety. I hate too much everything that is false to have the slightest consideration for this person. I have not read all his works, but I will never read again those which I have read, and never shall read the others. I esteem and love the style of Voltaire too much to relish that of Jean Jacques. Accuracy, facility, clearness, warmth; these are the four qualities which make a good style. Rousseau has clearness, but it is the clearness of lightning; warmth, but it is the warmth of fever.’

The compliments in these letters run somewhat to the tune of the Scuderi romances, lately brought back to memory by M. Cousin, in his two curious volumes on ‘Le Grand Cyrus.’ But besides indicating that tendency to exaggerate in expression, which the observer of character will find a frequent quality in cold-hearted persons, Madame du Deffand, it must be remembered, poured forth her enthusiasms of the moment under difficulties. It is hard to be spontaneous through the medium of a secretary, be he even so devoted and trusty a person as Madame

du Deffand's amanuensis Wiart, who has to wait for the next word of tenderness, or the next whimsy of *badinage*. With every disposition, however, to be gentle as well as just towards one whom society had spoiled too thoroughly, to leave in her any chance of being deepened and sweetened by a cruel infirmity — with every inclination to adopt the predilections and sympathies (within certain bounds) of Madame du Deffand's tutor and English friend, who fought with her false sentiments, and treasured up relics of her after she was gone, as though they had belonged to a second de Sévigné — we cannot but repeat that the main, not the secondary figure, which this new book discloses, is that of our Duchess. The figure of Madame de Choiseul thus drawn by herself in these playful, sensible, and confidential letters is a valuable addition to our knowledge of the society of France in the last century; and these volumes deserve to be read mainly for the place she fills in them.

ART. IX. — *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in the Autumn of 1857 and the beginning of 1858.* By NASSAU W. SENIOR, Esq. London: 1859.

THE art of recording conversation with spirit and fidelity has not furnished many successful contributions to English literature. One conspicuous example stands almost without an imitator in the pages of Boswell, and something of the vivacity of social intercourse may be found in the Diary of Madame d'Arblay. But these exceptions only serve the more forcibly to remind us that the stream of sallies and of replies, of original remarks and of traditional knowledge, which rolls onward in good conversation, is swallowed as it flows by an inexorable oblivion; and that only here and there a fragment of what the wisest have thought, and the wittiest have said, survives to amuse or instruct the world. Yet, if it were possible, by the spell which the legend gives some German wizard, to compel the atmosphere to retain and repeat the accents which have vibrated for a moment on the ear, how many predictions would be unfulfilled, how many hopes would be dispelled, how many promises would be unperformed, how many sagacious observations would be stultified, how many a careless and idle remark every one of us would wish to efface! Upon the whole, we are satisfied, that social intercourse would lose much of its charm and its security, if the fluctuating and elastic element of

our daily talk could by any process be condensed and solidified into a more permanent form. Conversation framed to be taken down would become intolerably stiff and pedantic. Conversation, taken down as it runs, would be loose, desultory, and often scarcely worthy of preservation. The result is that the attempt to report actual conversations has not often been made; and it has still less often succeeded.

Mr. Senior, whose great abilities have entitled him to fill no inconsiderable place in the more abstruse departments of social and legal science, has, as is well known, devoted a good deal of time to a careful and lively record of the conversations he has held with eminent persons in many foreign countries. Living in the best society of his time, and perfectly qualified to take an active part in the discussions of all the most interesting questions of the age, he is said to have collected what may be termed the speaking memoirs of his foreign contemporaries in an authentic and attractive form; and the volume which he has now given to the public is a very interesting example of the skill and judgment with which he cultivates this peculiar species of literary composition. Perhaps he has sometimes insensibly given to Turkish pashas and Greek professors a little more force and precision than is to be found in their habitual conversation; and we have no doubt that Mr. Senior's friends, like the orators of our public assemblies, are under considerable obligations to their reporter. But his object and intention are evidently to convey their true meaning with the strictest fidelity; and in many instances the conversations have been revised and acknowledged by the speakers themselves.

Turkey is not the country to which a traveller, who travels chiefly in pursuit of conversation, and who never loses sight of the pleasures of social intercourse, would most naturally repair; for, in the first place, the Turks are indifferent talkers; and, in the second place, all conversation is absorbed by one insatiable topic — the present condition of the Ottoman Empire, and the future destiny of the East. The first of these difficulties, however, offered no insurmountable obstacle to Mr. Senior's curiosity, for we find him, within four days of his arrival at Therapia, picking morsels of roasted sheep with Achmet Vefic Effendi, the Turkish minister of justice, and extracting a few candid admissions from that high officer over an after-dinner pipe. It must, however, be premised that a considerable number of the interlocutors, who figure in Mr. Senior's pages under the disguise of A. B. or X. Y., are not Turks at all, but foreigners who spend their lives in speculating on the strange spectacle before their eyes; and this, in truth, is the sole subject

to which, under various forms, their conversation can be said to relate. Some difference of opinion, of course, prevails as to the causes of the decline of the Ottoman Empire; and some as to the efficacy of the remedies which may be applied or attempted. But in these pages, representing the opinions of a large number of different observers, (and, we might add, in the evidence of every intelligent person who has of late years witnessed the actual condition of Turkey,) almost complete unanimity prevails as to the rapid decay of the country and the government, the falling off in population and wealth as far as the Mahometan portion of the European provinces is concerned, the gross corruption pervading all classes of public officers, and the mischievous results of the diplomatic interference which is intended to avert the dissolution of the Empire.

Mr. Senior's journey to the East was made at a time peculiarly calculated to give interest and value to his observations. The war was just over, in which the armed intervention of the Western Powers had rescued Turkey from the impending peril of Russian invasion. A peace had been signed which guaranteed the independence and integrity of the Ottoman dominions, and placed the Sultan within the common security afforded by the public law of Europe. Large concessions, conceived in a tolerant and liberal spirit, had been made to the Christian populations by the Hatt-i-Humáyoun of February, 1856. Attempts were not wanting to place the Turkish finances on a better footing, to raise loans, to develop the resources of the country, and to carry on the work of reform. If ever there was a moment in modern times when hopes of the regeneration of Turkey could reasonably be entertained, after the efforts and sacrifices Europe had made in her behalf, the autumn of 1857 was that time. Yet the evidence Mr. Senior has collected, and the picture he has drawn, can leave no illusion on the mind of any man who believes the one to be true and the other to be correct; and we might quote page after page to demonstrate that all our exertions had only served to rescue the most execrable and contemptible government in Europe from an external danger, without adding anything to its internal strength or vitality. The fourth point of the articles relating to Turkey in the Treaty of Paris, which was to secure to the Christian subjects of the Porte equality of civil and religious rights, in exchange for the guarantee extended to the dominions of the Sultan by the Christian Powers, has remained a dead letter. The condition of the Christian populations is in truth unchanged, and nothing has occurred to lessen their ineradicable distrust and hatred of their Mussulman rulers.

Turkey, in fact, exists, as an English merchant settled at Galata observed to Mr. Senior, for two purposes. First, to act as dog in the manger, and to prevent any Christian Powers from possessing a country which she herself in her present state is unable to govern or to protect. And, secondly, for the benefit of some fifty or sixty bankers and usurers, and some thirty or forty pashas, who make fortunes out of its spoils (p. 84.).

"We talked of the degeneracy of the Turks. "How do you account," I asked, "for the strange fact, if it be a fact, that in proportion as they have improved their institutions, in proportion as life and property have been more secure, their wealth and their numbers have diminished? How comes it that the improvement which gives prosperity to every other nation ruins them?"

"It is a fact," said Y., "that while their institutions have improved, their wealth and population have diminished. Many causes have contributed to this deterioration. The first and great one is, that they are not producers. They have neither diligence, intelligence, nor forethought. No Turk is an improving landlord, or even a repairing landlord. When he has money, he spends it on objects of immediate gratification. His most permanent investment is a timber palace, to last about as long as its builder. His only professions are shop-keeping and service. He cannot engage in any foreign commerce, as he speaks no language but his own. No one ever heard of a Turkish house of business, or of a Turkish banker, or merchant, or manufacturer. If he has lands or houses, he lives on their rent; if he has money, he spends it, or employs it in stocking a shop, in which he can smoke and gossip all day long. The only considerable enterprise in which he ever engages is the farming some branch of the public revenue. His great resource is service, either that of a private person or of the Sultan. People talk of the place-hunting of France and of Germany; it is nothing to that of Turkey. A place closes the vista of every Turk's ambition."

"But," I said, "there was a time when the Turks were rich and prosperous. What difference is there between their national character then and now?"

"As respects hope," answered X., "ardour, self-reliance, ambition, public spirit, in short, all that makes a nation formidable, the difference is enormous. Until the battle of Lepanto and the retreat from Vienna, they possessed the grand and heroic but dangerous virtues of a conquering nation. They are now degraded by the grovelling vices of a nation that relies on foreigners for its defence. But as respects the qualities which conduce to material prosperity, to riches and to numbers, I do not believe that they have much changed. I do not believe that they are more idle, wasteful, improvident, and brutal now than they were 400 years ago. But it is only within the last fifty years, that the effects of these qualities have shown themselves fully. When they first swarmed over Asia Minor, Roumelia, and Bulgaria, they seized on a country very populous and of enormous wealth. For 350 years they kept on consuming that wealth and wearing out

that population. If a Turk wanted a house or a garden, he turned out a Rayah ; if he wanted money, he put a bullet into a handkerchief, tied it in a knot, and sent it to the nearest opulent Greek or Armenian. At last, having lived for three centuries and a half on their capital of things and of men, having reduced that rich and well peopled country to the desert which you now see it, they find themselves poor. They cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed. They use the most mischievous means to prevent large families ; they kill their female children, the conscription takes off the males, and they disappear. The only memorial of what fifty years ago was a populous Turkish village is a crowded burial-ground, now unused." (Pp. 210-2.)

Under the influence of these causes, said another English visitor, who has for many years held high rank in the Turkish service, —

"The Turks are dying out, gradually in Asia, but quickly in European Turkey."

"And what," I asked, "is their next great disease?"

"I was dining the other day," he answered, "with several Pashas. 'What,' they said, 'is the principal change which you have observed during the thirty years that you have known Turkey?'"

"The great increase," I answered, "of corruption."

"I am not surprised," said one of them, "at your answer," and the rest assented.

"This is bad, not only as a cause of evil, but as a sign. It shows that the higher classes have lost their self-respect ; that they despair of the future, and are anxious merely to get the means of immediate employment. Then there is the pride of ignorance, the recklessness of the Mussulman character, the absence of education in their public men, the carelessness with which they are selected, their want of confidence in one another, their constant intrigues and quarrels ; and I think these are diseases enough to make the man very sick, though, if he were left to himself, he might drag on for a long time." (P. 121.)

To this we may add the evidence of an intelligent Armenian, who said : —

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the country is going to ruin, under the influence of internal mismanagement and external interference.

"Of the foreigners who meddle in our affairs, some, like Russia, wish to hasten our fall, others, like Austria, wish us neither good nor evil, and are anxious only as to the influence which our fortunes may have upon theirs. England and France, I believe, really wish us well, but they try to serve us by forcing down our throats what *they* think a remedy and *we* think a poison. Their object is the fusion of the different races and different believers, or at least, their equality. They want the wolves and the sheep to lie down together. The Turks believe this to be thoroughly impossible. They believe that in Europe,

where the Christians are the large majority, they are thoroughly disaffected; that every right which they gained they would use as a weapon; that if the Hatt-i-Humáyoun were honestly carried out, the Turks would be driven across the Bosphorus in five years: in short, that India is merely a specimen of the feelings of slaves who can find an opportunity of rising against masters. They are resolved, therefore, that it shall be a dead letter. In some provinces, the reading of it produced riots: in others it was not attempted to be read.

"But in fact it cannot be a dead letter. It alarms and irritates the Turks; it stimulates the hopes and also the hatred of the Greeks." (P. 151.)

"Now," I said, "for the internal causes of ruin."

"They," he said, "are the disorder of the finances and of the currency; the farming of the revenue; the centralisation which brings every business to Constantinople, where it is neglected and at last forgotten, but above all, the general and increasing corruption. And for these evils there will be no cure. The pashas will not remedy them, for they profit by them, and their education renders them insensible to the mischief and to the scandal. The Sultan will not remedy them, for he knows nothing of them. He *can* know nothing of anything that his ministers do not choose to tell him. He does not read, and if he did, there is no press; he sees nobody, he never has seen anybody, except his brothers-in-law and sons-in-law, his women and his servants, and occasionally a minister or an ambassador who comes to bully him or to deceive him. Still the empire, if left to itself, might cohere for many years. But Europe has her eyes on its western provinces. One by one, or two by two, they will be cut off, or will drop off. Perhaps we may return to Broussa, and keep Anatolia for a century or two longer." (P. 153.)

In the midst of all this penury and profusion, the Sultan himself takes about 2,500,000*l.* for his own expenses, out of a public revenue of nine millions sterling; but as even this sum does not cover his expenditure, he has incurred a debt on promissory notes amounting to about ten millions sterling. Of this sum, spent, or supposed to have been spent, in about three years, 'one-third at the very outside represents value received—all the rest is robbery.' At the moment at which we write, these remarks have received a very striking confirmation. A conspiracy of the most formidable character had been organised amongst the leading Asiatic Turks in Constantinople, for the purpose of overthrowing so profligate a government. It was discovered on the eve of execution; and but for that accident a revolution would probably at this moment have changed the destinies of the empire.

With these facts patent and notorious to every one on the spot, it is not surprising that the gloomiest anticipations are unanimously expressed as to the consequences; the same una-

nimity cannot be expected as to the remedy. But we will hear one witness on this part of the question.

Wednesday, October 28th.—I walked with C. D. for a couple of hours along the terraced avenues of his garden.

"The last time," I said, "that we walked in this garden, you said that you thought that a man of talent, boldness, and decision could, even now, save the Turkish Empire.

"Let us suppose such a man on the Sultan's throne. What ought he to do?"

"He ought," said C. D., "in the first place to separate religion from government, which still in some matters are confounded. Secondly, he must fund the floating debt, and restore the currency, for which the plan is already prepared, and he must pay off the funded debt and prevent the recurrence of the floating debt by putting an end to the madness of palace-building, and by substituting direct collection of the revenue for the present system of farms. I have no doubt that the revenue, if honestly and directly collected, could be doubled. Thirdly, he must execute the laws against corruption. No new ones are necessary; those which exist are sufficient; on a second conviction, a man becomes incapable of any public office. Fourthly, and this is the only measure really difficult and really dangerous, he must endeavour, not actually to fuse and render homogeneous, but to render less discordant, less separated by the worst of all distinctions—that of oppressors and oppressed—the Christian and Mussulman populations; in short, he must execute the *Hatt-i-Humáyoon*." (P. 148.)

Such a state of things would in itself be sufficiently ominous and alarming; but the weakness, corruption, and decay of the Turks is but one side of the medal. On the other, we have the increasing numbers, the increasing wealth, the increasing energy and education of the Christian population; with this addition, that everything which tends to the destruction of an empire is to be found on the side of the oppressor, and everything which tends to the emancipation of a people on the side of the oppressed. At Smyrna Mr. Senior met the Prussian Consul, Herr Spiegelthal, a very accomplished man. His opinion as to the relative position of the two races was expressed in the following terms:—

"Herr Spiegelthal has spent much time in the interior of Asia Minor, and he believes the feelings of the Christian population to be such as to render an insurrection against the Turks almost certain within five or six years.

"What," I asked, "are their respective numbers?"

"The Christians," he answered, "are about three millions. The Turks about nine. But the Christians are concentrated in the larger towns; they possess all the wealth, the knowledge, and the intelligence of the country."

"But," I said, "they are neither armed nor military."

"Most of them," he answered, "are armed. The laws which

forbid their being so are, like most Turkish laws, unexecuted. I do not believe that they are unmilitary. In the war, the young Greeks volunteered to serve in large numbers; they required, however, to be embodied apart, their object was to acquire discipline and experience. The government rejected them. The robbers of this neighbourhood are almost all Greeks; five or ten of them were generally a match for twenty or thirty of the Turkish police. A couple of years ago, five or six robbers were surrounded by a couple of hundred soldiers, in a house in the village of Boujad, about four miles from Smyrna. The soldiers were afraid to enter the house, in which they had barricaded themselves, and kept firing on them. The robbers returned the fire, killed several of the soldiers, and the affair ended by two of the robbers being killed, and the rest escaping. Their hatred of the Turks increases as their own wealth, intelligence, and numbers increase, and the Turkish rule becomes more and more corrupt and oppressive. You must not judge that rule from what you have seen on the Bosphorus or the Hellespont, where there are consuls, and a European public. In the interior there is a mixture of anarchy and despotism, of timidity, negligence, cruelty, and rapacity. The government does not protect, does not assist, does nothing for the good of the people, and allows no one else to do anything. In short, it is a mere machine for robbery. It has no moral force and very little physical force. In this large town there are not three hundred Turkish soldiers. The insurgents will be assisted by the Greeks from the islands, such as Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, and Mitylene, where the bulk of the population is Greek. They will thus have the command of the sea. The contest will drag on until some European Power, or Europe collectively, interferes, to prevent the utter destruction of the finest portion of the earth." (Pp. 194-6.)

And again, to borrow the language of a Smyrniote gentleman who perpetuates the illustrious name of Homer:—

“The improvement of their institutions has, in more than one way, directly contributed to the poverty and weakness of the Turks. In the first place, it is inconsistent with their position, with the conditions of their existence. They are a tribe of robbers. What would have become of his band, if Yani Katergee or Simos, had issued a Hatt-i-Humayoon prohibiting the taking of ransoms, or the cutting off the ears of those whose ransoms were not paid? A people, who, as Y. has truly stated, do not produce, must perish if they ceased to steal. And secondly, the increased security of life and property has enabled the Christians to oust the Turks from many of the employments which were formerly open to them. Our increasing wealth produces a more than proportionate expenditure on education. Wherever there is a Greek village, there is a school. Small as our numbers are, there are ten, perhaps twenty, perhaps fifty, educated Greeks for one educated Turk. Every post requiring knowledge, diligence, or intelligence is filled by a Greek. Whenever the Turk borrows, the lender is a Greek. Whenever a Turk sells, the purchaser is a Greek, and it is seldom that a Turk borrows without having soon to sell. The

proud Turks are thus becoming an inferior race in their own country. They appear still to retain its administration, they are the pashas, beys, moollahs and cadies, but for the details of their administration they are forced to trust to Greeks; and those who manage the details of business, especially when a Turk is the superior, are the real administrators."

"And how," I asked, "is this to end? How is the sick man to die?"

"It may end," said Y., "by foreign conquest, or by foreign interference. But it seems to me certain that, if Europe does not intervene, the Christians, superior in wealth, superior in intelligence, and every day approaching nearer to equality in numbers, must at no distant period force the Turks to yield to them superiority of power." (Pp. 213-5.)

This contest between the two great elements of religion and of race, which still exist in everlasting hostility in the Levant, gives a dramatic interest to every page of Mr. Senior's journal. Parties in the East are not divided by those artificial distinctions or conventional symbols which sometimes separate them in other countries. The crescent and the cross mark an irreconcilable feud between all that man venerates in faith, respects in law, obeys in government, and cultivates in society; and at this moment the temporary truce which holds in suspense the falling fortunes of the Turks, and the rising fortunes of the Christians, has not abated in any degree that mutual hatred which springs from ages of intolerable tyranny and the energy of restored freedom.

The strength of Greek nationality is an element in the question—we will venture to say the dominant element in the question—which has been of late years too little considered in this country. The attachment of the Greeks to the peculiarities of their church is not so much with them a question of tenets or observances, as an adherence to that faith which has still kept them a nation, under endless division and a Mohammedan yoke. Even the miserable and corrupt government of Athens, which Mr. Senior has judged with the severity it deserves, and which gives so false and inadequate an impression of the true importance of the Greek people, has rendered one service by vigorously promoting education, in so much, that out of a population of 1,100,000, 58,000 attend the schools. In like manner the Greek press, which is conducted with as much ability as can be found in the journals of any continental country, is a most powerful instrument for the education and improvement of the nation. The newspapers of Athens are the connecting link which unites the Greeks still living under the Turkish government, and the Greeks who are scattered in mer-

cantile undertakings all over the world, in one common national feeling. At this very moment we receive the prospectus of a journal which is about to appear in Brussels in the Greek and French languages, to be entitled 'L'Orient,' for the express purpose of making the common interests of the Christians in the East better known to each other and to the rest of Europe. Nor can we doubt that whenever the day of independence dawns, and a fresh effort is made for the re-organisation of the Greek State, the wealth and the experience of free institutions which the Greeks have acquired in England and in other countries, will powerfully contribute to the regeneration of the country. One of the persons, hostile to the Greeks, whom Mr. Senior saw in Athens, assured him that, 'there was no cohesion among the people, and that no motive will urge them to any combined effort.' But this statement is entirely at variance with facts. The Greeks possess in the highest degree the art of association; they owe their mercantile power and success entirely to mutual support; and there is no reason to doubt that they will, when the occasion presents itself, show as much ability in the arts of government as they have already shown, since their partial emancipation, in the arts of trade. One of Mr. Senior's Greek friends, to whom he had remarked that, after all, the interior of the kingdom of Greece was even now as miserable and uncivilised as anything in Turkey, replied, with great truth:—

"Greece and Turkey," he answered, "are now, perhaps, on about the same level; but Greece is going uphill, and Turkey is going downhill. Five-and-twenty years ago Greece was a desert, and Turkey was richer and more populous than she is now. At this instant, perhaps, they are on a par; but ten years hence Greece will be much richer than she is now, and Turkey much poorer." (P. 285.)

But in fact, considering what the point of departure was twenty-five years ago, we wonder that the condition of continental Greece is as good as it is. Attica and the Morea had been ravaged for six years with unparalleled barbarity. The deliberate plan of Ibrahim was to exterminate the population and make the country a desert. All native power and influence had been systematically annihilated by the Turks; and the degradation of the Rayahs was complete. Misgovernment, lawlessness, and want of capital have no doubt greatly retarded the progress of the country. It was a misfortune that the only mode of rewarding the soldiers of the revolution was to grant them lands which they had no means of cultivating, and which no one would buy of them. But in spite of these untoward circumstances the population has increased by one third, the cultivation still more; and the Greek mercantile marine now consists

of 5000 vessels, which have almost driven every other flag from the trade of the Levant. The extraordinary commercial development of the Greeks, since they have partially recovered their independence, is the fairest test of their capacity, enterprise, and intelligence. They have not confined their operations to a few ventures in the fogs of Smyrna, but they have pitted their credit and their mercantile flag against the most powerful commercial nations of the world in Marseilles, in London, and in New York; and they have not been defeated. No doubt the traveller who looks, as Mr. Senior did, at the wretched Albanian peasantry who scratch the plain of Eleusis where Triptolemus first received the gifts of Ceres, or who has to travel by rude tracks often infested by banditti, may reasonably complain of the state of Greece, and produce, as M. About and other writers have done, a sufficiently repulsive picture. But it is not the less true that this inference is not a just and correct one; these facts merely prove that the kingdom of Greece cannot flourish in the absurd and anomalous circumstances in which it has been placed by the protecting Powers.

The first and perhaps the most fatal of all the blunders made on that occasion was the severance of continental Greece from almost all the islands inhabited by the Greek race. Yet several islands, like Samos, had displayed heroic courage in the war; and it was easy to perceive that while the mainland had chiefly contributed Albanian highlanders, or klephts, to the contest, the Greek families of the islands had really secured the emancipation of their country. The condition of the Greeks of the mainland was, and in some respects still is, by no means dissimilar to that of the Scottish Highlanders down to the middle of the last century. The 'fustanelle' may be said to play in their social history very nearly the part which the kilt has played in our own. The thrift, the industry, the intelligent enterprise which have made Scotland what she is, lie, as every one knows, south of the Highland line; and so in Greece, they are to be found among the isles, though they be altogether wanting among the Mainote hills. The same consideration has affected the political condition of the state. A Court with an extravagant civil list has not found it difficult to bribe, to cajole, or to intimidate almost every man of ambition and vanity in a poor and thinly peopled country. But if the more important of the Greek islands had formed part of the kingdom, they would have speedily attained a high degree of prosperity, and thus would have produced men capable of playing a much more independent part in public affairs. Even now, Hydra and Syra, small as they are, have already risen in importance with far greater rapidity than any portion of the adjacent continent.

Mr. Senior, during his stay at Athens, which followed his visit to Constantinople, availed himself of the conversations of Greeks and resident Englishmen to lay bare the abuses of King Otho's administration, and the ingenious perversion by which the forms of constitutional government have been employed to establish the preponderance of the Court. He comments with severity on the absence of roads, and with still greater justice on the atrocious cases of brigandage which have from time to time occurred. Indeed, one considerable source of the dislike of the Greek nation, which is strongly expressed by recent travellers, may be traced to the stories of hardihood and ferocity of the Greek banditti, which are current all over the East. Nothing can be more injurious and disgraceful to Greece; but as piracy has disappeared with the steady progress of lawful maritime trade, we have no doubt that brigandage will cease with the gradual extension of cultivation and the arts of social life. Mr. Senior himself saw in the Troad a celebrated bandit who turned policeman at the exhortation of the British Consul, though sorely tempted to run off again to the hills; and nothing can be more exciting than his narrative of Dr. McCrith's abduction from Bournabat, near Smyrna, by Simos, another noted robber, who claimed and obtained a ransom of 500*l.* apiece for his prisoners. But even the crimes of these outlaws denote a degree of enterprise, ability, and hardihood which might be turned to good purposes, and which give them a sort of Robin Hood popularity among their countrymen. The following conversation took place at Smyrna:—

"All your great robbers," I said, "seem to have been Greeks."

"Greeks only," said Mr. Hanson, "have talent and combination enough for the arduous post of a robber chief; and Greeks only would have enjoyed the degree of sympathy and assistance which these men received from their fellow-countrymen. Katergee and Simos were not execrated by the Greeks as they were by the Europeans. The Greeks recollected that it was by the klephtæ that the insurrection in Greece began. That it was the klephtæ who were the nuclei of the guerilla bands who harassed, and at last destroyed, the troops of the Sultan. All the Greeks in Smyrna delighted in Simos' victory over the Turks."

"What do you suppose," I said, "to have been the ultimate objects of Katergee and Simos? They scarcely intended to be robbers for the rest of their lives, unless, indeed, they were prepared for their lives being very short."

"Probably," he answered, "they hoped to make a purse out of a few great ransoms, and to fly to Greece to live there in dignified repose. Perhaps they hoped to become chiefs in the insurrection of Asia Minor. They were both men of some education. Katergee was a courier; he performed for us all the duties which the post per-

forms in civilised countries ; he carried messages, parcels, and money, and had a small capital in horses and their accoutrements ; he was thought remarkably trustworthy ; he was ill-treated by the Turkish authorities, and took to the road partly from want, and partly in revenge." (P. 203, 204.)

But even this sorry plea will not serve to palliate the crimes committed in the kingdom of Greece,—often by the wretches whom the criminal connivance of the court has liberated from prison to serve its own political ends.

Nevertheless, although the impression left on the mind by these outrages, and by the petty artifices of the king's government, is extremely unfavourable, it is not disputed by any of Mr. Senior's acquaintances that the Greek element is growing in wealth, power, and intelligence throughout the East, even more rapidly than the Turkish element is losing those qualities which once constituted its power. We would fain hope that the defects of the Greeks are those of a renovated people, gradually awakening from slavery and degradation to freedom and a higher standard of moral responsibility ; we are certain that the defects of the Turks are those of a people and a creed outworn, and that they are sinking back into the barbarism from which the military virtues they have now lost, did at one time raise them. Seldom has a more interesting and animated picture been drawn of two great bodies of men contending for the future control of one of the finest portions of the globe, than that which Mr. Senior presents to us in these conversations. The course of events does not keep pace with the impatience of political theorists, and the slow evolution of what is termed the Eastern question has already often deceived, and will again deceive, those who have anticipated a speedy and decisive catastrophe. We believe rather that the fate of the Ottoman Empire will be regulated by the gradual and constant operation of the causes which this book discloses, than by the crash of any sudden revolution ; but it is the more important to bear those causes faithfully in mind, when we witness the events to which they must give rise ; and no traveller has done more than Mr. Senior to present us with an exact and unbiassed estimate of the present state of the East, in the very words of those persons who are best acquainted with its peculiarities.

- ART. X.—1. *Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners on the State of the Handloom Weavers.* Presented to Parliament, 1841.
2. *Report of the Case of the Queen versus Geo. Duffield, Thos. Woodnorth, and John Gaunt, tried at the Stafford Summer Assizes, July, 1851, before Mr. Justice Erle and a Special Jury.*
3. *Rules of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Millwrights, Smiths, and Pattern-makers. Established January 1. 1851; Rules revised June 1. 1857.*
4. *Rules of the London Society of Compositors, &c., as Amended June, 1857.*

ONE and twenty years ago the subject of Trades' Unions and Strikes was treated in this Review*, in a way which excited horror and dismay in other countries besides our own. Yet the article was nothing more than a simple commentary on the facts made known by a trial of five cotton-spinners. These men were charged with illegal conspiracy and murder; and the evidence against them disclosed enough of the machinery and proceedings of Trades' Unions to create and to justify the alarm which at that time pervaded the country. Those prosecutions did indeed bring to light an array of facts which might well make men wonder whether they were living amidst the foremost civilisation of the nineteenth century; and we look back now with astonishment at the fearful details of cruelty, the vitriol-throwing, shooting, burning and beating, which came out in the Courts and through the press, whenever the operations of Trades' Unions were examined. In returning to the subject now, we have to take a somewhat different view from that of our predecessor. Our story to-day is not one of torture and murder. That phase of the struggle between employers and employed seems to be over. There was a time when the managers of Trades' Unions believed that their power depended mainly on the fearfulness to flesh and blood of the penalties they could inflict on the disobedient. They believed that some counterpoise was necessary to the power which the possession of capital gave to the masters; and that superior intimidation was that counterpoise. The masters were only held together by the weak bond of public opinion when their own interests began to

* Edinburgh Review, vol. lxvii. p. 209.

compete; but, as against the men, their superior financial resources gave them certain victory in disputes about wages, unless some stringent sanction could be found for the enforcement of the decrees of the managers of Unions. Torture and murder were the sanctions in use five-and-twenty years ago, and for some subsequent years. It was discovered, however, that the object could be gained by means less revolting to public opinion, less dangerous to the Unionists, less conspicuous and openly discreditable to the cause of the labourers. The principle could not be altogether surrendered. There must still be intimidation; but the mode of operation might be changed. Instead of burning out a man's eyes, or breaking his bones, or shooting him in the back, it might be safer, and answer as well, to deprive him of his bread, and subject him to excommunication among his fellows. Such is the modern phase of this kind of action. It is all the more formidable and mischievous, because its language is specious, and its deeds, though in effect sufficiently cruel, are not deeds revolting to humanity and obnoxious to condign punishment. The organisation has spread very widely: it has become more intricate, more stringent, more secret, in every way more important as a feature of English life, while we have been fancying that the whole thing has been much moderated since the trials of 1838, and that it would die out as men grew wiser. Now and then some great disclosure takes place, like that which has just been occasioned by the strike in the London Building Trades; but the public are apt to forget the circumstances, when the matter is settled for the moment; and when the next turn-out comes, we wonder, for the twentieth time, that intelligent workmen can enter into so hopeless a struggle, and suppose that they will be taught the true doctrine by bitter experience, sooner or later.

If we are not going to speak of the old methods of intimidation, neither are we going to preach political economy. It is certainly true that large numbers, we might almost say whole classes, of our working men understand the truth, that strikes are fatal to their interests. The dreary seven years ending with 1843, proved that the Lancashire operatives had learned much wisdom in the course of a generation. Their patience under the hardships of those years, and their general good understanding with their employers, showed that they were aware of the real causes of their suffering; so far, at least, as not to blame the mill-owners for withholding the work and wages which they had not to give. It may be doubted whether there are not men in every branch of industry, who see the folly of strikes, as thoroughly as it was seen by O'Connell and Joseph Hume: yet the organisa-

tion of Trades' Unions continues to extend, and their control is as stringent as ever. Our business therefore is, not to prove over again what most people in Great Britain, and probably all our readers, are convinced of; but to look into these organisations, and learn, if we can, what they are, how far they extend, whether they are compatible with the theory and practice of our social life; and, if not, what is to be done in regard to them.

The distinguishing characteristic of society and government in Great Britain is perfect openness and publicity in its arrangements, its legislation, and its executive action. We have no punishments without trial; no hole-and-corner prosecutions; no mysterious executive, veiled or invisible; no punishable offences unknown to the law; no subjugation to a nameless authority which interferes with a man's private concerns. Such is the general belief. There are the Freemasons, to be sure. The Americans will not tolerate even those harmless, kind-hearted people who relish the amusement and the vanity of keeping up a traditional mystery, which has no perceptible social effect. The Americans will not permit any extra-judicial oaths, because they are considered incompatible with the genuine republican principle. But we are not called upon to be so strict; and we allow the Freemasons their ostentatiously secret amusements, while reprobating states of society which admit of secret laws and arbitrary rule, unprovided for by the constitution of the country, and adverse to the theory of its government. We have been accustomed to exult in the structure of society in our own empire, which allows, generally speaking, of the free operation of the great natural laws of human association; and when we hear of continental nations, from the Mediterranean to the Volga, and from the Black Sea to the Channel, being honeycombed with secret societies, we are wont to rejoice that with us everything is open and aboveboard, and that the soil is sound under our feet. When we hear of spies, and enforced dumbness, and *surveillance*, and distrust of neighbours on the right hand and the left, we try to conceive what life can be under such thralldom, and we declare that Englishmen could not exist in an atmosphere of constraint and suspicion. Can it be possible, then, that in Great Britain too there is an *imperium in imperio* as oppressive to those whom it comprehends as any secret society on the Continent, enforcing mysterious laws and arbitrary obligations by the hands of irresponsible authorities, in defiance of the great natural laws of human society? Recent events may have prepared our readers to take some interest in the inquiry whether the fact is so or not. When they have learned as much as can be known of the

Trades' Unions in England, they may judge for themselves whether any existing government in Europe, from Constantinople to St. Petersburg or Paris, would venture to exercise so stringent a rule over its subjects as a large proportion of our working men submit to from other men of their own order. Under the system of irresponsible government which strives to subject the labour market to its dominion, the characteristic freedom of the English citizen is lost. Hundreds of thousands of our countrymen are unable to say that each man's house is his castle; that his labour and its rewards are his own property; and that 'live and let live' is the rule of the society in which he dwells. Whether it is better to be an English workman or a continental artisan, under the restrictions of guilds in one country, a protective system in another, and political espionage in a third, may be found to depend on whether the Englishman has the spirit and prudence to maintain his position outside of that organisation which undertakes, not the administration of any beneficial method of assurance against the accidents of life, but the regulation of the labour market. The independent working man, who chooses to conduct his own labour-bargains, may be more like a freeman than most of his order in Germany, Sweden, or France; but even he, — happy as he is in comparison with the 'Society-man' next door, — is not so free as he ought to be under the laws and recognised usages of his country. The oppression which overwhelms the Society-man next door reaches him in the form of obstruction and intimidation; and thus the evil is a public and social one, not dependent on the individual choice of the citizens; it therefore demands earnest attention from all ranks of British society, whether it may appear to affect them or not.

In proposing to learn, as much as can be known of the arbitrary government of labour in England, we are aware of the difficulty of learning anything, and the present impossibility of ascertaining much. The managers of Trades' Unions discountenance records. Their most-stringent laws are unwritten; their most significant usages are unrecorded; their committees cannot be fixed with responsibility; their threats are not expressed but understood; their punishments are inflicted by invisible hands. It is only by an occasional glance that an insight can be gained into that dim parliament and palace of democratic tyranny on which the eyes of Italian, French, and German constitutionalists are at this moment fixed with deep anxiety. In the midst of the crisis in Italy this autumn, the liberal leaders have watched the strike in the London Building Trades, saying that if the ignorant selfishness of the workmen should

prevail in the struggle, the cause of rational freedom would be disgraced in England, and the brightest beacon of liberty in Europe would go out in smoke. Any victory over the employers on a large scale, on no better grounds than those presented in the builders' strike, would show that the competitive system, so conducted, involves all the worst evils of the Socialism so much dreaded on the Continent, with an entire absence of the benefits which unquestionably attend a rational co-operation. The Trades' Unions, as far as they concern themselves with the regulation of the price of labour, at present unite all the chief evils of the antagonistic systems; and their operation is fatal accordingly to the political and social interests of all within their sphere.

Their aim and object is, in every case which we have been enabled to investigate, to *stint* the action of superior physical strength, moral industry, or intelligent skill; to depress the best workman in order to protect the inferior workman from competition; to create barriers which no Society-man can surmount, and which few non-Society-men dare to assail; and, in short, to apply all the fallacies of the Protective system to labour. Such a system injures first the individual, whom it robs of a free market for his labour; secondly, the class of manufactures to which he belongs by increasing the cost and diminishing the efficiency of the workmen; and lastly the nation at large by curtailing the productive power, and consequently the wealth, of the community.

According to the best authorities accessible in so obscure a case, the Trades' Unions in the kingdom are not fewer than two thousand, containing about 600,000 members, and commanding a fund of 300,000*l.*, destined chiefly for the support of strikes. Now, if we suppose each member to have three persons dependent on him (which is a low average), it would appear that nearly two millions and a half of the working class of our population are governed in their most important affairs, — their industry and its recompense, their social relations and personal fortunes, — by laws and authorities not recognised by the rest of society, and not subject to public discussion or legal control. It must be considered, also, that the two millions and a half constitute only a portion of the multitude whose fortunes are determined by the Trades' Union organisation. The Unions are antagonistic, not so much to the employers of labour as to the labourers outside the body. The opposition to the masters is always put forward as the object of such Unions; and their most conspicuous action is in that direction; but the main purpose is to control the labour market; to keep up a monopoly in

each trade, and drive off into other employments all the workmen who will not enter the combination. The consequence is that the multitude outside the pale are the poorest of their class; for, if the members are heavily taxed, the non-members are obstructed in obtaining employment. For the most part, they are driven into trades which the Unions do not reach. These are originally the worse paid trades, or they would soon have Unions. The enforced increase of numbers still further depresses wages, to the injury of the class before engaged in those occupations; and thus a third division of our labouring population is victimized. All these things being considered, it is scarcely too much to say that the working classes of Great Britain all feel, in one way or another, the influence of the Trades' Unions which profess to include 600,000 members.

In a former volume of this Review*, may be found some particulars of the machinery of Trades' Union government; its central committee in London; its district committees, and gradation of officers; its meetings of representatives, for the enactment or reform of laws; and its expenditure, for purposes of show as well as real business. It must suffice here to say that, within the United Trades, every manufactory has its secretary, who reports to the district secretary, who, in his turn, communicates with the central committee, unless there is still another department to be passed through. Ten years ago, the originators of the *National Association of United Trades*, sitting in London, declared that if they could obtain the adherence of 100,000 workmen, out of the six millions at which they estimated the class, they would have, by a subscription of one penny per week, an annual revenue of more than 20,000*l.*, by which a sufficient power would be obtained to coerce any uncombined masters. This would be a good beginning; and from it the Association would be continually advancing towards the annual revenue of 1,300,000*l.*, which would accrue from the penny subscriptions of the whole six millions. Though it is obvious that there is confusion here, from the 100,000 being representatives of households, while the six millions include the entire households, the proposal is sufficiently striking. It moved Lord Campbell to say, in the Court of Queen's Bench,—

‘I must confess I look with some alarm upon this General Association sitting in London, dictating to masters what they shall pay their men, and levying contributions for the support of such Society all over the kingdom, that might raise a fund as large as the revenue of some of the sovereign states of Europe.’

* Edinburgh Review, vol. lix. p. 349.

The first clear insight into the action of this National Association which was obtained by the public was through the trial of nine men for conspiracy at Wolverhampton, in 1851; and the evidence is so clear and ample, and so little likely to have fallen in the way of our readers, that we cannot perhaps do better than give an outline of the story as it came out at the Stafford Summer Assizes of 1851.

Messrs. Perry, the objects of the conspiracy, had been many years established as tinplate-workers and japanners at Wolverhampton. A tinplate-worker is a manufacturer of all articles made by cutting, stamping, soldering, or bending tin plates; that is, of teapots, teakettles, candlesticks, baths of all sorts, bread-tins, coffee-urns, canisters, cash-boxes, jelly-moulds, patty-pans, nutmeg-graters, spice-boxes, paste-cutters, and the like. The business of japanning was united with the tinplate-working at Messrs. Perry's manufactory, and was dependent upon it, as any delay in supplying the tin articles kept the japanners idle. About a hundred men were employed in each division of the work; and the men were earning, according to their diligence and ability, from 20s. to 60s. per week. In 1842 a book of prices, or list of the rates to be paid for the manufacture of articles, was agreed upon by the tinplate-workers of the town (about six firms); but the list could not be long adhered to because machinery was from time to time introduced, by which manual labour was saved in regard to particular processes; as when the moulding round the rim of footbaths was turned by a machine, instead of by hand; and when various pieces, now one and now another, were found to admit of being cut out by a stamper moved by steam. On the whole, the result was that a workman could earn more than before; but the pay per article was necessarily changed when portions were supplied ready to his hand. Thus the list fell into disuse, and each firm paid its own men by its own contracts with them. Messrs. Perry believed that they were paying about ten per cent. higher wages than the average of their trade in Wolverhampton, taking the articles all round, at the time of the interference of the National Association between them and their workmen. As far as they knew, all was going on well. Their manufacture was not a fluctuating one, but steadily prosperous. Their books were full of orders; their men were well paid and satisfied; and there seemed to be no conceivable reason why anybody should be troubled about the affairs of the manufactory, or of the trade in any part of the town; for there were no disputes among the various firms. But, on the 2nd of April, 1850, the Messrs. Perry received a letter from the secretary of the National Asso-

ciation of United Trades in London, informing them that they would be visited on the 8th of the month by a deputation from head-quarters, together with delegates from the town itself, to discuss a book of prices to be left at the office, in the hope of arranging matters satisfactorily between the Messrs. Perry and their workmen.

It was too plain what this meant. It was a busy season; the order-books were full; and the firm would yield a good deal to get their contracts fulfilled. The head of the firm took his measures accordingly. He invited his best men to enter into written contracts with him; and they, being well satisfied, did so, agreeing for a certain amount of wages, and to give six months' notice when disposed to terminate the agreement, Mr. Perry guaranteeing their wages and one month's notice. Meantime, one man, named Preston, was observed to neglect his work, and pass from bench to bench to hold whispered conversations with the workmen; and, as he was probably a mischief-maker, and certainly an unprofitable servant, he was dismissed. On the 8th, three personages from the London Association called, and inquired why Preston was dismissed; to which question Mr. Perry declined all reply. His visitors then declared their call to be for the purpose of settling the disputes between him and his men, so as to preclude the necessity of a strike. They were informed that there were no disputes to settle. Nevertheless they tendered a book of prices for his assent; and he, in order to gain time, and get his contracts fulfilled, said he would take them into consideration. One of the visitors declared himself to be the secretary of the Association, and informed the Messrs. Perry that the Society could bring any amount of coercion down upon any single firm that might be necessary; that the affairs of the tinplate-workers were in the hands of the Association; and that if the Messrs. Perry did not agree to terms, every workman they had should be drawn off. He also intimated that Preston was a member of the Society, and under its protection.

In the interval between the first letter and the final rupture, Messrs. Perry increased their stock to the utmost, and entered into nearly sixty contracts with their best men; and then, after various meetings with the London meddlers, declared that they would have nothing to do with fixing a rate of wages (called prices) at the dictation of anybody, far or near. The delegates said they were sorry; and that now 'things must take their course.' The troubles of the firm immediately began. They could not quit their own premises without seeing strangers peeping from behind corners, or waiting before the gates. Boys

slipped in with messages to the men. The men began to disappear; and boys came for their bundles, or coat or tools. In the course of three months, upwards of sixty out of eighty-five disappeared, forty-five of whom were men who had bound themselves by contracts. While any considerable number remained on the premises, they were continually holding 'shop meetings,' not, as on rare occasions hitherto, to settle any point of doubt or difficulty about work, but to discuss methods of compulsion as to wages. The manufacture went on so badly that the head of the establishment declared his loss to be between two and three thousand pounds between July and November. His fortunes and those of his men here part off for a time. We will follow his first.

He advertised for workmen, by placards in the town, and advertisements in the Birmingham journals. He received applications in abundance, and was aware of the presence in the street of numbers of workmen coming to engage themselves; but they were waylaid, tempted to the public-house, and induced to go away. Several who were actually hired, and expected the next morning, were seen to be thus turned back; and they never reappeared. One of the partners, finding little to do at home, went to France; and he brought thence eight Frenchmen, who were all enticed away in the course of six weeks, at the cost of 52*l.*, either to a committee-man, who said he paid the money out of his own pocket, or to the subscribing workmen of the place. Then twenty Germans were induced to migrate to Wolverhampton; and of these sixteen remained at the time of the trial,—of course depressing the wages of the townsmen, or excluding them from employment. The spies were actually provided with 'a foreigner,' an interpreter, when the Frenchmen appeared; and on the very day of their arrival several of them were missing,—plied with drink in the public-house frequented by the agents of the Association. They did very little work, and disappeared without notice.

As men could not be obtained, fifty apprentices were taken on, after the tinplate workmen were reduced to two; but the apprentices also began to vanish, almost immediately. Some of the paid agents of the Association thought it doubtful policy to cause the apprentices to abscond—'they could have done so 'much more useful a service by remaining!' In a strike in the leather trade they had 'carried on the game by cutting up and 'destroying the leather;' and now some of them were equal to the occasion. 'Before they went, the tools were injured, and 'the tin was cut to waste, and patterns were missing.' Thus were the fortunes of the employers assailed by the National

Association of United Trades, presided over by Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, Esq., M.P. Let us see how it fared with those of the men.

George Duffield, one of the nine men on trial afterwards, had worked for one firm for five-and-twenty years. It is scarcely necessary to say that he was a good workman and a respectable man. He was prosperous up to the spring of 1850. He then slackened in his work, and soon quitted it, accepting office under the London committee at 4s. 6d. a week, his function being to draw away the workmen from the factory, and prevent others coming in. He was one of the watchers whom Mr. Perry saw peeping round corners, and waylaying his workpeople. The evidence on the trial shows him enticing men to the public-house, and making them drunk; posting placards of evil tendency; inveigling the Frenchmen as they arrived; sending old comrades on fools' errands over half the country, to keep them out of the way of their employers, even escorting them on occasion, and paying them small sums to live on; and levying four shillings a head at the week's end from men whom he had separated from their work and their wages. The inevitable end was imprisonment in Stafford Gaol, where he passed three months, after his long career of honourable industry. Three different sets of Mr. Perry's men, confiding themselves to the care of the Association, and such agents as Duffield and his fellow-culprits, related their adventures at the trial, and show us what turn-outs have to expect. These witnesses disclosed an interminable amount of low intrigue, deceit, drunkenness, and coercion—endless drinking, at the cost of the Association, to get possession of these unhappy men; railway tickets provided in the same manner to spirit them away, they knew not where, in violation of the contracts they had signed—threats of personal violence, and in one case of an action for bigamy, against refractory victims—wives abandoned by their husbands—men escaping from their persecutors in disguise, their only object being to continue to earn an independent livelihood, and to return to their families. All these circumstances are related with the greatest minuteness in the evidence taken at Stafford before Mr. Justice Erle; it would be tedious to quote them here in greater detail; they are dismal and revolting narratives; but we have said enough of them to show the operation of these Trades' Unions on the liberties of our countrymen. This evidence lays bare the waste, the vexatiousness, the childish ignorance and levity of the whole action of the National Association; but above all its operation on the liberty of the citizen. And what exhibition could be more dismal and humiliating? Before the

Association began to meddle, all went well; trade was steadily prosperous, and employers and employed were satisfied; but the unprovoked interference of strangers ruined everything. An entrance was made for wrong and wretchedness to enter in; everybody was a loser, nobody a gainer; and all England was disgraced by the proof that any of her citizens could surrender their primary liberties in so dastardly a manner.

We will trace out a few more facts in this tin-plate manufacture before going on to other trades; in order that the liberties of the working men, as they are at this day, may be compared with those of other trades, in which the exposures have not been so public and so flagrant. There is little room for choice, however, among the callings which admit of interference from the head-quarters of the United Trades. The only secure prosperity for the working man is in those occupations in which combination is not easy or practicable. In another town there is a tin-plate goods manufactory, where the men are all Union-men, paying a regular weekly subscription, and living under the orders of the central authority, imposed immediately, if necessary, but ordinarily through the medium of the district society, and the official appointed to each particular manufactory. The body of rules in the possession of the subscribers, and ready for exhibition to non-members, has a very innocent appearance, treating of such excellent objects as the relief of the members in adversity, and their removal from a place where their trade is unprosperous to one where labour is in demand: but in times of crisis it becomes plain that the printed rules do not exhibit the real constitution of the body. It will be more profitable to look at the rules of other trades, which are drawn up with somewhat less reserve. The Society is believed to be rich at times; and when those times coincide (as is natural) with briskness of trade, a strike is always apprehended by the employers. The prodigious orders which came from Australia in 1854, were pretty certain to cause a strike, because there was a vast quantity of work to be got through in a certain time. Various improvements in the manufacture of candlesticks, teapots, &c., by the introduction of appropriate machinery, had long rendered useless the list of prices which once determined the earnings of the men. Such a list was not wanted; for common journeymen were earning from 20s. to 25s. a week, and superior workmen 40s. These wages were higher than were then paid in other chief seats of the manufacture; but the occasion was seized to insist on a new list of prices, based upon a scale, on the average, ten per cent. higher than the wages which already exceeded those paid else-

where. The employers could not, at the moment, stop to dispute the point. They granted the demand; but, like the Messrs. Perry, they engaged a large number of apprentices, and 'articled' workmen, who were promised full employment for a year, on pledging themselves to work full time during that period. About a hundred men and boys having been thus secured, and the friendly co-operation of the chief firms in other towns obtained, the employers gave notice to their men that on a certain day they should revert to the former scale of pay. Of course the men threatened a strike; and of course they were unresisted, further than by a friendly warning of the consequences. One man refused to quit his employment at the dictation of his comrades, being satisfied with his 30s. a week. On the first day of the absence of the turn-outs, he was crossing the yard, when a bucket of dirty water drenched him, just under the window of the room where the apprentices were at work; and the next day was worse, for brickbats fell upon him whichever way he turned. The manager did his best to protect him; but it was impossible to discover the aggressors. On the third day the poor fellow was so cruelly beaten, by three fellows who waylaid him on his return home, that he dared not remain. He hid himself in the country till the strike was over, as many another industrious and sensible man has been driven to do, by losing his tools, or finding them spoiled, or having his coat stolen, his hat crushed, and his work-bench covered with malicious inscriptions in chalk. The turn-outs, who are receiving five shillings a-week from their own paid despots, are employed to insult and injure the comrade who chooses to earn six times the amount. A few active scheming men in each place are set to enlist the multitude of inferior workmen, and organise them for mischief under promises of an equality of wages. It is an easy life for the few, who have the management of the local fund, under very lenient auditors, with access to the central committee, and enjoyment of considerable local power and consideration. One of these officials presented himself, when the strike was over, sleek and ruddy among the emaciated comrades whom he had led away. The remark of one of these comrades on his good plight was, 'Ah, it is comfortable enough for the committee, living at a public-house all the time, as they do, while we, and our wives and children, are having only five shillings a-week. While we are trying to keep ourselves alive, they are fattening on salmon and green peas.'

That particular strike was soon over. Reason and fact were so strongly against the men that they could not sustain their demand. A more recent contest resembled the Wolverhampton

struggle in some particulars. In brief, the men proposed an unconscionable charge for making a particular article which could be made in London for little more than half the sum. Being reasoned with, they persisted; and eighteen men were therefore fetched from London. Eleven of the eighteen were presently in public houses, treated by men who had accosted them in the streets. These new friends made them drunk, put them into railway carriages with tickets in their hands, just as a train was starting, and hoped they were rid of them. Most of them returned, however, paying their own fare. The issue in this case was important, as a successful encroachment would have raised wages in Wolverhampton and London, and depressed a branch of business at present profitable all round.

At Birmingham, a good many 'steel toys' are made; by which we mean, not fancy scissors and penknives, and charms for ladies' girdles, but pincers, sugar-nippers, turnscraws, small vices, hammers, and other business-like articles. A manufacturer wished to make files, in addition to a variety of these things, as his premises were suitable for the purpose. He engaged some file-makers who applied to him for work, and kept a strict profit and loss account of the enterprise. At the end of the first quarter, he found he had sustained a small loss; and he called his men into consultation as to what should be done. They advised that certain parts of the work, the 'edging' and 'brushing,' should be committed to boys, who were quite equal to it. This was done, and all was going on well, when he one day found a note slipped under his door, threatening that his 'shop' would be shut up the next week, unless he dismissed the boys, whom it was against the rules of the trade to employ. He burned the note, and took no notice; but was asked the next day whether he was aware that the file-cutters were all going to stop work next week. He summoned the file-cutters, and asked them whether this was true, and some other questions. They answered that they were going to leave; that they had no complaint to make; that they were in no respect dissatisfied, but that they were under orders from the secretary of the Society in Sheffield. But why must they throw up their work at anybody's orders? What would be the consequence if they quietly went on as usual? They would simply be ruined for life. If they submitted to the indignity of working side by side with boys, when those boys were engaged on men's work (though the boys were perfectly competent to do it), they would be marked for outlawry, and no man would ever work with them again. There was no arguing against such compulsion. One man remained, and worked on the premises till he

died ; the rest left : and for some time the place was ' picketed : ' that is, it was watched by scouts, set to see that no file-cutters entered the gate. By such tyranny, enforced by brutal acts of burning, shooting, and blowing up houses, the men of Sheffield (or those who call themselves so), have acquired and lost great things. They have acquired a reputation for barbarism, cruelty, selfishness and folly, which places them below the population of any other town in England ; and they have lost a large portion of a very fine trade, which might have enriched the place, and made the lowest journeyman prosperous in his line, but which has gone over to America, where the working-men know better how to acquiesce in the great natural laws of the industrial world.

In the same ' steel-toy ' trade an experiment has been tried in Birmingham, which had a more favourable result. A trade-union was suggested, and agreed to ; and the men paid in their subscriptions regularly for some time, till they calculated that they were strong enough in funds to venture upon a strike. They demanded an advance of wages, were refused, turned out, and on the Saturday applied to the secretary for their allowance from his cash-box. The box was safe under his bed ; but it was empty. The secretary declared the money had been stolen ; the men saw that plainly enough, but had some doubts as to who was the thief ; and they at once went to work again, on the old terms, and have never since entertained the project of a union.

Birmingham is little troubled with serious disputes between employers and employed ; chiefly because the manufactures of the place are of a kind requiring incessant ingenuity and novelty, and therefore occupying individual minds in a way defying organisation. Masters and men consult about a new device in jewellery, or for domestic or decorative purposes ; and each piece of work is paid for on its own merits, or under its own conditions. Where hundreds of masters are employing thousands of workmen who are daily aiming at the production of something new, no uniform rate of wages can be established. As for the more mechanical kinds of work, everything that can be done by machinery is committed to it ; and the remaining offices can for the most part be done by workmen who can be easily replaced in case of discontent. Formerly there were troubles in the gun trade, when large orders were given by Government ; and these were so disastrous that it was indispensable to obviate them. This is done by an extreme division of employments, and abundant use of machinery ; so that, in case of a turn-out in any branch, there is the smallest amount of

mischievous from stoppage, and the strongest probability of obtaining hands for the performance of a very simple process. Again: a large proportion of the manufactures of Birmingham comes down from high places,—from the shops of ‘garret-masters.’ These ‘garret-masters’ were once journeymen, beginning very humbly as masters;—with wife and daughter, perhaps, for journeymen, or one workman, and rising in the world by degrees. Such circumstances are not favourable to combination: and no large manufacturing town has been so little tried by great strikes as Birmingham. We have referred to that of the tin-plate workers. There has been one other collision of late years: that in the flint-glass manufacture last November.

The workmen in this manufacture are stringently ruled by their self-imposed despots, like other men who belong to a Trades’-Union. The rules of the ‘Flint-Glass Makers’ Friendly ‘Society’ were revised at a conference held in London in June 1858; and some of the provisions decided on were so indefensible, that the manufacture could not go on while subject to them. It is enough to say (from the printed rules before us) that all vacancies in the Masters’ establishments were to be filled up by the Society,—the factory secretary applying to the district secretary, and he, if necessary, to the central one, on occasion of a vacancy, when these officers should supply the man, judging of his abilities, fixing his wages, and, in short, using him as a glass-making machine, furnished to order, and capable of yielding a profit. Any member applying to be hired without the consent of the local secretaries, and of the men already in the factory, was to be fined 1*l.* and not allowed to work. The same penalty was fixed, together with forfeiture of all privileges, if the fine was not paid, for the offence of writing for information; or affording it to another, without the consent of the district secretary and fellow-workmen. The fine might be increased to 5*l.* by the district authorities; and the appeal was to be the central committee. The other objectionable provisions were so technical, that it would occupy too much space to detail them. It is enough to say that they constituted a limitation of labour, which must be fatal to the manufacture. Every discouragement was put in the way of binding apprentices; and yet apprentices were allowed to join the Society when they had two years of their time to serve.

Attempts were made to enforce these provisions in two of the Birmingham establishments, and the employers were of course driven into combination to resist them. They addressed the Trade in other places, subscribed a defence fund, deprecated a repetition of such faults of temper on their own side as had

occasionally aggravated their difficulties, and were prepared for a decisive mode of action. They pointed out to their men the necessity of an employer being master of his own business, and gave them the option of surrendering the objectionable provisions, or leaving the works. The men refused; and the manufacturers, with the exception of three or four, 'locked out' the recusants on the same day. The history of the case is of the common sort. On the 29th of November last, the Central Committee's Report boasted of the enthusiasm of the Trade, and the encouraging votes, and the trust that 'the Glass-Makers' 'Friendly Society should grow and flourish till time should be 'no more;' and, as usual, these boasts were introductory to very sad disclosures. The organisation was large, opulent, stringently ruled, and 'enthusiastic;' yet in four months the game was up. The accumulated fund of the Union was spent; so were the subscriptions of the men still at work; and so was the money lent by the Central Society (at five per cent. interest). There were conferences with the masters, at which it appeared, among other things, that the secretaries had not, in this case, been living on the delicacies of the season; for they were 'quite 'tired of the struggle.' The employers proposed an amended set of rules, which the men accepted, and went back to work. The masters could at any moment, by combining their forces, break up the Union altogether: but they do not desire it. Some of the objects of the combination are good: the men ought not to be interfered with when they respect the liberty of others; and their employers like to see them unite for friendly and prudent purposes. But the Union is at present in debt 2000*l.*; its members are heavily taxed in consequence; and a considerable proportion of them are continuously dropping off the lists.

These cases may serve to show why so many men, who certainly know better, support strikes in their own trades, or do not operate against them. Beneficial objects are united with the tyrannical aims of the leaders; and any man who resists the latter, loses all the advantages of the former. A man suffers keenly under the risk of forfeiting the savings of years, which he has invested in the Friendly Society of his craft. He is told that on the success of the strike, which it is too late to prevent, depends his allowance in a time of adversity; and he naturally lets the strike take its course. After such an experience as that of the Birmingham glass-makers, or indeed of almost every trade, it is a great folly to enter a new Union without seeing that the two institutions of Benefit Clubs and Trade Societies are kept well apart. The way to maintain a man's freedom is, in fact, not to join a Trade Society at all: but then the man alleges that he is

victimised almost as fatally in the character of a non-Society man as in that of a member. England may be a very fine country; but it is no land of liberty for him.

It is refreshing to meet with an instance of resistance here and there; for the heroism required is of the highest order. We have in view the case of a printer who had committed the offence of working among men who did not belong to the London Society of Compositors. According to the 24th rule of the Union (which but for its length we would cite for the exasperation of our readers), the man who took work without the leave of the Committee, was to be fined at the pleasure of that Committee; and the fine was 5*l*. He was also excluded from work, though he was in great demand as a first-rate workman; and he fell into actual destitution. He might have been reinstated by paying the 5*l*. by instalments: but he believed the Committee had exceeded their powers; and he therefore disputed their control. They kept him out of work, and he refused to yield his right to seek it. It is to be feared he is a ruined man.

But there is trickery, as well as tyranny, to disgust such citizens. In a certain country-newspaper office, as the Compositors' Committee were informed, one boy too much was employed. The Committee insisted on his being dismissed. This was refused, and the Society-men were desired by the Union-authorities to throw up their work. The proprietors engaged others, and all went on well with the newspaper. The Committee, however, broke their own rules by sending two members to apply for work among the free men, declaring themselves non-Society men, in order to get hired. Their instructions were to use all their influence to induce the new men to desert. They did try; but failed.

There is something frightful in the vigilance exercised by these committees, and the terror they inspire. In another country-newspaper office, the effect of the established spy-system was remarkably illustrated. It was a very small country-office, where two compositors were at work, and a third was wanted. A man applied; his terms were accepted; and he was directed to go to work immediately. He had one question to ask first:—was this a Society-shop? The employer really did not know, but advised the new-comer to inquire. He declined this; and the master asked the question in the presence of the six or seven persons then at work. They were not Society-men; and the new candidate said he must be off. He was reasoned with; and he admitted that he ought to have liberty to sell his services freely, and to maintain himself by his labour; but, he said, what could he do? The Society forbade working except

in 'fair shops;' and how could he make any resistance? No doubt, he said on being asked, there were many as dissatisfied as himself; and he hardly knew 'why they submitted; only that the tramp-relief was very convenient when they were on the road. The conversation put a little heart into him; and he thought he would run the chance of not being 'found out.' The employer promised not to tell, and learned that the discontented members wink at one another's disobedience in accepting work when they are hungry. There were four hours before dark. The stranger had earned, and was paid, half-a-crown, saying that he had nothing in his pocket. He never came again. The fear of being 'found out' was too strong for him.

In London, the vigilance is very strict; the central authority being so near at hand. Some time since, there was an embarrassment in a London office about setting the type of some Greek and Hebrew citations which occurred in a manuscript. The only person present who knew the cases of strange type was a 'reader' who was a non-Society man. It would often have been a convenience to himself and his employer that he should use his spare time 'at ease;' but if he had set a single line of English, the house would have been 'closed' (excommunicated) by the Committee. In the moment of difficulty, however, when Greek and Hebrew pressed, it was considered possible to relax. 'A chapel' was held; that is, the men met in the office; and they decided that, as nobody else could set up Greek and Hebrew, the reader might. Such anecdotes carry us back to the days of guilds; but there are provisions in the rules 'as amended in June, 1857,' which would have been condemned by any society of printers in the earliest days of moveable type. In practice, they must be found simply intolerable by Englishmen in the nineteenth century; and they are no doubt evaded by many who dare not resist them.

From the men, who hold 'a chapel,' the corporate spirit descends to the lowest order of the establishment. The little 'devils' of the office try their hands at domineering and law-making; and in truth it better beseems their ignorance than the sense of grown men. Not long since, a paper fell from the pocket of one of the messenger-boys in 'Punch's' office. It contained a body of rules in grave imitation of those of their seniors, restricting work, and thereby fixing wages. No boy was to occupy less than an hour in going to and returning from Mr. Leech's house, — Mr. Leech living at some distance from the office. Another contributor living just round the corner, the enactment was that not less than a quarter of an hour should be occupied by that errand. It is a pity that the men

cannot see the reflection of their own policy in that of the boys. 'Punch' will never be at a loss for want of errand-boys who can make better speed on his errands. Worse, however, than the hopelessness in the particular case is the spirit of antagonism, and the sharp practice, begun so early in life.

For the sake of completeness, we must make room for one case of success, — as such a case does now and then happen. It will show what becomes of the men's liberties in the hour of triumph.

When we hear of personal violence in connexion with trade-disputes, we immediately think of Sheffield; and of Coventry when a ruinous conservatism is in question. Coventry opposed to the last all modification of the silk-duties. The Coventry-men were as dogged in resistance to improvement as the old-fashioned weavers of Spitalfields and Norwich, who threw away their trade sooner than yield their notions about wages and machinery. The first steam-factory in Coventry, a very small one, was burned down during a quarrel about wages. The weavers said it was not their doing; but no employer dared repeat the experiment till it was clear to all eyes that the manufacture was leaving the place. Then there was an opposition to the employment of women at the looms. To this day, one of the lightest and easiest processes in the manufacture, which a child might manage, is engrossed by the men under heavy penalties. Now that the ribbon-factory opens its doors to women, the retrograde spirit plays its pranks in the watch manufacture, from which women are excluded as carefully as from the making of ribbons formerly. That is the way with the men of Coventry; but they seem to have surpassed themselves in their last exploit, by which they have more nearly — we fear we must say, more surely — ruined their trade than by any former demonstration.

Through all these changes, there existed in Coventry a society called the Ribbon Weavers' Protection Association, to which the operatives in the silk-manufacture for the most part belonged. The town was divided into districts for the purposes of this society; and a penny a week was punctually collected from the members. Its main object was to protect 'the list,' or terms of payment, fixed by agreement. Every infraction was brought before its committee; and it took cognisance of disputes between employers and employed generally, and sustained the men when legal expenses were incurred. As long as this Association kept to its proper business, the more sensible and moderate of the manufacturers encouraged it, not only for the sake of the operatives, but for the protection of the manufacture from the mis-

chiefs caused by unscrupulous competitors. When trade was depressed, the difference 'fell upon the list.' 'Prices, which here mean wages, varied with the demand, and the employers and men fared alike. But the Association fell into the common snare of attempting too much, and did mischief. Within three years another organisation has risen up, under the title of the Factory Operatives' Protection Association; and, judging by the effects it has wrought, it must be a fair sample of the worst order of trades' unions. There have been two strikes already under its management; and it seems as if the confusion were likely to go on till no trade is left to quarrel about.

The introduction of steam power in the silk manufacture took place in Coventry but just in time; and the Coventry ribbons have kept the lead in the markets only by strenuous energy, and continual application of all improvements to the manufacture. Ingenuity and economy have enabled the employers to obtain large returns with very small profits, so as to employ their neighbours, but leave no margin for pranks on either side.

There were two orders of operatives; those who wove ribbons at home, and were paid by the piece, and those who worked in the factories, and were paid weekly wages. The factory 'hands' struck against piece-work in the factories, a few years since, at the bidding of their Association; and now they have struck in favour of piece-work *only*. This incredible behaviour is thus explained. They heard last year that the factory ribbon-weavers at Macclesfield, Congleton, and other places were paid by a list, — their article being chiefly plain ribbons, which could be reduced to a category; and they were declared to be earning more than the factory people at Coventry. Just at the same time, the 'out-door' weavers at Coventry were in danger of a reduction of pay, from their naturally falling behind the improved factory production. Here were 'out-door' men fearing a reduction of pay from the improvement of machinery; here were 'in-door' people hearing that factory hands elsewhere were paid by a list; and there was another element in the case. Some of the manufacturers were distanced by competitors of more enterprise, who took advantage of every invention and improvement. All these parties united in the aim encouraged by the Factory Operatives' Society, and demanded that all ribbon weaving should be paid by the piece. It needs no explanation that such a method abolishes the entire benefit of machinery, as regards the manufacture, giving the whole gain to the operative. If the employer has to pay so much per piece, whether the ribbon has taken a long or a short time to produce, he can have

no inducement to set up improved machinery, or to inquire about any expediting or facilitating arts; and, as it was owing to those arts that the Coventry manufacture held its ground, the disuse of them is, in fact, a surrender of the competition. This being abundantly clear to the leading employers, they refused the demand of the operatives to be paid by the piece *only*, and, sooner than yield a point essential to the very existence of the trade, they 'locked out' their hands. It might easily be that public opinion elsewhere would be against the employer, because the general sentiment is in favour of piece-work, as affording to each man his deserts, and precluding disputes about hours of labour; but it may be easily seen that the Coventry case is a peculiar one, from the conditions of out-door and in-door work being different, and also those of old-fashioned and improved machinery. However fine a thing it may be for the weaver who is paid by the piece to make fifteen pieces of ribbon in the same time and by the same pains that he has hitherto spent upon ten, it is, through the interference of the Association, of no further benefit to the employer than as supplying the demand of the day more quickly; and he will not, therefore, spend his money on new machines, to put the whole profit of them into the operative's pocket.

A mediation was offered by the Chamber of Commerce: some of the manufacturers were willing to share the benefits of recent improvements with the factory hands; and the newspaper press complimented the operatives on their orderly behaviour. Such was the state of affairs in September of last year. In October the Association was audacious and pereunptory; and its members waylaid the few factory hands that went to work with insults and blows. A 'levy' was made of two-pence in the shilling on the wages of all factory weavers, and a penny in the shilling on those of all other persons employed in the factories, where, it may be observed, the wages now paid were from 40 to 50 per cent. higher than before the new mechanical improvements. The opposition to the few steam factory employers was too strong, backed as it was by the less enterprising of their own body; and the point was conceded. From that moment (October, 1858) the employers lost their chief interest in their calling: and this was one of the disadvantages of which the men were warned in time. They cannot themselves institute improvements; they have destroyed their employers' interest in doing it; and any one may see the consequences.

There is a firm which retails as well as manufactures ribbons. One of the firm invented a machine for making black sarcenet ribbons. The operative leaders threatened such consequences

if it were used that the proprietor sold it to a Derby house, and was thenceforth obliged to buy from the Derby house the black sarcenet ribbons sold in his shop at Coventry. The handbills with which Coventry was placarded in September and October, 1858, showed an unusual amount of insolence and vituperation on the part of the Committee of the Association, and especially a mischievous reference to the villas and mansions in which their tyrants live. 'Unite the whole labour power of the country against them. Here is the path of your salvation,' they said. On the other hand, the friends of the operatives, and a vast proportion of the men themselves, pointed out that 'the compulsory piece-work' left them small chance of earning continuously so much as by wages, while it must ruin the prospects of their children. Still, the thing was done. Compulsion prevailed; and in one instance, where only six operatives out of two hundred desired the change. It can hardly be expected of human nature to speak out, under such a rule as that of the Association, one of whose acts was to issue at the close a list of the operatives who had remained at work for wages, in order that they might never be employed again. The effect that government by Trades' Unions has on the minds of operatives appeared in Coventry a few weeks ago. The workers in a factory demanded the discharge of the foreman and sub-foreman, whom they did not like: the demand was refused; and the whole body turned out. On that occasion, the Committee declined to support the movement, and, after losing a week, the turn-outs went in again.

The piece-list agreed upon last October could not, of course, remain long unaltered, in regard to a manufacture which depends on fancy and fashion. In the spring, a principal firm proposed some changes, which were approved by the Silk Manufacturers' Association. The Operatives' Society, however, would permit no alteration, in the smallest particular; and the firm necessarily recurred to the plan of weekly wages. Then began scenes of violence, which excited surprise far beyond the bounds of Coventry. The work-people of the firm who refused to turn out were stoned and beaten; and no protection which the magistrates could afford, enabled them to go home after their work. They requested to be taken to the police station for safety. The Town clerk declared, in the name of the Watch Committee, that the peace of the town, and the security of the citizens, were destroyed.

This was said on the 9th of June last; and it had been necessary to send police, every night since the 4th of May, to the obnoxious factory, to escort the work-people to their own doors;

—even their homes being no longer a place of refuge. If the inhabitants generally were disturbed and ‘scared,’ what must have been the bondage of both Society and non-Society men, who had to pay—the one in purse and the other in person—for the tyranny which was destroying their fortunes and the prospects of their children! If some were ignorant and misled, there is reason to believe that the far greater number were thoroughly reluctant, but pillaged and coerced.

In Coventry evidence has lately arisen of the helpless members of Trades’ Unions being put to yet another use.

It appears that in colliery districts in the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns, the strikes of colliers are understood to take place in the autumn. By that time vast heaps of small coal are accumulated about the mouths of the pits. It is of bad quality, having lost, according to the manufacturers’ estimate, 25 per cent. of its goodness by exposure to sun and rain during the spring and summer; yet the price rises, and the whole is sold off, in consequence of the men striking on the approach of winter. The natural suspicion of the purchasers is that the strikes are not altogether unacceptable to the coal owners, who obtain an additional shilling a ton for their small coal. A collier strike in spring, in the neighbourhood of factories, is sufficiently remarkable to draw attention to its causes; and this happened on occasion of the North Warwickshire strike of last May. We extract the following account of its origin from a pamphlet published at Coventry by a Wesleyan minister, named John Theobald. Our concern is with the facts, and not with the grammar and style of the writer.

‘A month or six weeks before there was any talk of the colliers’ asking for an advance of wages from their masters in North Warwickshire, and at a time when all was peace and harmony between the colliers and their employers, and when a general election was expected and publicly talked about, before the then existing Parliament was dissolved; at that time a strange-looking man, dressed somewhat like a broken-down lawyer’s clerk, made his appearance in the coal-fields of North Warwickshire. It was then evident to the most sober part of the colliers that that gentleman was bent upon some sinister game, having some mission to perform. At first that gentleman made his attempt, without success, at the Wyken Colliery; he had with him a large sheet of paper, upon which certain propositions were written; those propositions and paper wished the colliers to ask for an advance of wages, and at once to sign the paper in question. The colliers at Wyken, feeling indignant at the propositions made to them by the strange-looking missionary, at once discarded all his offers and made sport of his silly talk. The man then took his leave of Wyken, and away he went with his paper, to play his game in some other way.’

He went about among the pits and public houses, making a party against the Wyken Colliery. The Coventry newspapers, and the report of election meetings, show that there was no doubt on the spot, of the strike being got up to prevent Sir Joseph Paxton's election, he being connected with the Wyken Colliery, which turned out to be admirably managed, and the very last in which discontent could naturally have arisen. Three or four men were made agents of the strike, and accomplished a good deal of mischief before the grossness of the case convinced the most ignorant of the colliers that they had been betrayed. As in the case of the Coventry weavers who struck first against, and then in favour of piece-work, as they were bid, these poor pitmen were turned in all directions, for electioneering and agency purposes. Even Sir J. Paxton was misled by the audacious falsehoods of the leaders; for which he made a handsome *amende* as soon as he discovered his mistake. The whole story is very disagreeable; but we shall confine ourselves to the single point of the helplessness of the colliers under the tyranny of the Union authorities. The grossness of the tyranny is shown by the following sentences from the 'plain statement' issued by the proprietors of the Wyken Colliery.

'As the matter now stands, many poor men have expressed their desire to return to their work, but dare not in consequence of the system of terrorism and intimidation prevailing. Of the few men now at work, two have been assaulted; in the first instance, the man was strong enough to beat off his assailant; in the second, the victim (an inoffensive man) was attacked on returning home from his work, and picked up in a senseless state.

'On the night of the 5th of April a diabolical attempt was made to destroy the machinery, by causing an explosion of the boiler; had it succeeded, the lives of the engineer and stoker must inevitably have been sacrificed, with the addition of any individuals who might unfortunately have happened to be in the immediate vicinity.' (P. 11.)

There is a touch of Sheffield in that transaction. After the usual train of troubles,—men leaving their work without notice, at the instigation of Union agents, and stopping work for others, being committed to prison; their places supplied from a distance; and business dislocated for masters and men, we find the position of the dupes to be abundantly wretched.

'The colliers meant right, but they were led in a false manner, as hundreds of them have since then confessed, some of them with tears rolling down their manly cheeks as they have listened to the cries and looked upon the dejected appearance of their suffering wives and children. But the poor colliers and their starving families have been made to suffer dearly for it, and are now left in

the lurch by the very wretches who made them the tools of election craft. Hundreds of those colliers now curse their recent leaders to all intents and purposes, though some of those leaders were verily ignorant of the drift of the mean political scoundrels.' (P. 13.)

The electioneering object soon became manifest, the grievances in the pits were found to be imaginary, or not to the purpose; public sympathy and contributions began to fall away; and the treasury was empty. Then ensued the dissensions which spring up when money runs short. The strike leaders denounced the preacher for not concealing the offers of the employers. They claimed a sufficient maintenance for the chief agitator, who had neglected and lost his business for the sake of the strike. The impoverished colliers complained of the demand. Wrath and grief prevailed wherever the agitators had appeared. It would be difficult to find in any continental country, a more complete social slavery than the Warwickshire colliers were here shown to be subject to, under the rule of the authorities of their Union.

The recent case of the shoemakers, who were stirred up to oppose the sewing-machine, when tailors, staymakers, saddlers and others had yielded to the necessity, would furnish abundant illustrations of the subservient condition in which members of Trade Societies are kept: but we have seen enough. We can easily conceive the sore poverty and depression in which the poor fellows have returned from 'tramp,' to their hungry wives and children. Wherever they went, they found the machine at work, at lower wages than at home: and their remonstrances to their despots were so unanimous and urgent that their committee was obliged to yield, and allow them to return. The remarkable circumstance in connexion with this strike is, that the workmen who live by making machinery were actually drawn upon for funds to support this strike against machinery. The managers of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Smiths, &c. were applied to for aid to the shoemakers. The absurdity was apparent enough to the secretary; and the applicants themselves admitted it: but the Council act on the supposition that the managers of each strike know their own interest best: the members read the statement handed in by the delegates, and made a grant of 20*l*. The journeymen smiths and machinists and pattern-makers have thus paid in their subscriptions to support shoemakers on strike *against their own trade*. What would they say to any government which should tax them in that manner? Not only are grants thus assigned out of their savings without their cognisance, but loans to a much greater amount are made (even to the known

extent of 1000*l.*), and frequently without any security but the honour of the borrowers. The debts of provincial societies to the Central Association have been referred to above; but it does not appear that the repudiation of debts ever takes place, and the amounts borrowed are usually faithfully repaid.

We have before us the last annual report of the Amalgamated Engineers, and their rules, as revised in 1857. We will glance at the rules, and then at the procedure of the Society, whose long strike a few years since fixed an unusual share of public attention upon them. In a mechanical age like ours, engineers and their subsidiary fellow-workmen must naturally be a prosperous set of people. Prosperous they evidently are. The question is, how men so sure of independence, if they desired to have it, can submit to such a forfeiture of freedom as they incur by becoming Society-men.

The preamble to the rules contains no allusion to any regulation of trade. It there purports to be a Friendly Society, or Benefit Club only; but in the middle of the preface we find a paragraph in defence of 'restrictions against the admission into 'our trade of those who have not earned a right by a probationary servitude:' restrictions which the managers find themselves constrained to impose,—likening the case of their 'vested interests' to that of 'the physician who holds a diploma, or 'the author who is protected by a copyright.' Is it possible, or is it not, that the writer who penned that paragraph overlooked the consideration that medical diplomas and literary copyright are legal institutions, whereas the law has not given to the Amalgamated Engineers the right of driving their fellow-citizens out of the labour-market. And again, if this practice of 'restriction' is so sacred a duty, why does it not appear in the preamble with the other objects of the Society? When candidates, or the general public, want to know the character and proposals of the Society, they look at the preamble to the rules; and the preamble is a mere cheat if it omits the mention of the chief purpose of the Association.

After enumerating the trades comprehended within their scheme, the preamble sets forth its provision of branches, to be 'appointed in such numbers and districts as may be deemed 'necessary;' each branch conducting its own affairs, according to the rules provided. No branch is to consist of more than three hundred members, or to have more than seven officers, three officers being allowed to a branch of twenty members. It is rather amusing, when reading of the duties of these officials, to think of the objection of the journeymen-builders to the number and counterfoil now proposed by the master-builders, in con-

nexion with the declaration; for here we find that every member *is registered*, 'age, trade, married, or not,' that the details may be recorded in the general registration book in London. The fines imposed on the members for neglecting to notify to the Union authorities their marriage, or removal, or change of service, show the strictness of the supervision under which they are living. There is nothing like it any where else in this country.

The Executive Council consists of twenty-five members appointed by as many branches or districts, nine of which are in or near London. In the provinces, two or more branches appoint a councilman in turn, and every councilman must have been five years in the Society. The ordinary business is transacted by the Council of nine London members, five members forming a quorum, it remaining with them to summon the provincial councilmen in cases of emergency. Their powers are very great and very vague. As in the branch councils, they may (or to use the precise words of the rule), 'they shall determine anything wherein the Society's rules are silent.' This is in itself a tremendous power. For instance, if a candidate for membership wants to know how the Society fixes the rate of wages (the ordinary inducement to enter), he is informed that it is done by 'an understanding on the subject.' As this would not be quite satisfactory in case of a dispute, the inquirer asks whether there is no rule to appeal to in such a difficulty. No, there is no rule; and 'the Council settles those matters on which the rules are silent.' But how is a member to clear himself if charged with working too many hours, or for too little pay, if there is no regulation to judge by? He is in the hands of the Council, who will fine him, or expel him if they think proper; and he has no means of redress. This seems so incredible, that the natural supposition follows that, if there is no rule, there are minutes of the decisions which may go some way towards supplying the deficiency. No: there is nothing of the sort. 'Each case is decided on its own merits;' in other words, by the mere will of the Council. It is a wonderful circumstance, if true, (which we are assured it is) that such decisions are yielded to without murmuring. The power, in the absence of law, is evidently too formidable for individual resistance.

What that power is we discover by means of the 'understanding' about wages and hours of labour. The Council announces that the wages in a certain kind of work shall be, say, not less than 35s. per week. It does not follow that no man shall take less: but he must have leave to do so. Every

member is registered, with all his attributes; and it rests with the Council to decide whether any individual shall work for less than the professed rate. When the wages are 35s. in London, they are probably 24s. in Glasgow; and the Glasgow member may take work for 24s. with leave,—not without. The same variations enter into the case of hours, occupations not being equally regular, nor equally laborious, within the range of the Society. The professed time is fifty-eight and a half hours per week; but some men may work half the night in addition, and some the whole night,—with leave, but not without. It is easily seen how the members are thus caged in glass cases in the Society's collection,—every individual known, registered, watched, and superintended, so that there is no escape from the guardianship. It is very like the case of Maryland or Washington negroes let out on hire, or Russian serfs on the obrok system. The difference is, that the Englishmen voluntarily put their necks into the yoke. They are under orders, it will be seen, in all the daily business of their lives. They work or are idle; they earn or are destitute; they go out or come in; they obey or disobey their employers; they prosper or suffer, according to order. While thus dragooned, it is a pity they do not consider the use the Council puts them to, for the benefit of the Society. While sound and hearty, and making good wages, they will always be abundantly taxed in their branch. The Central Council avoids the responsibility of taking care of the funds. It simply draws on the branches for what it wants, to pay expenses, salaries to itself, grants to strikes against machinery, and what not. Swindon sends 500*l.* if asked; Crewe may send 1000*l.*; Glasgow 500*l.*, and so on. If the Central Council asks for it, the branch must send it. At the end of the financial year, the affairs are settled by 'equalisation.' The funds in hand and the members are compared, and the amount per head ascertained; and each branch is then instructed how much to pay to others to equalise the funds of the whole. If there is anything more despotic than this in the broadest Socialism denounced on the Continent, we have never heard of it.

But there is another incident of this despotism which the working man should take heed to before he enrolls himself under it. We have seen that 'restrictions' are imposed on the entrance of new hands into these amalgamated trades. We may see by the rules how worn-out labourers are got rid of. No person can be admitted a member who belongs to another society; and any efficient member entering another society is excluded, with the forfeiture of all his contributions. No person defective in

limb or sense, or subject to fits, is eligible for membership, except in the case of one-eyed men under thirty; whose remaining eye is good; but at the other end of the scale, we find that aged members, chargeable as pensioners, may earn half the established rate of wages at any employment whatever, each choosing between such earnings and his pension of seven shillings a week. The injury to society at large is evident enough. The great branches of industry connected with engineering are (as far as is possible) engrossed by a society for the limitation of labour, and the enhancement of its price; while, at the other end, the inefficient members are let out to swell the ranks of labourers in other callings, and depress the market-price of labour by joining in the scramble for a share.

Returning to the lot of the individual member. He is fined for omitting to inform the secretary, before the next branch meeting night, of his having changed his residence or shop; or of his having got married; and he cannot obtain funeral-money for his wife till he has proved his marriage. Though rather doleful in a wedding season, this last warning is reasonable. The next is very severe. He is fined five shillings, if he omits to inform the secretary, within twenty-four hours, of any vacancy he may know of, or of his receiving notice, or having any intention, to leave his employment. There is a fine of half-a-crown for 'divulging anything relating to the Society's business, except to a member.' Fines of half-a-crown, five shillings, and ten shillings are allotted to the first, second, and third offence of 'boasting of his independence towards his employer 'or employers, on account of being a 'member of the Society.' Several other provisions relating to misconduct show that every man is living under a spy-system from the hour when he becomes a member and a victim of this despotic organisation. We have seen that it is a secret society, conducted by an irresponsible authority. If it is irresponsible in the matter of trade regulation and of funds, so it is in relation to the infliction of punishment. By the thirty-third rule, 'any member charged 'with disorderly conduct' (in the absence of any definition of disorderliness) 'while on donation, shall be summoned before 'the branch or committee, and if found guilty, 'be liable to such 'penalties as the nature of the case demands.' In the list of fines some specifications are very remarkable: as,

| | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|
| 'Topics not consonant with business, to be fined - - - - - | 1 | 0 |
| Members vindicating the conduct of members who have been fined - - - - - | 2 | 6 |
| Members censuring another - - - - - | 1 | 0 |
| Members upbraiding for receiving the benefits - - - - - | 2 | 6 |

| | s. | d. |
|---|----|-----|
| Members divulging Society's business - - ' - - | 2 | 6 |
| Members finding fault and not reporting - ' - - | 1 | 0 |
| Members boasting of their independence - - - - | 2 | 6 |
| Second time - - - - - | 5 | 0 |
| Third time - - - - - | 10 | 0 |
| Any officer or member sending a false apology for not attending any of the Society's meetings - - - - | 2 | 6 * |

It is difficult for most of us to imagine a mode of life like that of these engineers, compositors, and tin-plate workers, unless we have had the opportunity of observing the daily course of a working man who has crossed the threshold of a trade-union. It is very striking to perceive how often it occurs that there is something that he 'can't do,' 'musn't do,' 'daren't do,' because it is 'against rules,' or would be 'found out.' There is always the idea that somebody would 'tell on him,' would 'inform,' would 'do him a mischief,' would 'ruin him 'with the Society,' would get him fined, or expelled, if there was any grudge against him. The yoke seems to be upon him wherever he goes within the limits of the empire. In our most distant colonies the tyranny is just like that of Wolverhampton, Preston, or Dublin.

During the present strike in the London building trades, it is remarkable how little has been said in the daily newspapers about the effect of such movements on individual liberty. One reason no doubt was the prominence of the economical objections. Another might be the stupendous wickedness of some of the leaders, whose trickery and falsehood seem to have exceeded everything of the kind hitherto made equally public. It is probable, too, that there was a fear of instigating violence by offering remarks on coercion. Again, some may have thought that the time had not arrived for presenting that phase of the subject, as the amount of compulsion administered never is or can be known till some time after the conclusion of the struggle. It is our business here, however, to direct some attention to this point, scantily furnished as we necessarily are with particular illustrations of the general truth.

The building-trades involved in the movement are seven: joiners, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, painters, plasterers, and labourers. It is impossible to ascertain with any certainty the number under the orders of the leaders, or actually out of work in August. The number receiving relief on the 5th of September was 7856, of whom 4899 were skilled artisans, and 2957 were labourers; but these combined were declared to be no evidence of the number on strike, who were conjectured to be anywhere from ten to forty thousand men and boys, out of the

sixty thousand skilled workmen and innumerable labourers included in the London building trades. The first consideration is,—what was the authority by which the conflict was commenced? The reply given always was ‘the Conference of the United Building Trades,’ which had an Executive sitting at the Paviers’ Arms, Johnson Street, Westminster, and a secretary, named George Potter. In the case of the Wolverhampton conflict, it was known to all the world, and boasted of by the agitators, that the central committee in London was the moving power, and that it was presided over by Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, Esq., M.P.: but in the recent case it seems impossible to get beyond Mr. George Potter. In saying this we mean in regard to administrative authority; for there was not much mystery about how his manifestos were written. Where falsehood so much abounded, there may have been false assumption as to the authorship of the Potter proclamations: but the hands were believed to be known. As to the secret of government, it was disguised in this way:—

NINE HOURS’ MOVEMENT.—IMPORTANT NOTICE TO THE OPERATIVES
OF THE BUILDING TRADES. .

‘The Master Builders having refused to concede the Nine Hours as a day’s work, the Conference of the United Building Trades have been directed *by the members of the movement* to call upon a firm to cease work; having done so, they now appeal to you to aid them in supporting the men now on strike at Messrs. Trollope and Sons. It is earnestly hoped that no workmen will go in to supplant them till they have gained their object.

“*It is expected that every man will do his duty.*” •

‘By order of the Executive,

‘GEO. POTTER, Secretary.

‘N.B.—Any firm striking for the above object without the sanction of the Conference will not be supported.

‘The Committee sits daily at the Paviers’ Arms, Johnson Street, Westminster.’

In this first handbill, issued on the 25th of July, ‘the Conference’ assumes to be directed by ‘the members of the movement.’ As far as we can learn, no direct knowledge of what this means has been obtained by any of the parties most interested in knowing whom they were obeying. There was some rumour of a shadowy committee of forty-two members, seven of whom were contributed by each of five trades, and seven by the labourers: but we have no information as to how so large a body was organised, nor can we perceive any evidence of its having acted at all. The demand of ten hours’ wages for nine hours’ work had been agitated at intervals for some years, and met by a set of resolutions passed by the masters at a meeting

at Freemasons' Tavern, some time ago. The reason alleged by Mr. Potter for the pressure being enforced at this particular time was that the trades were overstocked; that thousands of unemployed workmen were hanging about in idleness, while some others were working even more than the habitual ten hours. We need not stop to point out that men who were employed overtime, and paid accordingly, were, as shown by the mere fact, superior workmen, while the unemployed were the inferior members of the craft. Mr. Potter's notion was of forcing the inferior men upon the masters by depriving the employers of their best men for several hours per day, and of their next best men for one hour per day, without reduction of wages. The most odious part of this double tyranny was that directed against the superior workmen; it is the old story of a coalition between a few crafty leaders and the crowd of inferior workmen, to depress and subdue the best men in their body.

The master-builders assembled on the 27th of July, when they met the movement of the strike leaders by resolving to close their works till the persecuted firm could resume business. At a subsequent meeting they agreed to the report of their committee, which recommended its being made a condition of employment henceforth, that the men should declare themselves free to make their own labour-bargains, and resolved to remain so. In the plainest possible terms, the employers avowed their approbation of combinations for mutual aid in sickness or other misfortune, and in old age, while objecting to such as encroach on the liberties of the buyers and sellers of labour. As our readers are aware, the aspect of the movement changed from this point. We have heard little since of the nine hours, except when the strike leaders were pushed hard on their other ground, and had to take refuge in this. The agitation has been about this declaration, since the first week in August. Taking advantage of the ordinary repugnance of the ill-educated classes to sign any 'document' (as they called this agreement), the leaders alarmed them with extraordinary accounts of what this 'document' would bind them to. It would bind them to work for one master henceforth, under the penalty of going to prison for taking work from anybody else: it would cause them to be numbered and marked like convicts: it would reduce them below the serfs of Russia, and even the negro-slaves of America. The fears of the timid, the heroism of the brave, the conscience of the scrupulous, the self-love of the vain, were appealed to on the theme of the declaration; so that no explanation seemed to reach the multitude of the deluded. The sentiment ran like wildfire through the country,

like the accusation of poisoning in seasons of plague, or of hoarding in times of famine. Did it never occur to these misguided men that the engagement they were invited freely to sign, and which they have denounced so fiercely, is a thousand times less injurious to their absolute freedom and independence than the articles of the Trades' Unions by which they are voluntarily bound?

We need not dwell on the subsequent facts of the strike, as far as they are open to public observation. None of us will soon forget the altered aspect of the metropolis this autumn, while the most precious weeks of the year were passing away over unfinished contracts and suspended works, for which there was already only too little time, before the shortened days and winter rains should stop out-door labour. None of us will soon forget the melancholy spectacle of deserted edifices, standing roofless, or of great scaffoldings, lately swarming with busy and prosperous workmen, and now exhibiting two or three labourers, almost lost among the poles and planks, and looking round in dread of the scouts of the Conference. The desolation has been so great, because the occasion is so great. The employers recognised the occasion as the proper one for resisting the encroachments of the Secret Societies of Great Britain. Many of the largest builders have declared that they had rather wind up their concerns and retire at a considerable loss from the trade, than attempt to execute great contracts whilst they are at the mercy of the Trades' Unions. On the other hand, the conflict has been sustained with astonishing force by the men; which always means by their Union leaders. We know but little as yet of the agencies by which it was done, beyond the misleading oratory of the itinerant committee-men; but a few facts have oozed out which are very significant. A high-spirited wife, sinking from hunger on a bed of rags, starts up to declare that her husband shall never, for her sake, sign away his liberty and labour; another will not have her husband in danger of a jail when the alternative is the workhouse; others find it hard to carry their children's clothes and beds to the pawnshops, and they blame the masters for the cruelty; multitudes more see through it all, and are of opinion that the strike is wholly wrong, but dare not say a word, nor object to sink down into ruin, because they believe their sick and burial allowances to depend on the success of the strike, to which they would never have subscribed on its own account. The time for grosser intimidation did not arrive till the complete suspension was coming to an end; and only one or two cases of bullying and striking 'nobsticks' appeared in the

police-courts, prior to the partial reopening of the works on the 12th of September.* .

From the time that the masters reopened their works instances of intimidation multiplied, till, in a fortnight's time, it became known that a spy system was in action on all the great roads, to prevent the migration of provincial labour to London. At the same time the country works of London builders were stopped. Our readers will remember the narrative of the stoppage of four country-jobs, related by Messrs. Waller and Son, in a letter to the daily journals. It is the worst part of the whole story, thus far; but still only a specimen of the tyranny exercised over thousands of honest working-men.

There is something frightful in subservience like this to a secret and irresponsible authority, that authority all the while giving out, through its spokesmen, denunciations of the arbitrary conduct of the employers, who had simply said: 'There must be an end of interference in our concerns. Our terms henceforth are, that our workmen must be exempt from the control of Trades' Union authorities. If any workman likes our terms, let him come; if not, let him stay away.' Such is the so-called tyranny of the masters. What that of the men is, may be seen in the depression of the best men of their order, the slavish fear and blind obedience of members generally, amidst cruel conflicts of mind, or a worse indulgence in vindictive and jealous passions. It is seen in the dangers of non-Society men, and the privations of members; in the dislocation of trade and industry; in the enormous waste of capital, time and opportunity, to the irreparable injury of the condition and prospects of industry in Great Britain; in desolate homes and full workhouses; and, worst of all, in the general consciousness that there is so large an exception to the boasted liberties of Englishmen, as to humble our pride in the presence of nations, whose industry and fortunes are less trammelled and overborne by centralised governments than ours are by the centralisation and socialistic despotism which are enthroned in Trades' Union public-houses.

Now comes the great question, what is to be done?

The best guide we know of in this important inquiry is the 'counsel of the Handloom Weavers' Commissioners. Their admirable Report is too little known, and has not been acted upon

* At the moment when we write, the masters have obtained from four to five thousand men, who are enough to carry on the works so violently repressed, while the number requiring relief from the Conference funds are only twenty-one less than during the strike. Thus, while the men have gained nothing, they have let some thousands of new competitors into their labour-market.

as it ought, to have been. The time seems to be come for a resort to its advice, to guide us in a great duty and a serious difficulty; and we shall therefore freely cite that part of the Report which relates to the tyranny of trades' unions. In the words of the Commissioners:—

'We believe that if this state of things is to continue, we shall not retain the industry, the skill, or the capital on which our manufacturing superiority, and with that superiority our power, and almost our existence, as a nation depends. But, though we believe in the truth of these premises, they are not the grounds on which we wish now to proceed. Our immediate object is to give freedom to the labourer; and we firmly believe that as soon as he is made master of his own conduct, he will use his liberty in the way most useful not only to himself, but to the rest of the community.' (P. 118.)

It is unnecessary to say that we do not desire any revival of the old laws against combinations. It is as certain as ever that they would be a mere aggravation of existing evils. Again, we do not expect, by any Act of Parliament, to prevent men making slaves of themselves. We should as soon think of preventing their making fools of themselves. We must still go on patiently relying on the effect of education, and the teachings of experience; and we may do this the more easily for the evidence we have of the growing wisdom of certain classes of workmen—as the Lancashire cotton spinners—in regard to the principle and policy of trade regulation by irresponsible authorities. But, while deprecating the revival of restrictions, and trusting chiefly to the growth of intelligence, we still believe that the Legislature can do something for the protection of the labourer from the coercion of his fellows.

Before the Acts of 1824 and 1825, the Common Law was extremely oppressive in regard to combinations of workmen, as Mr. Hume convinced his generation; and hence the Act of 1824, obtained by Mr. Hume. It was repealed in the next session as ineffectual; and if that repeal had stood alone, we should now have had simply the Common Law against combinations, with its inconvenient procedure, as well as its oppressive provisions; the new Act therefore subjected to summary punishment the offences denounced in the Act of 1824, and exempted from punishment at Common Law persons who consulted and agreed among themselves, being present together, what hours they would work, and what wages they would demand. 'All other combinations or agreements to the prejudice of third persons,' says the Report, 'are still conspiracies,' and punishable accordingly.

'We are inclined to believe that the state of the law in this respect is not generally known. It seems to be supposed that combinations

are not punishable unless accompanied by violence, intimidation, or molestation. This is true as respects the statutory punishment, but not as respects the far heavier punishment awarded by the Common Law. All meetings of agreements whatever for the purpose of affecting the wages or hours of work of persons not present at the meeting, or parties to the agreement, are conspiracies. So are all agreements for controlling a master in the management of his business, in the persons whom he shall employ, or the machinery which he shall use. So of course are all agreements not to work in company with any given person, or to persuade other persons to leave their employment, or not to engage themselves. In fact there is scarcely an act performed by any workman as a member of 'a trades' union, which is not an act of conspiracy or a misdemeanour.' (P. 102.)

It would be somewhat startling to the managers of the Builders' Strike to have the existing state of the law practically brought home to them in all its particulars. But this is not at all desirable, if the object is the extension of personal liberty.

The Act of 1825 laid down a somewhat more extensive range of punishable offences than that of the preceding year; but it gave to the convicted party a right of appeal to the quarter sessions, and a suspension of the sentence in the interval. Three years later, assaults in pursuance of a combination to raise the rate of wages were made punishable by imprisonment and hard labour. Lord St. Leonard's has framed a short abstract of the provisions of this Act, with his usual accuracy and felicity of expression, which shows that the power of combination both among the men and the masters, is expressly limited to the sole purposes of determining among themselves what rate of wages *the persons present at such meeting* shall demand; but by a later Act (22 Vict. c. 34.) it is provided that to endeavour to persuade others to cease or abstain from work, in order to obtain the rate of wages or altered hours of labour, is not illegal so long as such persuasion is peaceable, reasonable, and without threats or intimidation direct or indirect. Such is the existing law." Let us now briefly consider the suggestions which have been made for its amendment.

First, the law respecting combinations should be relaxed. As almost every act performed by members of a Trade Union is punishable at Common Law, it is clear that the law will either be despised or made a means of oppression; and some interesting illustrations of this may be found in the Report. One is very striking, — of three weavers who were punished for proceedings which were declared innocent by the Act of 1824, and again made punishable by that of 1825. No one thinks now of enforcing the Common Law in such matters: 'but,' as the Com-

missioners observe, 'legally such proceedings might take place; and those portions of a law which are too oppressive to be executed necessarily throw discredit on every part of it.' On the other hand, the Commissioners advise that the statutory process and penalties should be extended to some acts of mischievous conspiracy which are now subject to the severe penalties and inconvenient process of Common Law; as agreements to compel masters to dismiss any person, or to disuse machinery, or to change his methods of business in any way; and again, any proceedings of masters to encourage strikes among the workpeople of other masters.

In cases of violence towards 'nobsticks' and others, it is a common difficulty that there is nobody present qualified to arrest the culprit, though in the nearly analogous case of malicious trespass, the Act gives power to the party aggrieved to apprehend the offender. It was proposed, therefore, to give authority to the aggrieved person, whether master, workman, or other person, and to those assisting him, including of course the police, to seize the offender, without summons or warrant, and to carry him before a justice, to compel him to give his name and address; the refusal to give the name and address being made a distinct offence. The difficulty of designating the culprit by name has caused the escape of many aggressors; and it is therefore proposed that the justices should have power to convict and punish the offender, without naming him, if he is otherwise identified. This provision would do away with a wide-spread practice of false naming. Some other method of identification must, however, be found to render such process legal and safe.

It was also recommended that the hundred, or other district, should be charged with reparation of injuries to persons or property of masters or workmen, in consequence of their resistance to a combination, or of witnesses in such cases.

The most important proposal of all is that of a repeal of the section of the Act of 1825 which gives the appeal to quarter sessions. This power of appeal has made the Act nearly impotent, because it introduces delay and uncertainty of punishment. The 10% security which is required is always to be had from the union funds; the culprit is free and triumphant during the interval, and a great hero among his comrades; the probability is that the strike will be at an end before the quarter sessions; and then it is ordinarily a part of the arrangements that prosecutions shall be dropped.

Our readers may remark that these recommendations of the Handloom Commissioners do not amount to much, the question being of the liberties of the industrial classes in so

large a sense. We can, however, only do with and by the law what comes within the province of the law; and whether the reforms suggested are small or great, we are bound to make them. To us it appears that it is no trifle to secure speed and certainty of justice and of punishment in this, above perhaps every other class of offences. But before these modifications of the law are adopted, we think it will become the duty of Parliament to institute an inquiry before a Select Committee into the state of industrial society in England as laid open to general observation by the London Builders' Strike. A vigorous and searching attempt should be made to put an end at least to the secrecy and mystery in which these proceedings are shrouded, and which enable their authors to baffle public opinion and to evade the law. It is essential to the security of the funds of benefit societies, that the most stringent measures should be taken to prevent the appropriation of monies subscribed for the relief of the sick, the infirm, and the aged to other purposes. An announcement has already been published by the Registrar of Friendly Societies of the penalties which impend over all parties concerned in any misappropriation of the funds subscribed for specified objects. Those penalties ought to be enforced in the case of the societies which have lent money to the Conference without sanction from their own rules.

But above all, the opinion of the nation, and the opinion of the most enlightened members of the class of operatives, must be brought to bear on these subjects. Men are not more fit to be trusted with secret and irresponsible power when they meet round an ale-house table in fustian jackets than when they assemble in the courts of kings or the council chambers of the great; and those who are most anxious to extend to the working classes of this country a fuller exercise of their political rights, cannot but feel and acknowledge that it is not by such associations as these that men are fitted for the enjoyment of political freedom, or for the discharge of their duties as citizens. On the contrary, to use, in conclusion, the emphatic language of the Handloom Weavers' Commission:—

'We now feel it our duty to record our conviction, that if the ruling power of any community allows other authorities to frame rules affecting, in their daily habits, their employments, and their properties, large bodies of men; to affix to the breach of these rules penalties rising, through every gradation of suffering, from simple insult to mayhem and death, and to proceed in organised bodies, and in the face of day, to inflict these punishments;—that ruling power has abdicated its functions so far as respects those among its subjects whom it has surrendered to its self-constituted rivals. When we are told that in Glasgow the power of the combinations is irresistible, that

no one thinks of resisting it any more than they would resist the Queen's guards; when we are told that in Dublin no one who violates their rules can consider his life safe for one day; it is obvious that in these cities, so far as the manufacturing population is concerned, the ruling power is not the State; the prevalent law is not the law of the land; and the punishments most to be feared are not those inflicted by the legal executive.' (P. 113.)

To Glasgow and Dublin we may now add London, as the scene of a tyranny and audacious trickery infinitely more deplorable than the waste of time and substance. The great question is, whether our care and zeal in legislation, and in promoting the intelligence of our countrymen, can restore to the industrial classes the true British liberties which are placed in abeyance by such a secret organisation of trades as has undermined the groundwork of society in England.

ERRATUM.

In No. 223, p. 245, line 4, *for* Moore's 'Exile of Erin' *read* Campbell's 'Exile of Erin'

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